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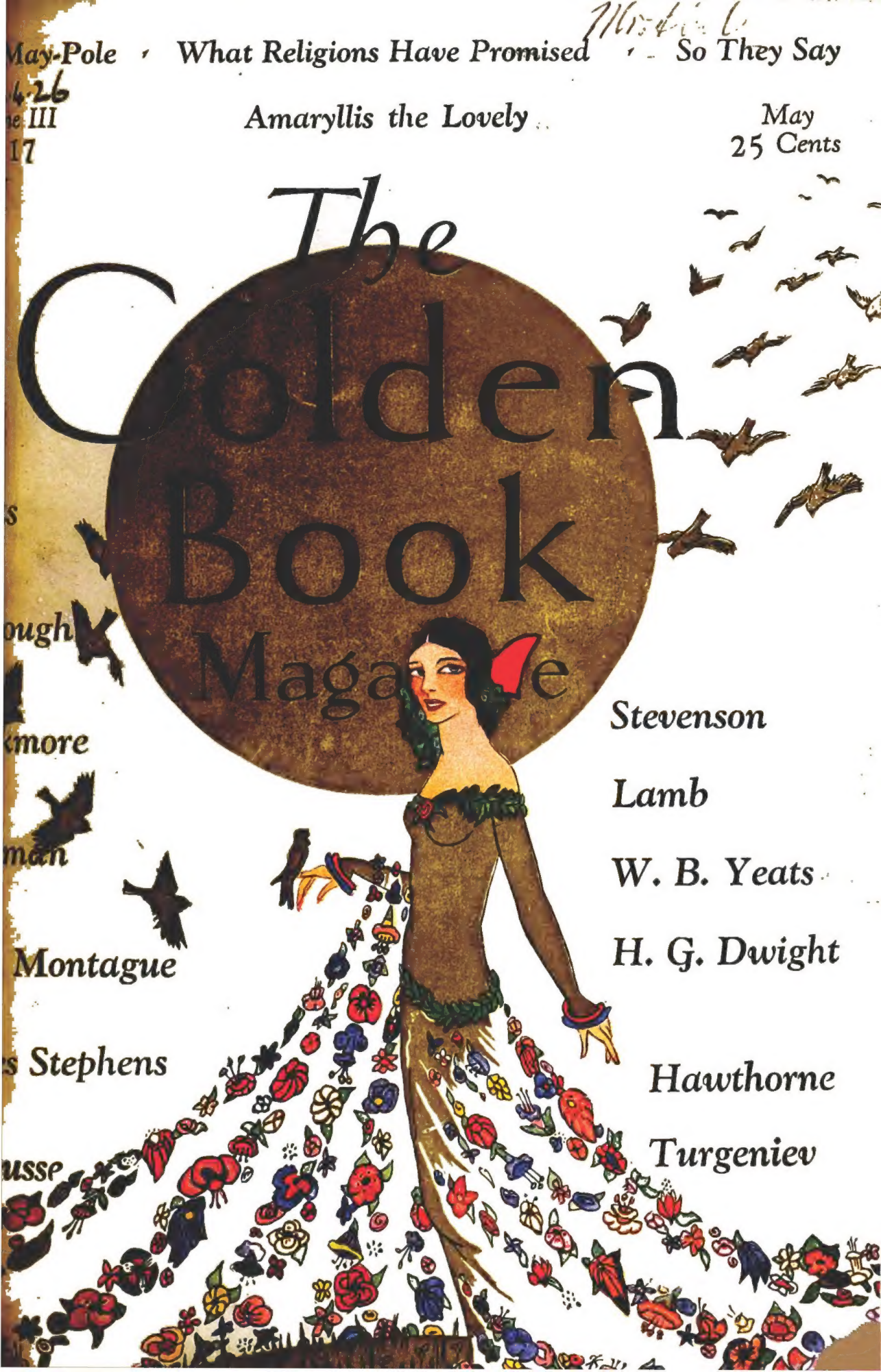

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VOLUME III
Number 17

MAY
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

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ALBERT SHAW, PRES. CHAS. D. LANIER, Sec. and Treas.

Some Persons of Importance

She continued——

"Sometimes one meets certain people who have sufficient of the divine ferment in their heads to be called alive: they are almost always men. We fly to them as to our own people. We abase ourselves before them in happy humility. We crave to be allowed to live near them in order that we may be assured that everything in the world is not nonsense and machinery—and then, what do we find——?"

She paused, and turned a large fierce eye upon me.

"I do not know," said I; and I endeavoured vainly to look everywhere but at her eye.

"We find always that they are married," said she, and, saying so, she lapsed again to a tense and worried reflection. *"HERE ARE LADIES."*

IRISH humour has suffered somewhat from professionalism. For the serious after-dinner orator, following the recipe for "holding attention," or the smoking-compartment drummer practicing being all things to all men, "Pat and Mike" have been as cheap and easy symbols of laughter as Punch and Judy in a puppet-show. That sort of thing might be expected speedily to reach the level of the comic supplement or (yes, it must be said) the radio program.

But since St. Patrick's Day is safely past, and bricklayers at $16 a day are probably no longer so free with "Irish confetti," a more serious confession may be made. I have made a recent excursion through some five thousand pages of Irish Literature—not only those heart-breaking anthologies, but even such trusted friends of yore as "Charles O'Malley" and "Handy Andy"; and, if I did not know better, I'd be tempted to assert that Irish humour is a myth labouriously erected on a very inadequate foundation.

I'm quite sure that isn't true. Yet I can say with sorrow that, being like every other human being quite confident of my own sense of humour, I found not a single thing in all this "classic" journey equal to some of the tales by Somerville and Ross, or to the joyful whimsies of James Stephens.

Of course, laughter involves the whole being of a human; everything he is goes to make up the point of view, the perspective on life which sees as irresistibly funny a phrase, a character, a happening; which sees as obvious and cheap something that sets his neighbour roaring. A certain wise Old Party once remarked: "My boy, if you should ever find a woman who instinctively laughs at the same things you do, so that a glance between your eyes is the only explanation ever needed—well, if necessary, you might as well devote the rest of your life to trying to win her. For you are each other's, bound by cords which cannot be loosened by any words of divorcement."

Every one knows that sense of admiring blood-brotherhood for the man who makes you laugh down deep, by something which keeps recurring to the mind always with the same unfailing appeal, because it is based upon the very arrangement and rhythm of your electrons. And there are times when this former solicitor's "clark," James Stephens, seems to have drawn from life's bitternesses only this cosmic understanding with its magic sword of humour.

For the highly sketchy biographical notices of him are most eloquent in their lack of personal details. He seems to have been born in 1882 in County Dublin. "While a poor boy and without education, he wandered all over Ireland, nearly starved in Belfast, and finally after learning typewriting and stenography became a clerk in a solicitor's office in Dublin." That hints at many experiences of the sort which in Maxim Gorki, for instance, produced a permanent rage at life's cruelties, a bitter absorption in dirt and disease and hopelessness. Yet this young Irishman seems to have transmuted it into the fanciful realism of "The Demi-Gods."

(*Continued on page 6*)

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(*Continued from page 4*)

Mr. Stephens began with two volumes of poetry—"Insurrections" in 1909, and "The Hill of Vision" three years later. Since then he has published two novels, several more books of verse, and the unclassifiable collections where his characteristic fancy has most scope. His imagination is that flaming birthright of the Celt, and he has the gift of illusion, which makes the wildest, most farcical burlesque for the instant convincing.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825–1900) was a true Englishman of the soil. He loved the English country, especially that Devon region he came to know as a boy at a Tiverton school; he loved outdoor sport of every sort; and nearly forty years of his life were spent at the comfortable country home near Twickenham, where his mornings were devoted to raising marvelous fruits and flowers, his afternoons to translating Virgil or to the dozen novels which he left. He, himself, considered "The Maid of Sker" (begun on a vacation when he was only 20), and "Springhaven" superior to "Lorna Doone," whose vast popularity eclipsed everything else he produced.

There are some compensations in being a "one-book" author if "Lorna" be the book. If ever I come to re-read that and fail to get that same boyhood thrill when John Ridd ascends the water-chute, or when Winnie, the highwayman's "strawberry roan," appears on the scene—well, I shall know I am of a truth growing old.

No one who ever followed John Ridd up that brook needs to be told that Mr. Blackmore was an angler born; and in "Crocker's Hole," in this issue, he conveys a large portion of that indescribable fascination which a rod and a trout stream produce for the devotee.

Emerson Hough (1857–1923) put a lot of himself into the twenty-five volumes which, with many special articles and short stories, expressed the energy of the man from 1895 to 1920. Yet, I fancy, if one were to spend an hour or two with a certain circle of Chicago men, active business-men with a fondness for outdoor doings, he would feel that the most impressive memorial to the man is the warm remembrance of him cherished by this large group of friends. It takes a real man to create that sort of feeling among a lot of other men. "The Covered Wagon" motion-picture made his name familiar to millions who had never read his realistic tales of adventurous Western life; but to those who knew him he was the true sportsman, always bringing a breath of fresh air with him, eager for a fight with any abuse or humbug, and qualified for any kind of scrap the other fellow desired.

Born in Iowa, Hough had been all over the West, and had, himself, lived most of the life he wrote about. Hardly anything has been written which is so exact a picture of the man of the old-time cattle-ranges as his "Story of the Cowboy"; and besides telling a good story, he certainly succeeded in making the conditions and people of the great Western Trek comprehensible to us stay-at-homes.

There is a gentleman who bewails our moral status because he declares we advertise that this magazine contains "only the enduring masterpieces of the greatest writers of the world"—yet we publish Wister, White, and, doubtless he'll now add, E. Hough.

So, fair warning! The editor does not consider that phrase (if our advertising did contain it) a fair description of this magazine—or of any conceivable magazine. Nor does he consider "The Stolen Bridegroom" an enduring masterpiece. But he does consider it a bully story, worth re-reading, which belongs in these pages.

The first five or six volumes of a new "collected edition" of the works of William Butler Yeats coincide with some other honours—his election as Senator of the Irish Free State in 1922, and his receipt of a Nobel Prize for literature the following year.

It has been thirty-seven years since "The Wanderings of Oisin" gave notice that the New Irish Movement had, oddly enough, produced a real poet (or vice versa); and in that time his poems, plays, essays and stories would in themselves fill quite a library shelf. Personally, I feel that anybody who could write the little "Lake Isle of Innisfree" has placed himself among the elect.

(*Continued on page 8*)

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WATCHES — *right with the Sun*

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(*Continued from page 6*)

Mr. Yeats quotes an interesting letter, from a relation, in one of his recent collections of plays:

> "It is natural to an Irishman to write plays; he has an inborn love of dialogue and sound about him, of a dialogue as lively, gallant and passionate as in the times of the great Eliza. . . . Petty commerce and puritanism have brought to the front the wrong type of Englishman; the lively, joyous, yet tenacious man has transferred himself to Ireland."

I must confess that Henri Barbusse stood in my mind as an exponent of the sort of realism that seems to consider it has produced a finished portrait of man, when it has minutely described his diseases. As witness *Le Feu*, and some other work certainly exploited as "sex stuff" by the scavengers.

But I must make my apologies to the author of "The Cross" (published here), and "Their Path" (to come later). Those seem to me to come from a man not only of power, but of profound human feeling.

M. Barbusse was (possibly is) chief editor of the Paris reference work *Je sais tout.* He has published comparatively little of his own, though he is over fifty years old.

After reading "The Grace of Lambs" once as a tired business man, and once more as a credulous simple-minded occidental barbarian eager to believe and accept any mysterious esoteric wisdom from a race that could produce such paintings and ko-seu work as the Chinese, and a third time as an editor, and a fourth as a proof-reader, and a fifth as a combination of all the foregoing personalities; after relating the tale in bald summary to a philosophical friend who has made such a clean sweep of the Gods of his fathers that his mind is most of the time concerned with obtaining some appropriate furnishings for this empty inner temple; and finally, in the watches of the early morning (when the human night-blooming cereus who lives in the apartment above suddenly opened into full blossom at 2:15 A. M.), having pondered the basic facts and thesis amid the quietness of a sleeping city—the flagged back court glistening in the outside light, the ailanthus trees still undisturbed by spring, an occasional gentle drizzle highly conducive to reflection, one's so-called thoughts quite undisturbed by the grinding roar of a street-car once in fifteen minutes or by the anxious bleatings of tugs in the river, each complaining at the thickness and at his fellows' foolish endangering of boat-lives by activities under such conditions;—having, I say, maturely considered this tale with the modicum of intelligence I find in the workshop, I am still uncertain whether it is a flash of true cosmic revelation, or whether it belongs with "The Confession of a True-Confession Writer."

Surely that public admission in itself betokens a humility of approach which should gain one place among those lambs who "have the grace to suckle kneeling."

Yet are the mysteries of life and death and the mango trick still completely unrevealed to me.

Perhaps some reader of more perception will speak with authority on the subject. I rather think I must except Mr. Manuel Komroff, who wrote the story, as he might make it more devastatingly simple yet.

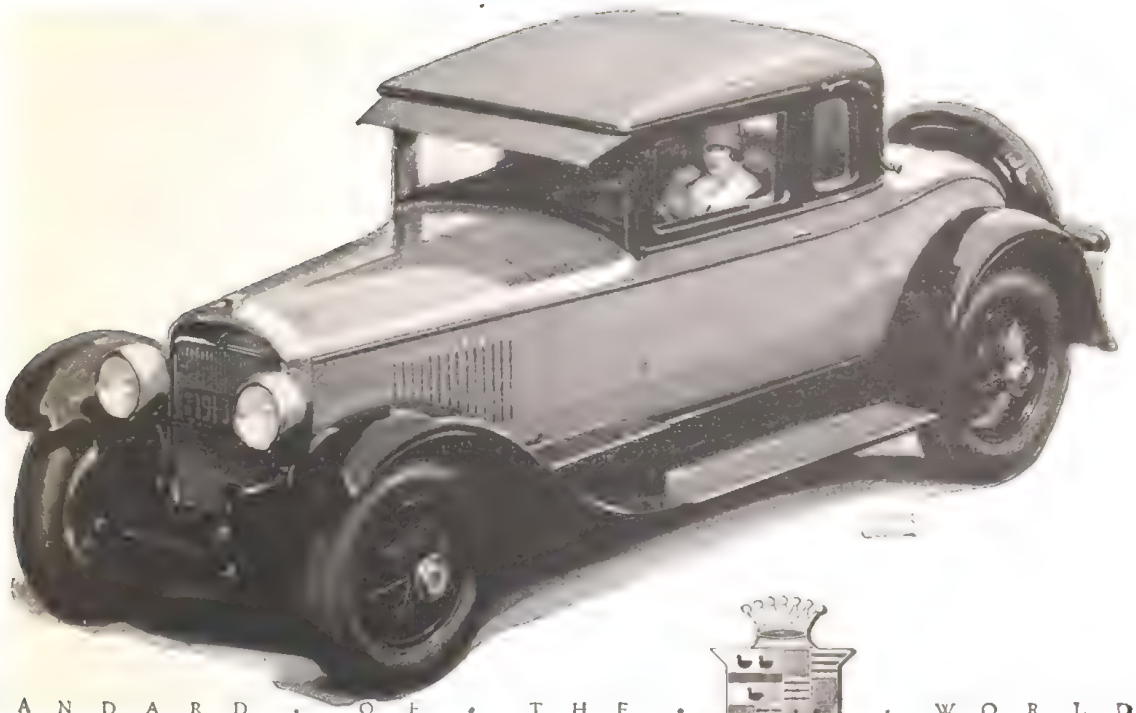
America is indeed the heir of all the ages. I had one letter from a New Jersey descendant of King Olaf Trygvason, seeking the rest of a saga we had quoted. Now, it seems that Henry Adams and THE GOLDEN BOOK have wounded in the tenderest point that Taillefer whose gallant figure, riding in front of the charging Norman knights at Hastings, tossing up his long sword and singing the Song of Roland, is the very embodiment of medieval romance:

Orchard Homes, Missoula, Montana.

DEAR SIR:

On p. 190 of your issue of February, 1926, "In the Days When Romance Ruled," you have an account of how Taillefer the Bard, or Jongleur, obtained his patent of nobility on the field of battle from William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings.

(*Continued on page 10*)



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(*Continued from page 8*)

You also have a quotation from Henry Adams, the historian, who seems puzzled by the fact that a mere juggler—a stage player, the Duke's singer—should have the impertinence to ask such a guerdon, or William to grant such an unheard of request.

As Taillefer is an ancestor of mine on my mother's side, family tradition and considerable investigation by members of the family, including one volume by William Copeland Borlase, published in 1888, enable me to throw considerable light on the subject.

The point is this: that Taillefer was not a common stage-player—a juggler, the Duke's singer—as Henry Adams erroneously supposed, but was as nobly born or more so than William himself; he was a volunteer from a different part of France, and not fighting for pay or for any of the reasons the other members of the expedition had in following William the Conqueror. He, therefore, was well within his rights in asking for simple knighthood. Taillefer, as the family tradition has it, was the grandson of William Taillefer, second of that name, Count of Angoulême, a crusader of great courage and piety who died in 1028 and was buried in the church of St. Cybard in his native place. Our Taillefer was another William, the third count of that name, who had been disinherited by his uncle Geoffry. At the time of the Norman Expedition he was in the prime of life, and went by the name of "Chanssard" or Le Chansart, on account of his addiction to minstrelsy.

History, as Dr. Borlase points out, did for him as she does for all others in a like position—dismisses once and for all from her pages the unsuccessful competitor in the race for fame and fortune. Then again it would not do for historians, especially at that time, to run foul of the powerful uncle, Geoffry. Even William the Conqueror would think it better to receive his favourite as Taillefer, the juggler, than to antagonize his uncle, who at the least sign of a come-back on Taillefer's part would take strong steps to destroy his adversary root and branch. William also knowing well that his favourite only wanted a fresh start in a more favourable environment, and that he was entitled by birth and experience to lead the whole Norman force if necessary, let alone receive his patent of knighthood (which he probably had already), could see nothing in the request, but what he could grant. Also the rest of the nobles, Taillefer being a jolly fellow, and a good mixer, and from the fact that he did not volunteer under an alias, but used his own name, must have known the circumstances of the case, and sympathized with so enthusiastic a volunteer, whose request hurt no one, and was valuable only to himself as a sop to his wounded pride. At any rate, no matter if his devotion to minstrelsy and folly lost him his patrimony, he founded a strong race in the country of his adoption which lasts to the present day.

No sir, he joined the contingent then being raised by his near neighbour and kinsman, Roger Montgomeri. The very song of Roland which he sang belongs to Aquitaine.

The very fact that Guy of Amiens and the French romancers call him *histrio* and *joglere* would count for little. It might merely point to their desire not to offend the usurping relative, and indicate those traits of character which had rendered him unfit to govern, and unable to hold his own. However, you cannot hold a good man down forever.

I enclose on another sheet a geological table which places the bard where he belongs, and which I have taken from the book I referred to before. Yours for accuracy,

February 21, 1926 H. C. B. COLVILL.

H. W. L.

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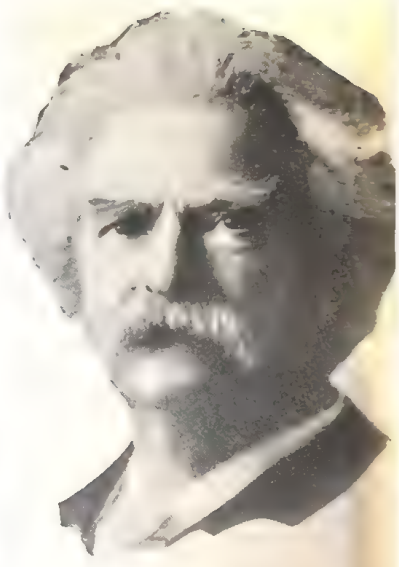

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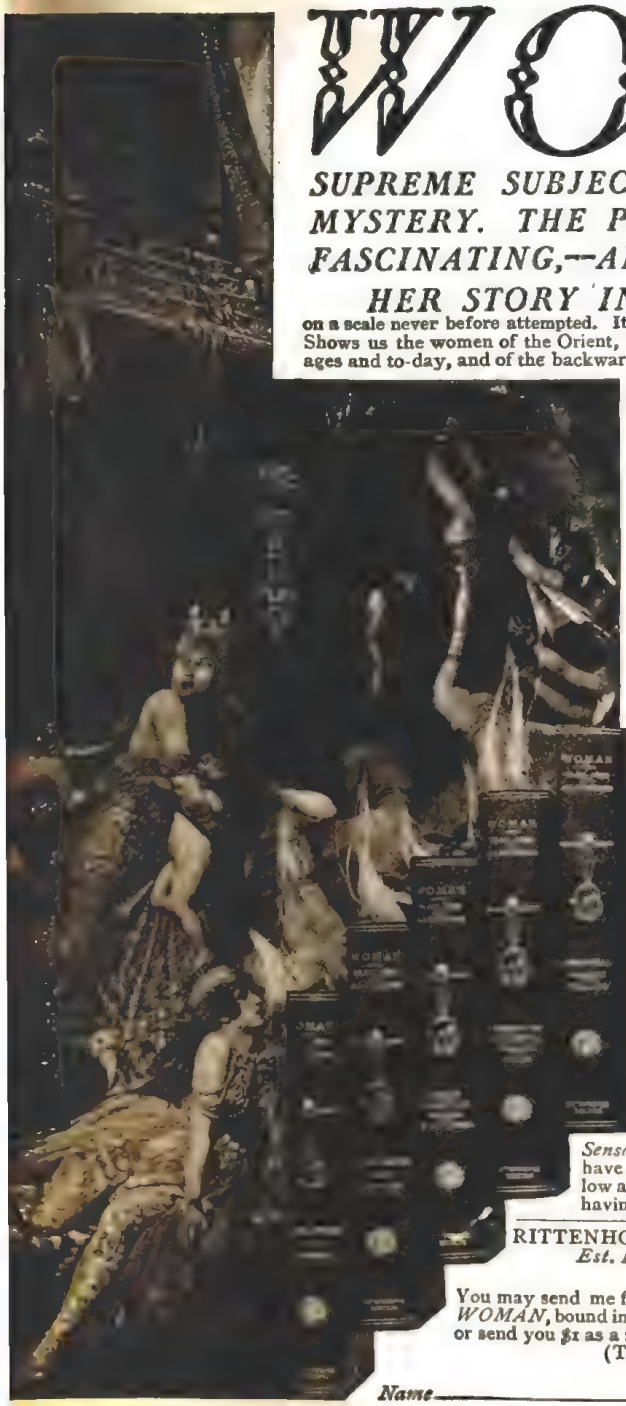

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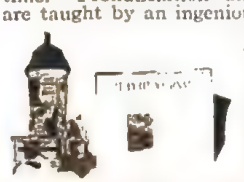

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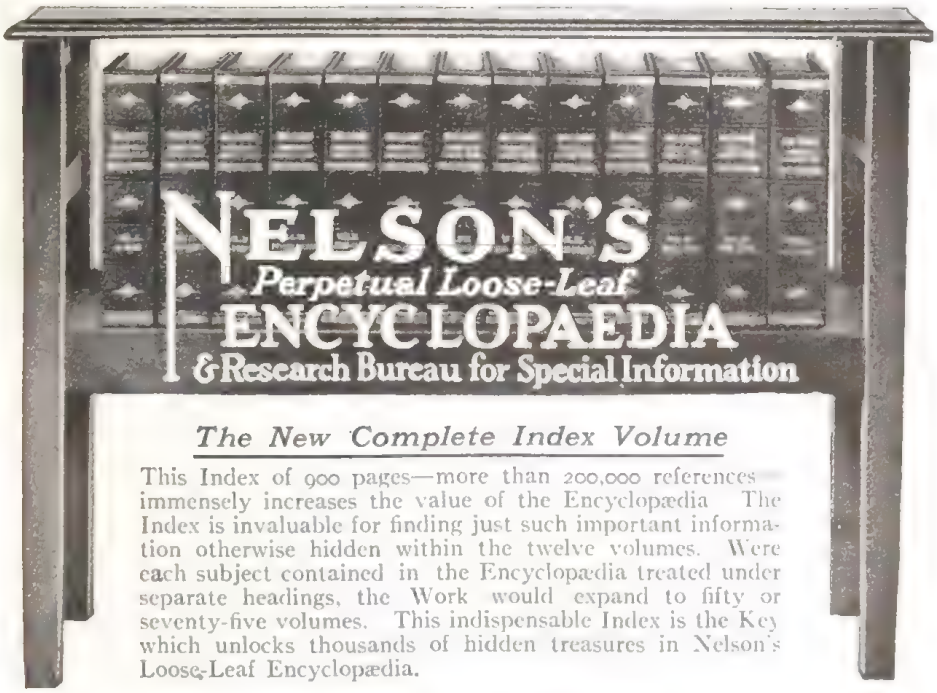

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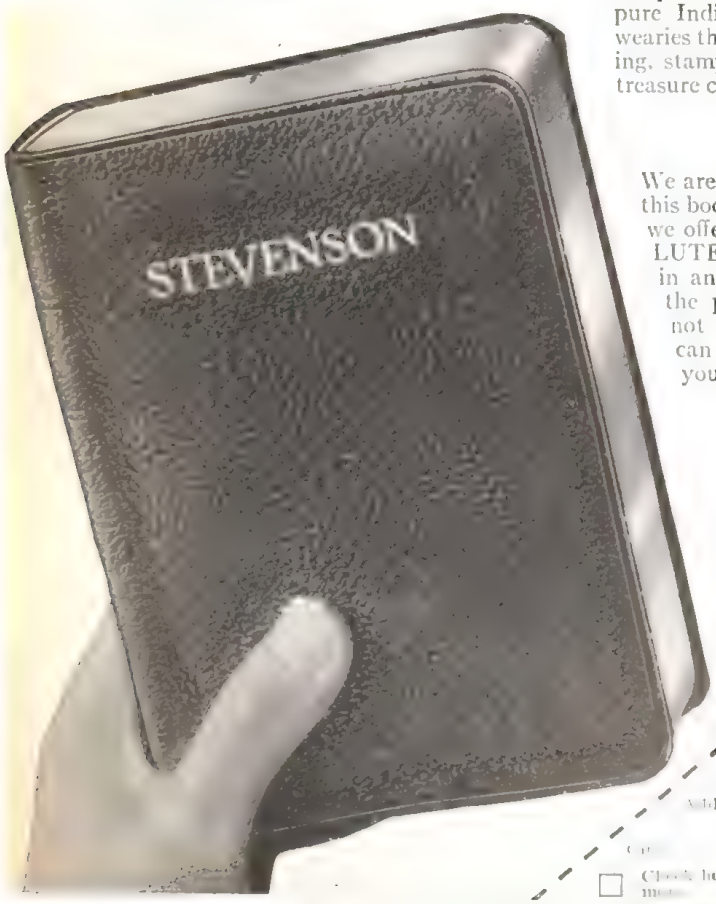

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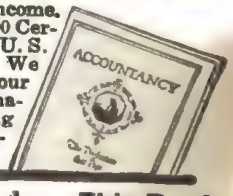

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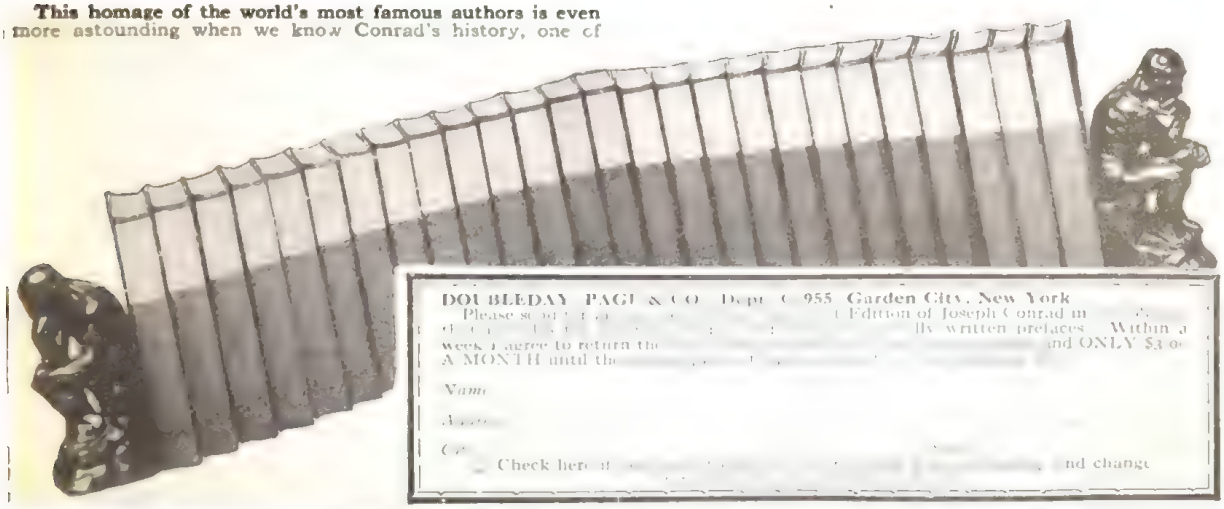

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What I Think of Pelmanism

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a GREAT driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction.

Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that PREVENTABLE inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress.

Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were PELMANIZING in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: First, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual.

By FAILURE I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the backwater and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults.

First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student DISCOVER himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is EXERCISE, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is NOT an automatic device.

It will NOT "take care of itself."

Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results.

Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise.

I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense.

What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

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* * * * * * * * *

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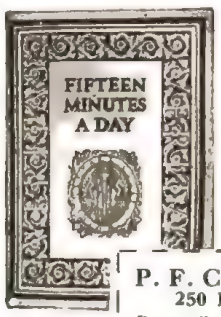

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The Devout Lover

By E. V. LUCAS

ONCE upon a time there was a fox who fell in love with a pretty little lady fox. He called her either Sweet Auburn or Loveliest Vixen of the Plain, and in the small hours, when all the world was asleep, they went for delightful strolls together, and talked a deal of pleasant nonsense, and killed numbers of young chickens, and fed each other with titbits, as lovers do.

One day Sweet Auburn casually mentioned her approaching birthday, which chanced to be on May the 15th, and said she would like nothing so much as gloves.

"What colour?" he asked.

"Purple," she told him; and he agreed.

"With white and purple spots inside," she added; and he agreed again.

"And lined with glistening hairs," she called after him; and he agreed once more.

When, however, he told his mother, the old lady was discouraging. "They won't be out by then," she said, "fox-gloves won't."

His mother was a widow. An unfortunate meeting with the local pack had deprived her forever of her beloved chicken-winner. She had, however, brought up, with much pluck and resource, her family unaided.

"You'll never get them by the 15th," she added, "that's a fortnight too soon."

"But I must," replied her son, with the impetuosity and determination of youth.

"You'll never," said his mother.

Undismayed he set forth and searched the country-side for fox-gloves. He found many plants in various early stages of growth, but all were far indeed from the time to exhibit their stock-in-trade.

"What did I tell you?" said his mother.

The day drew nearer. He extended his travels, but in vain, until one morning, at about a quarter to five, when he ought to have been at home again, he came upon a fox-glove stalk which actually had buds on it. Carefully marking the spot, he rushed back with the news.

"But how can blossoms be ready in four days?" he asked his mother.

"Intensive culture," said the old lady. "There's nothing but that."

"I don't know what you mean," said her son.

"Of course not; you're only a child. It means you must supply heat and nourishment. You must curl your warm body round that stalk every evening as soon as the sun sets and lie there without moving till the sun's up, and you must water the roots with your tears. On no account must you move or nap."

"Really?" he asked nervously.

"If you really love," said his mother.

"I wonder," he thought; but after paying another visit to Sweet Auburn he knew that he did, and he promised her the gloves for a certainty.

Late on the evening of the 15th, when she had almost given him up, he staggered into her abode, wan and weary, and laid a pair of superb gloves at her feet. They were a beautiful purple lined with glistening hairs and they had white and purple spots inside.

"Many happy returns," he said. "They're absolutely the first of the season. You'll be able to set the fashion."

"Darling Reynolds!" she replied, embracing him, and named the happy day.

WE ACCUSE savages of worshiping only the bad spirit or devil. Though they may distinguish both a good and a bad, they regard only that which they fear, worship the devil only.

We too are savages in this, doing precisely the same thing.

This occurred to me yesterday, as I sat in the woods admiring the beauty of the blue butterfly. We are not chiefly interested in birds and insects, for example, as they are ornamental to the earth and cheering to man, but we spare the lives of the former only on condition that they eat more grubs than they do cherries, and the only account of the insects which the State encourages is of those injurious to vegetation. We too admit both a good and bad spirit, but we worship chiefly the bad spirit whom we fear.

We do not think first of the good, but of the harm things will do us. The catechism says that the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever, which of course is applicable mainly to God as seen in his works. Yet the only account of the beautiful insects, butterflies and so on, which God has made and set before us, that the State ever thinks of spending any money on is the account of those which are injurious to vegetation!

This is the way we glorify God and enjoy Him forever. . . . Though God may have pronounced His work good, we ask, Is it not poisonous?

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

may.

1 The fair maid who, the First of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree
Will ever after handsome be.
OLD ENGLISH RHYME.

2 "Doubt not therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry,—men are to be born so." IZAAK WALTON.

3 Tomorrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover tomorrow shall be love.
Spring is young, Spring now is singing, Spring is the world reborn.
In Spring the loves make accord, in Spring the birds mate,
And the woodland loosens her tresses under the nuptial showers.
Tomorrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover tomorrow shall be love.
Per Vigilium Veneris.

4 I fell fast asleep on the grass, and awoke with a chorus of birds singing around me, and squirrels running up the trees, and some woodpeckers laughing; and it was as pleasant and rural a scene as ever I saw, and I did not care one penny how any of the beasts or birds had been formed.
CHARLES DARWIN.

5 Along the crispéd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring. MILTON.

6 What lies you poets tell about the May!
It is the most ungenial part of the year.
Cold crocuses, cold primroses, you take your blossoms in ice—a painted sun!
LAMB.

7 The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit. NASHE.

8 Absolute virtue is as sure to kill as absolute vice is, let alone the dullnesses of it and the pomposities of it.
SAMUEL BUTLER.

9 Green rushes with red shoots,
Long leaves bending in the wind—
You and I in the same boat
Plucking rushes at the Five Lakes.
We started at dawn from the orchid-island:
We rested under the elm till noon.
You and I plucking rushes
Had not plucked a handful when night came.
4TH CENTURY CHINESE (WALEY).

10 Troubled, about three in the morning, with my wife calling her maid up, and rising herself, to go with her coach abroad, to gather May-dew. PEPYS.

11 The moon was made for the sky to hold,
And I for you. SARA TEASDALE.

12 The lords and ladies now abroad
For their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass
And sometimes in the hay. BEAUMONT.

13 Appeal to arms is the lowest form of virtue. Rewards and punishment are the lowest form of education. Ceremonies and laws are the lowest form of government. Music and fine clothes are the lowest form of happiness. Weeping and mourning are the lowest form of grief. These five should follow the movements of the mind.
CHUANG TZŬ.

14 When the soul of the year through the body of earth
Burst forth in a bloom as of fire,
And the butterflies rose in a rainbow riot of mirth
To flutter and hum and take wing and aspire. DON MARQUIS.

15 Virginia ladies make the best sweet pickles.
Notes of a Traveling Gastronomer.

16 Green flame the hedgerows.
Blackbirds are bugling, and white in wet winds
Sway the tall poplars. HENLEY.

17 Men can be quite as constant as women—especially to the women they never won.
LEONARD MERRICK.

18 When that the month of May
Is comen, and I hear the foules singe,
And that the floures ginnen for to springe,
Farwel my book and my devocioun!

CHAUCER.

19 Who is it that is to become free? You, I, we.
Free from what? From everything that is not you, not I, not we. MAX STIRNER.

20 The joyous Book of Spring
Lies open writ in blossoms.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

21 Great men are the true men, the men in whom nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary—they are in the true order. It is the other species of men who are not what they ought to be.

AMIEL.

22 The real American comes to grief because he thinks he is hustling along fine when he is only sending unnecessary telegrams and taking unnecessary journeys all day long. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

23 The latter-day Chinese. . . . has lost that sublime faith in illusions which constitutes the eternal youth and vigour of the poets and ancients . . . . He toys with Nature, but does not condescend to conquer or worship her. OKAKURA-KAKUZO.

24 Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'. BURNS.

25 GARTER, *n.* An elastic band intended to keep a woman from coming out of her stockings and devastating the country.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

26 In heavy fogs, on elevated situations especially, tree are perfect alembics; and no one that has not attended to such matters can imagine how much water one tree will distil in a night's time by condensing the vapour, which trickles down the twigs and boughs, so as to make the ground below quite in a float.

GILBERT WHITE.

27 The next day, sensible they had misbehav'd in giving us that disturbance, the Indians sent three of their old counsellors to make their apology. The orator acknowledg'd the fault, but laid it upon the rum; And then endeavored to excuse the rum by saying: "*The Great Spirit, who made all things, made everything for some use, and whatever use he design'd anything for, that use it should always be put to. Now when he made rum, he said, 'Let this be for the Indians to get drunk with,' and it must be so.*"

FRANKLIN.

28 In 1811 there was a slave-market in full operation in Wall Street. *Yankee Doodle* often thinks he still hears the whip and the groans of the victims as he goes through this famous locality. Indeed, there are as many slaves there as ever, only they belong to one master, the —*Whew!* WALT WHITMAN.

29 Careless where our face is set,
Let us take the open way.

W. V. MOODY.

30 The sense of the beautiful is God's best gift to the human soul.

W. H. HUDSON.

31 So short a way
Between us and the dream of love!
A rose's world!
But we will lengthen it,
Stopping
For long, long kisses
On its wide-open petals

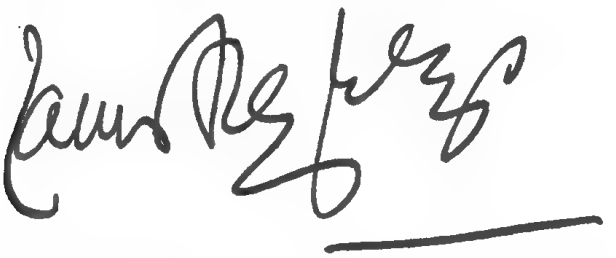
J. R. JIMÉNEZ (ROACH).

The Golden Book Magazine

VOLUME III MAY, 1926 NUMBER 17

The Threepenny-Piece

BY JAMES STEPHENS



WHEN Brien O'Brien died, people said that it did not matter very much, because he would have died young in any case. He would have been hanged, or his head would have been split in two halves with a hatchet, or he would have tumbled down the cliff when he was drunk and been smashed into jelly. Something like that was due to him, and everybody likes to see a man get what he deserves to get.

But, as ethical writs cease to run when a man is dead, the neighbours did not stay away from his wake. They came, and they said many mitigating things across the body with the bandaged jaws and the sly grin, and they reminded each other of this and that queer thing which he had done, for his memory was crusted over with stories of wild, laughable things, and other things which were wild but not laughable.

Meanwhile, he was dead, and one was at liberty to be a trifle sorry for him. Further, he belonged to the O'Brien nation, a stock to whom reverence was due. A stock not easily forgotten. The historic memory could reconstruct forgotten glories of station and battle, of terrible villainy and terrible saintliness, the pitiful, valourous, slow descent to the degradation which was not yet wholly victorious. A great stock! The O'Neills remembered it. The O'Tools and the MacSweeneys had stories by the hundred of love and hate. The Burkes and the Geraldines and the new strangers had memories also.

His family was left in the poorest way, but they were used to that, for he had kept them as poor as he left them or found them, for that matter. They had shaken hands with Charity so often that they no longer disliked the sallow-faced lady, and, so, certain small gifts made by the neighbours were

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accepted, not very thankfully, but very readily. These gifts were almost always in kind. A few eggs. A bag of potatoes. A handful of meal. A couple of twists of tea—such like.

One of the visitors, however, moved by an extraordinary dejection, slipped a silver threepenny-piece into the hand of Brien's little daughter, Sheila, aged four years, and later on she did not like to ask for it back again.

Little Sheila had been well trained by her father. She knew exactly what should be done with money, and so, when nobody was looking, she tip-toed to the coffin and slipped the threepenny-piece into Brien's hand. That hand had never refused money when it was alive, it did not reject it either when it was dead.

They buried him the next day.

He was called up for judgment the day after, and made his appearance with a miscellaneous crowd of wretches, and there he again received what was due to him. He was removed protesting and struggling to the place decreed.

"Down," said Rhadamanthus, pointing with his great hand, and down he went.

In the struggle he dropped the threepenny-piece, but he was so bustled and heated that he did not observe his loss. He went down, far down, out of sight, out of remembrance, to a howling, black gulf with others of his unseen kind.

A young seraph, named Cuchulain, chancing to pass that way shortly afterwards, saw the threepenny-piece peeping brightly from the rocks, and he picked it up.

He looked at it in astonishment. He turned it over and over, this way and that way. Examined it at the stretch of his arm, and peered minutely at it from two inches distance—

"I have never in my life seen anything so beautifully wrought," said he, and, having stowed it in his pouch along with some other trinkets, he strolled homewards again through the massy gates.

It was not long until Brien discovered his loss, and, suddenly, through the black region, his voice went mounting and brawling.

"I have been robbed," he yelled. "I have been robbed in heaven!"

Having begun to yell he did not stop. Sometimes he was simply angry and made a noise. Sometimes he became sarcastic and would send his query swirling upwards—

"Who stole the threepenny-bit?" he roared. He addressed the surrounding black space—

"Who stole the last threepenny-bit of a poor man?"

Again and again his voice pealed upwards. The pains of his habitation lost all their sting for him. His mind had nourishment and the heat within him vanquished the fumes without. He had a grievance, a righteous cause, he was buoyed and strengthened, nothing could silence him. They tried ingenious devices, all kinds of complicated things, but he paid no heed, and the tormentors were in despair.

"I hate these sinners from the kingdom of Kerry," said the Chief Tormentor, and he sat moodily down on his own circular saw; and that worried him also, for he was clad only in a loin cloth.

"I hate the entire Clan of the Gael," said he; "why cannot they send them somewhere else?" and then he started practising again on Brien.

It was no use. Brien's query still blared upwards like the sound of the great trump itself. It wakened and rung the rocky caverns, screamed through fissure and funnel, and was battered and slung from pinnacle to crag and up again. Worse! his companions in doom became interested and took up the cry until at last the uproar became so appalling that the Master himself could not stand it.

"I have not had a wink of sleep for three nights," said that harassed one, and he sent a special embassy to the powers.

Rhadamanthus was astonished when they arrived. His elbow was leaning on his vast knee, and his heavy head rested on a hand that was acres long, acres wide.

"What is all this about?" said he.

"The Master cannot go to sleep," said the spokesman of the embassy, and he grinned as he said it, for it sounded queer even to himself.

"It is not necessary that he should sleep," said Rhadamanthus. "I have never slept since time began, and I will never sleep until time is over. But the complaint is curious. What has troubled your master?"

"Hell is turned upside down and inside out," said the fiend. "The tormentors are weeping like little children. The principalities are squatting on their hunkers doing nothing. The orders are running here and there fighting each other. The styles are leaning against walls shrugging their shoulders, and the damned are shouting and laughing and have become callous to torment."

"It is not my business," said the judge.

"The sinners demand justice," said the spokesman.

"They've got it," said Rhadamanthus, "let them stew in it."

"They refuse to stew," replied the spokesman, wringing his hands.

Rhadamanthus sat up.

"It is an axiom in law," said he, "that however complicated an event may be, there can never be more than one person at the extreme bottom of it. Who is the person?"

"It is one Brien of the O'Brien nation, late of the kingdom of Kerry. A bad one! He got the maximum punishment a week ago."

For the first time in his life Rhadamanthus was disturbed. He scratched his head, and it was the first time he had ever done that either.

"You say he got the maximum," said Rhadamanthus, "then it's a fix! I have damned him for ever, and better or worse than that cannot be done. It is none of my business," said he angrily, and he had the deputation removed by force.

But that did not ease the trouble. The contagion spread until ten million billions of voices were chanting in unison, and uncountable multitudes were listening between their pangs.

"Who stole the threepenny-bit? Who stole the threepenny-bit?"

That was still their cry. Heaven rang with it as well as hell. Space was filled with that rhythmic tumult. Chaos and empty Nox had a new discord added to their elemental throes. Another memorial was drafted below, showing that unless the missing coin was restored to its owner hell would have to close its doors. There was a veiled menace in the memorial also, for Clause 6 hinted that if hell was allowed to go by the board heaven might find itself in some jeopardy thereafter.

The document was dispatched and considered. In consequence a proclamation was sent through all the wards of Paradise, calling on whatever person, archangel, seraph, cherub, or acolyte had found a threepenny-piece since midday of the tenth of August then instant, that the same person, archangel, seraph, cherub, or acolyte, should deliver the said threepenny-piece to Rhadamanthus at his Court, and should receive in return a free pardon and a receipt.

The coin was not delivered.

That young seraph, Cuchulain, walked about like a person who was strange to him self. He was not tormented: he was angry. He frowned, he cogitated and fumed. He drew one golden curl through his fingers until it was lank and drooping; save the end only, that was still a ripple of gold. He put the end in his mouth and strode moodily chewing it. And every day his feet turned in the same direction—down the long entrance boulevard, through the mighty gates, along the strip of carved slabs, to that piled wilderness where Rhadamanthus sat monumentally.

Here delicately he went, sometimes with a hand outstretched to help his foothold, standing for a space to think ere he jumped to a further rock, balancing himself for a moment ere he leaped again. So he would come to stand and stare gloomily upon the judge.

He would salute gravely, as was meet, and say, "God bless the work"; but Rhadamanthus never replied, save by a nod, for he was very busy.

Yet the judge did observe him, and would sometimes heave ponderous lids to where he stood, and so, for a few seconds, they regarded each other in an interval of that unceasing business.

Sometimes for a minute or two the young seraph Cuchulain would look from the judge to the judged as they crouched back or strained forward, the good and the bad all in the same tremble of fear, all unknowing which way their doom might lead. They did not look at each other. They looked at the judge high on his ebon throne, and they could not look away from him. There were those who knew, guessed clearly their doom; abashed and flaccid they sat, quaking. There were some who were uncertain—rabbit-eyed these, not less quaking than the others, biting at their knuckles as they peeped upwards. There were those hopeful, yet searching fearfully backwards in the wilderness of memory, chasing and weighing their sins; and these last, even when their bliss was sealed and their steps set on an easy path, went faltering, not daring to look around again, their ears strained to catch a —"Halt, miscreant! this other is your way!"

So, day by day, he went to stand near the judge; and one day Rhadamanthus, looking on him more intently, lifted his great hand and pointed—

"Go you among those to be judged," said he.

For Rhadamanthus knew. It was his business to look deep into the heart and the mind, to fish for secrets in the pools of being.

And the young seraph Cuchulain, still rolling his golden curl between his lips, went obediently forward and set down his nodding plumes between two who whimpered and stared and quaked.

When his turn came, Rhadamanthus eyed him intently for a long time——

"Well!" said Rhadamanthus.

The young seraph Cuchulain blew the curl of gold away from his mouth——

"Findings are keepings," said he loudly, and he closed his mouth and stared very impertinently at the judge.

"It is to be given up," said the judge.

"Let them come and take it from me," said the seraph Cuchulain. And suddenly (for these things are at the will of spirits) around his head the lightning span, and his hands were on the necks of thunders.

For the second time in his life Rhadamanthus was disturbed, again he scratched his head——

"It's a fix," said he moodily. But in a moment he called to those whose duty it was——

"Take him to this side," he roared.

And they advanced. But the seraph Cuchulain swung to meet them, and his golden hair blazed and shrieked; and the thunders rolled at his feet, and about him a bright network that hissed and stung—and those who advanced turned haltingly backwards and ran screaming.

"It's a fix," said Rhadamanthus; and for a little time he stared menacingly at the seraph Cuchulain.

But only for a little time. Suddenly he put his hands on the rests of his throne and heaved upwards his terrific bulk. Never before had Rhadamanthus stood from his ordained chair. He strode mightily forward and in an instant had quelled that rebel. The thunders and lightnings were but moonbeams and dew on that stony carcass. He seized the seraph Cuchulain, lifted him to his breast as one lifts a sparrow, and tramped back with him——

"Fetch me that other," said he, sternly, and he sat down.

Those whose duty it was sped swiftly downwards to find Brien of the O'Brien nation; and while they were gone, all in vain the seraph Cuchulain crushed flamy barbs against that bosom of doom. Now, indeed, his golden locks were drooping and his plumes were broken and tossed; but his fierce eye still glared courageously against the nipple of Rhadamanthus.

Soon they brought Brien. He was a sight of woe—howling, naked as a tree in winter, black as a tarred wall, carved and gashed, tattered in all but his throat, wherewith, until one's ears rebelled, he bawled his one demand.

But the sudden light struck him to a wondering silence, and the sight of the judge holding the seraph Cuchulain like a limp flower to his breast held him gaping——

"Bring him here," said Rhadamanthus.

And they brought him to the steps of the throne——

"You have lost a medal!" said Rhadamanthus. "This one has it."

Brien looked straitly at the seraph Cuchulain.

Rhadamanthus stood again, whirled his arm in an enormous arc, jerked, and let go, and the seraph Cuchulain went swirling through space like a slung stone——

"Go after him, Kerryman," said Rhadamanthus, stooping; and he seized Brien by the leg, whirled him wide and out and far; dizzy, dizzy as a swooping comet, and down, and down, and down.

Rhadamanthus seated himself. He motioned with his hand——

"Next," said he, coldly.

Down went the seraph Cuchulain, swirling in wide tumbles, scarcely visible for quickness. Sometimes, with outstretched hands, he was a cross that dropped plumb. Anon, head urgently downwards, he dived steeply. Again, like a living hoop, head and heels together, he spun giddily. Blind, deaf, dumb, breathless, mindless; and behind him Brien of the O'Brien nation came pelting and whizzing.

What of that journey! Who could give it words? Of the suns that appeared and disappeared like winking eyes. Comets that shone for an instant, went black and vanished. Moons that came, and stood, and were gone. And around all, including all, boundless space, boundless silence; the black, unmoving void—the deep, unending quietude, through which they fell with Saturn and Orion, and mildly-smiling Venus, and the fair, stark-naked moon and the decent earth wreathed in pearl and blue. From afar she appeared, the quiet one, all lonely in the void. As sudden as a fair face in a crowded street. Beautiful as the sound of falling waters. Beautiful as the sound of music in a silence. Like a white sail on a windy sea. Like a green tree in a solitary place. Chaste and wonderful she was. Flying afar. Flying aloft like a joyous bird when the morning breaks on the darkness and he shrills sweet tidings. She soared and sang. Gently she

sang to timid pipes and flutes of tender straw and murmuring, distant strings. A song that grew and swelled, gathering to a multitudinous, deep-thundered harmony, until the over-burdened ear failed before the appalling uproar of her ecstasy, and denounced her. No longer a star! No longer a bird! A plumed and horned fury! Gigantic, gigantic, leaping and shrieking tempestuously, spouting whirlwinds of lightning, tearing gluttonously along her path, avid, rampant, howling with rage and terror she leaped, dreadfully she leaped and flew. . . .

Enough! They hit the earth—they were not smashed, there was that virtue in them. They hit the ground just outside the village of Donnybrook where the back road runs to the hills; and scarcely had they bumped twice when Brien of the O'Brien nation had the seraph Cuchulain by the throat——

"My threepenny-bit," he roared, with one fist up——

But the seraph Cuchulain only laughed——

"That!" said he. "Look at me, man. Your little medal dropped far beyond the rings of Saturn."

And Brien stood back looking at him—He was as naked as Brien was. He was as naked as a stone, or an eel, or a pot, or a new-born babe. He was very naked.

So Brien of the O'Brien nation strode across the path and sat down by the side of a hedge——

"The first man that passes this way," said he, "will give me his clothes, or I'll strangle him."

The seraph Cuchulain walked over to him——

"I will take the clothes of the second man that passes," said he, and he sat down.

Spring Rhapsody—By LI PO

ONCE more Heaven bids the plough-star drive before the spring, and turn its handle to the east,
Spring—the blue harmonies of tumultuous waters!
The fair fragrance of orchard sprays.
Climb and look out and beyond. At once the eye retains the whole immeasurable expanse of the sea, and the slenderest film of the clouds.
The soul streams out in ecstasy.
Tears! My tears are falling.
Of the gentle pure breeze I sing—of the waves of Chang-lang are my songs.
Of lake Duntkhin are my dreams, and my sighs for the river-lands of Oyas and Oyan.
What a lightness of health is in my soul! One with the spring-wafting of the wind, it soars away and flies I know not where. Yes! it soars, but whither I know not. And my thoughts are boundless.
I am whelmed in a dream of this fairest of seasons, in a mood that dispels not.
The whole plain heaves into bloom—what flowers! what sceneries!
Ah! fragrance of sweet herbs, my love and grief are for you.
Sorrow, a sharp-edged knife, is sheathed in my heart,
For these are the last of spring—the ending of spring's last days.
Sadness of heart takes hold of me, and no light weariness.

Away my thoughts! By the winding Khang, by the roaring rapids of Syan my plunging hands are hidden with fairy flowers—and still my thoughts have mastered me . . .

Each year this picture is the same. Spring comes — the flowers bloom. But lo, there is an end of them and change comes over spring.

Swiftly, swiftly, the long river speeds away its waters.
I follow with my gaze the flowing waves and in thought
I pass with them to the east, to the very sea.
Alas! 'tis even so with spring—it stays not with us once its time has come.
Soon, too soon will Destiny send forth the breath of tottering age.

Ah! that I cannot fling a long, long rope over the blue sky and bind with it the white orb of light as it rushes on to its setting!

My Friend the Swan

By C. E. MONTAGUE

C. E. Montague

I

THE war had perished beyond all hope of revival; the Genius of Famine could almost be heard stalking along the corridors of our Ministries of Coördination, Information, and Demonstration. The long howling of wolves approaching the patent swing-doors had begun to chill the young blood of the brave and the fair upon whom war had called to warm both their hands for so long at the fire of life on those convenient premises; into the ruder lake-dwellings still to be traced by the traveller crossing St. James's Park a sense of the horrors of war—its worst, its post-war ones—was making its way. Thus may poor Pharaoh have felt in his dream when the seven lean and ill-favoured kine, "such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness," came up after the seven fat kine and ate them without bulging.

Under this bludgeon stroke of fate no head that I know was more intrepidly unbowed than that which bore on its obverse side the comely and imperturbable face of Colin March. He was now twenty-five. A letter of his found me stuck at the Domhof, Cologne, the Christmas after the glorious and fatal 11th of November. Colin had written on War Office paper, the War Office being just then his strategic base and the seat of his government over circumstance. He had also, somewhat regally, popped his letter into the King's Messenger's bag, distrusting the speed of the common post of our armies.

From his War Office he wrote, "I sit within this frowning pile, and I frown worse than it." Then I knew his spirits were high. He went on: " 'Let me have war,' say I, as my friend Shakespeare says: 'It's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent'." Then I felt pretty sure that he was as glad the whistle had blown as any old infantry colonel who wanted no more of his men to be chipped. He went on to mention a dear friend of ours, Claude Barbason. Being a regular, Claude would have to collapse after the war—"like other sausage balloons," Colin vulgarly wrote—from the size of a brigadier-general to that of a mere common captain. "Still," Colin added, "my mind is easy about him. As long as there is any sort of Q. side up above, as our friend the Bard says, that 'providently caters for the sparrow,' Claude's rations are safe."

"Hullo!" I thought, "good deal of Shakespeare lying about!" And again, a few lines lower down, I read: "What says the downy old Swan of Avon about it?" followed by some queer quotation. Strange! Saul had come off as one of the prophets. But Colin one of the pedants! No! He must have got a new game on. He must be writing like this, playing the ripe Shakespearean, to make me prick up my ears, before he let on. That would be quite in his line. He had fished in his time; he knew how to use ground bait.

II

YES, it was a game—a beginning, as Colin said when I came home in May, of the reconstruction of Europe. It all came of a tip that had come indirectly to Colin from one who could not be wrong if the British Constitution is right. Colin's father, the old ambassador, had been there when King Edward met, at a dinner, the greatest of all the Shakespearean pundits. "Stick to Shakespeare, Mr. Bowles," the prudent sovereign had said to the perspiring student: "there's money in him." Colin had, after his fashion, figured on this. All sorts and conditions of men, he reflected, were would-be consumers of Shakespeare. All tried to quote him. Teacher and preacher and politician and trader— all of them wedged in a bit of his stuff, if they could, among their own drivel. Rightly seen, the plays

were a quarry—only better: all the stone was ready cut. They were what the Colosseum had been when any jerrybuilder in Rome could still go in and steal a load of Titus's or Domitian's building material. But organization was needed—the "big business" touch. No Geddes or Selfridge had come in as yet to lead the parched horse of Demand to the abounding waters of Supply and make him drink there at a reasonable tariff. A few poor shabby old tags—"The play's the thing," "Put money in thy purse," "To thine own self be true," and so on—were about all that the private consumer could put his hand on. Why, it was as if we were still only scraping a few shaley scuttles of coal, with a shovel, off the surface of Northumberland! Colin figured hard. Then he acted.

You will recall how in that summer of 1919 the fruits of what looked like a richer national culture began to load and bless our advertisement hoardings. Foker's Prime London Ales were, for the first time—recommended to us on those engaging "three-column blocks" of Autolycus singing "A quart of ale is a dish for a king." In extenuation of that mortal sin against the honour of the vine, the Golden Tagus New Australian Port, the preference of Mr. Justice Silence for "A cup of wine that's brisk and fine" was cited, with ingenious effrontery, a few weeks later. "Let me have men about me that are fat" (Froud's Fast Filling Breakfast Food) and "Not china dishes, but very good dishes" (Wild's War Saving Dinner Stoneware) were other works of Colin's first period. Like many other artists, he was to have three periods. Somebody said that these early strivings of his first period made the wall of a Tube station look as if an ounce of the stuff that excites ginger-beer had been thrown into a large puddle; a patch, here and there, of the puddle capered and frisked feebly. That was how Colin, the ex-service man, began to feel his way back into the ranks of civil industry.

First, he had made out a list of those wise traders who advertise most. This took him the last two months of his war service. From out the unsuspecting herd, catalogued in this way, he would next mark down for the chase some veritable stag of ten, like the eponymous owner of Sprot's Spermaceti Rupture Cure. Then he would steal seductively upon the creature, holding out in his hand, as it were, a sealed packet and praising its unstated contents. Was that particular quarry aware, he would ask, that our national poet had written as if he had never had a thought in his mind except to assist in advertising the quarry's business? Then, while the hunted thing stood spellbound, moveless as a tickled trout, Colin would swiftly explain that the Shakespeare Publicity Trust had the goods, that the fee was—for goods that were goodness itself—a mere bagatelle: and if any client would simply say he was disappointed the Trust would refund. What could be fairer?

The bargain once struck, Colin would bring out his pearl. To Sprot, the Spermacetic Rupture Curer, he would present the prescription cited by Hotspur—

> The sovereign'st thing on earth
> Was parmaceti for an inward bruise.

For Messrs. Starr, of Dundee, the spirited authors of that cheap and unstable adhesive, North Star Gum, he would have ready the testimonial of Julius Cæsar—

> constant as the Northern Star,
> Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament.

You, a person of fastidious taste, may not think highly of these sallies. Nor, I suppose, would you think much of a Red Palmer fly for your luncheon. But that is only because you are no trout. And if you were a Starr you would know the makings of a good puff when you saw them. Colin knew the element he worked in. "I've only slipped up once," he said. "Remember the 'Tempest'? how our poor aboriginal friend said that the white settler used to pet him at first—gave him 'water with berries in't'? Wouldn't you say that was simply written for Jellaby's Genuine Juniper Gin?"

No! I wouldn't. Nor would Colin. His eyes twinkled demurely. I saw that he had been tempering business with mischief. I let him run on.

"No! With an absolute 'No!' the cloudy distiller, Jellaby, turns me his back. Only too much damn talk about water already, he says, ever since the war regulations drew the teeth of the stuff. I asked, did he think of a little crusade against war weakness in strong waters? You see, I might have romped in with my 'Too much water hast thou, poor Ophelia?' Not he! Barred the whole topic. Next day—such is my rugged vicissitudinous life—I hit Partletts, the motoring overcoat people, right betweed wind and water—nothing but just 'There's a dish of leather coats for you,' out of the big drink in old Shallow's orchard. In art all the great things are simple. That one, and 'Tell me,

where is fancy bred?' for the Viennese baker in Bond Street—Swiss now, of course—are two of my brightest particular winners."

I must have grunted.

"All very well," Colin said, "but I can't afford to stick at a pun. A poor fellow must live. As an artist pure and simple, the thing I prefer is a sweet pretty way that I have of slipping into a subject.

'When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,'

may not be a very subtle approach, I'll allow, to Presto's Cough Drops. But mark the airy ease of my Shakespearean glide into Stoolt's Tourist Ticket announcements:

'Talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the River Po, . . .'

O, le grand Edouard connaissait son monde."

III

Colin had what, I fancy, must be the specific gift of the born organizer. Whatsoever his hand found to do he could find someone else to go on doing it for him, for both of their goods, while Colin went off with a light heart to conquer new worlds. He now pitched on Willan, an old Merton man who had wit and knew Shakespeare by heart, but had never known how to market these wares for himself. To him Colin handed over the charge of the trade advertisement branch of the Shakespeare Publicity Trust. Willan minded the shop, at a liberal stipend; Colin's adventuring mind took once more to the road.

As he went he reflected. People who quarrelled were always hauling Shakespeare in if they could. "'Tell truth,' as Shakespeare says, 'and shame the Devil,'" he heard some of them say, in their spite, where simpler souls would yell, "Liar!" Or else, in the line of unctuous irony, somebody's moral code was "'more honoured in the breach,' as Shakespeare says, 'than the observance.'" Always, mark, "as Shakespeare says"; never "as Hotspur" or "as Hamlet" says. Why not show the poor creatures how to do, to some purpose, what they were now so impotently attempting? Why not found a completely new trade in munitions?

"You see," Colin said, "when a man has one of these fads that they all fight about he wants to dress it up to the nines in some suit of words or other. So he may do any one of three things. (1) He may cut out and make it a brand-new suit of his own. That's to say he may be Shaw or Whibley or Colvin or Wells, if he can—one of the top-hole polemical dragons. If so, he's of no use to me. Or (2) he may borrow, gratis, a greasy, shiny old misfitting Shakespearean slop clobber, everybody else's cast-off reach-me-downs like 'All the world's a stage,' 'The quality of mercy is not strained'—all that sort of real rag-and-bone-man's stock. Or (3) he can buy a decent Shakespearean suit, ready-made but unused, from a respectable tailor. Well, I have a mission to group number two. I'm out to lift it into group three. I'm the respectable tailor. I notice some poor anti-vivisectionist trying to clothe the nakedness of his cause in such hopelessly worn baggy trousers as those old 'quality of mercy' duds. I approach and, on suitable terms, produce from my stores the one perfect fit, the thing about Cymbeline's vivisectionist queen and her nasty games with the poison—

'Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs
Then afterwards up higher.'

Hey? 'As Shakespeare says,' you know. You see the general line?" I did.

His pupil age, "as Shakespeare says," man-entered thus, our Coriolanus waxed like a sea in this new line of business. He would equip the sworn foes of the grape with: "'O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!' as Shakespeare nobly exclaims." To the defense of the hard-bitten dealers in sherry he came the next week with: "'If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations and addict themselves to sack,' as genial Shakespeare declares." For the vegetarian orator's use there was "Shakespeare's" significant saying, "Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wits." But, lest the carnivora should be dashed, Colin had also on tap for their defenders "Shakespeare's" derisive dismissal of one member, at least, of the faction of cereals and greens: "He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes."

"No party bias, you'll own," Colin said. "Good spurs always in stock for any cock that will fight. I'm like both the lots of armourers 'accomplishing the knights,' all round, before Agincourt. That's Shake-

speare too. I'm like Autolycus, selling all makes of ballad: no priggish censoring. Shakespeare again. He really *is* a great fellow; he beats the authors you buy. I've taken to reading him lately, simply for fun—of course, I couldn't afford the time to read him bang through for the business; I had to work with concordances, glossaries, all sorts of gadgets. What would you say to our starting in on theology? Great human interest, you know—men's business and bosoms. The stuff is all there, lying ready: 'Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge,' and so on, for the orthodox lot; the unbelieving dogs might have: 'There *is* no fellow in the firmament,' or——"

"Hullo!" I interrupted. "Heard that before."

"Ah! Apropos of the gum? What of it? Cannot a line be *dégommé*, as well as a general? Shall I not aim at concision? Shall I not crystallize? You think it profane? *Schrecklichkeit*, eh? Ye ken na what's resisted. Out of that firmament line I might, had I not loved the Swan, have twisted a puff for the formamint merchants. Do not curb a desperate man too hard."

IV

COLIN had really been reading his author. All the rest of his life he had read as little as might be, and nothing except what he liked. So the whole of his small reading was still in his head, and it amused him. Some of the men who read least can quote most, and of these he was one; his funds of that kind might be small, but they were all in hand or at call, unlike the common bookworm's unavailable masses of locked-up capital. Several nights of diverting reading in bed had now convinced Colin that quite a lot of little games with Shakespeare remained to be played, to any agile player's advantage; they needed only the simplest appliances, Colin assured me. "Pen, ink, a little paper, and a front of brass. No more. And in the after-time you marvel at the way that you have scored." Here I broke in with a few ribald words. There is, as Solomon hinted, a time for blank verse and a time to refrain from blank-versing.

The first of Colin's new set of games was to pull Shakespeare down in the open, take a play from him and give it to somebody else. "This game," he said, "is called the Higher Criticism. It isn't really new at all. They've played it off on the Bible till you'd suppose there was hardly a page that wasn't made up by some idle solicitor's clerk at Alexandria. Played it on poor Giorgione too, till he had hardly a Jack picture left. Now it is Our Pleasant Willy's turn. You'll see, in the spring publishing season. Love's Labour's Lost' is the loot that I go for."

"Why it?" I asked.

"Think what good manners," said Colin, "its great people have! And their wit! They all walk about dropping pearls, like Aladdin at court. Of course, as you know, it only just shows that the Bard was as yet a green lad from the Midlands. He fancied that the great *did* talk like that. He was like our dear old Henry James when he came unspoilt from the States in his youth—when he hadn't found out that the Mowbrays and Talbots of Albion call everything 'beastly' or else 'ripping.' So down sat the bright youth from Stratford and turned on all his own lustre and wit; hoped he was doing his princes and peers to the life. Then all the common people went to the play and thought that all this richly figured stuff must be just what all the great ones of the earth did really give off when they talked, and that no one but they had the knack. A quaint popular faith! And this faith is mine oyster, which I with my pen am opening. How, I ask in the slim octavo now in the press, could any low actor-fellow, out of the provinces too, pick up so well the very idiom of the court? A fugitive poacher; a holder of horses at theatre doors (you know the silly old yarns)—how *could* the lout have had any nice friends? Think how that must appeal to the 'better-class suburbs,' where everyone feels in his bones that in all essentials he is an earl changed in the cradle. Won't they be cheered when they read me and see that Shakespeare has got to hand over to one of themselves? To which, do you ask? With a graceful gesture I indicate James, eighth Earl of Pomfret. I looked that fellow up. He really seems to have been quite brainy, presentable blood in his day—knew the chief people in France, and wrote a book about dogs, and had all the good gifts of nature."

I breathed a misgiving. Somehow I seem to be always cast for the moralist's part when I talk with Colin.

He agreed blithely. "Scrubby? Of course. *Canaillerie? Cabotinage?* That's what I'm trying for. It's what we English need. We've tried the other game. We played the gentleman until we almost died of it. Lowther was much too well-bred to euchre the Kaiser in Turkey. Spring-Rice wouldn't dirty his hands to do Bernstorff down in America. Same story at home.

The nimble cads walk over us *paisiblement*. They have all the money, and all the papers except one or two. When the Red Terror comes they'll get all the best seats in the tumbrils. A bounding world, my friend. Bound or perish, that's what it's come to; so good, hearty bounding for me. *Nunc saltandum est, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.*"

V

THE book throve; it sold well. The dry-as-dust scholars took pains to prove Colin a dunce. That helped it, by getting it talked of. Light-hearted readers liked seeing the dry-as-dusts' beards so airily pulled. A journal with the greatest circulation in the solar system (certified by chartered accountant) said that, "if not impeccable in point of scholarship," Colin was "stimulating and suggestive."

Colin studied with an intelligent glee the anatomy of his success. He wrote to me: " 'Strange job it is,' as my brother in letters, Molière, used to say, 'to amuse worthy people.' Still, I'm in so far in gammon now that I propose to go o'er. Lord, Lord, how subject we young writers are to this vice of quoting! Pardon it; the dyer's hand, you know——. But to my tale. Do you know that, ever since the two Poles were got to, there have been only two first-rate nuts left to be cracked in this world? Everest is one. The other's the Riddle, as some *crétins* say, of the Sonnets."

Oh, yes, I had heard of that puzzle at school. What were Shakespeare's "sugared Sonnets" all about, beneath the sugar? Behind their foreground films of obvious meaning, the jealousies and lusts and vapours, what was the veiled import that seemed at times to be just about to break out into clearness, the way a peak does through mists, and then to recede again? What, as University Extension lecturers so love to ask, was the Sonnets' "message to *us*"?

Colin answers the question. Just read his book. It is out, and its boom has begun. Colin narrates in burning words (Chapter I) how the revelation came to himself. Like Buddha's vision of truth, it was nocturnal. Lying in bed, on that last night before the war, and thinking of nothing at all, it seems that he suddenly saw, printed in letters of fire on the black page of night, three lines from Shakespeare's eighty-sixth Sonnet:

> Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
> Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
> That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse?

Then the vision disappeared for an instant, like one of those changing advertisement sky-signs; then it reappeared, with a change in its lettering, thus:

> Was it tHe prOud full sail of His grEat verse,
> BouNd for the priZe Of aLL too prEcious you,
> That did my Ripe thoughts in my braiN inhearse?

Again the fiery sky-sign was turned out, and again it returned, but now all the lamps were extinct except those that had lit the twelve salient letters. Thus:

```
  H   O           H   E
N       Z O     LL  E
   R                N
```

Again the switch was turned off, again a second of darkness elapsed, and again the letters of fire returned, now drawn in upon one another, like this:

HOHENZOLLERN

"Then I knew," Colin writes, in the spirit of earnest humility dear to so many buyers of books, "that the key so long sought by countless students more learned, more skilled than I had fallen into my unworthy hands. My heart gave thanks: I leapt from my bed and ran for a text of the Sonnets. Poor George Wyndham's edition lay on my desk. He had given it me: I was his god-son. My mind was on fire. Sonnet after sonnet was rather devoured than read before the August dawn broke over Kensington Gardens below the windows of my study. And oh, the joy of reassurance! No fiend had tricked me. The flames of those sky-signs of dream were not of the pit. They were apocalyptic. For now the revelation continued. From page after page there shone, before my opened eyes, the same solemn warning from that infinitely prescient mind to our poor purblind age, so soon to go unprepared to the slaughter because it had not understood. At one place it was simply the darkling menace of the name William Hohenzollern, given in full:

> 'HoW many lambs mIght the stern woLf betray,
> If LIke a lAMb He cOuld His looks translatE!
> How maNy gaZers might'st thOu Lead away,
> If thou wouLd'st usE the stReNgth of all thy state!'

"At another place it seemed as if the saving message had been floating over the

face of the poem, as clouds drift across a full moon, and the first two letters had not yet crossed the rim of the bright orb. And so it remains a clipped '-lliam Hohenzollern' forever in the lines:

'CLouds and ecLIpses stAin both Moon and sun,
And loatHsOme canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men Have faults, and evEN I in this,
AuthoriZing thy trespass with COmpare,
MyseLf corrupting, saLving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins moRe than thy siNs are.'

"And then, again, the poet-prophet's warning call to his deluded countrymen would rise almost into a scream of ''Ware Hohenzollerns!' in the sombre passage:

'WeARy with toil, I haste me to my bEd,
For then my tHOughts, from far wHere I abide,
IntENd a ZealOus piLgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyeLids opEn wide,
Looking on daRkNesS.'

"Or else a yet more explicit finger would point to our particular peril in the ''Ware Will Hohenzollern' of the passage, hitherto so little understood by the critics:

'A WomAn's face with natuRE's oWn hand painted;
A man In hue, aLL "hues" in His cOntrolling,
WhicH steals mEN's eyes and women's souls amaZeth,
And fOr a woman wert thou first created;
TiLL naturE, as she wRought thee, fell a-dotiNg.'

"'Will'? 'Will'? Why, here, of course, was the simple clue to those enigmatic lines that had set the centuries scratching their heads:

'Whoever hath her wish, thou has thy "Will,"
And "Will" to boot, and "Will" in overplus,'

"What more natural way, when you come to read it with fuller knowledge, of telling our world how much more than enough it would have of the Kaiser? That is always the way with an intricate puzzle. Once find the key and every particle of the conundrum seems suddenly to rush together into luminous unity. No obscurity now about a line that was once considered so knotty as—

'Think all but one, and me in that one "Will."'

"Could Shakespeare give a plainer hint to the searcher for his inner meaning? 'Stick to it,' as we vulgar moderns would say; 'one key opens all,' and 'Will' is the key; find who 'Will' is and you'll find what I'm at.

"Last scene of all, as our great author says, that ended this epic of discovery, this tragedy of a British Cassandra not understood or regarded in time, was the disappearance of the ultimate mystery of the famous dedication, 'To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.,' with its obviously ironical good wishes for such immortality as the William Hohenzollern of the 'insuing sonnets' was likely to get when once their riddle was read. What grotesque guesses the fumbling moles of literary biography and criticism have made at the man indicated by that 'W. H.'—William Herbert, William Hall, Willie Hughes, William Himself! How vainly, as Plato has said, do men hunt far and wide for the truth that was tumbling about on the ground at their feet when they started! One ray of understanding, and no mystery remained. The 'Riddle of the Sonnets' was thenceforth an insubstantial pageant faded, leaving, as our poet puts it, 'not a wrack behind.'"

VI

Now, don't go away with the notion that Colin's talent was just flimsy. A man who will take pains to ape in this elaborate way the pursy earnestness of the prosperous dealer in cheap culture cannot be a mere butterfly. Very taking smears of pathos, too, he knew how to dab on. Look at his "Foreword." There he wistfully tells how he had longed to push on with the book in 1914, when the vision was new; how the stern voice of war had called him away from the chaste nunnery of study; how, like a homing dove, he had flown fondly back to his desk the moment the other dove, the peace one, arrived at the seat of war; how well he knew now the tender emotion of Claudio:

When we went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

It all helped. So did Colin's brilliant idea of writing, unsigned, a furious attack on the book, in a popular Sunday paper; the book was profoundly unwholesome, he argued; it pandered to a morbid and sensational spiritualism only too rife in our neurotic age. This sent many to it. So, again, did Colin's great defense of himself the Sunday after—full of emotion, manly emotion. He had, take it for all in all, an excellent press. Even

some critics who really knew better flirted skittishly with Colin's engaging chimera. "Almost persuadest thou me," one of them said, without a broad grin, "to be a cryptogrammarian."

I asked him how ever he came to start such a stag of a hare.

He laughed. "Hare? *Le mot juste!* A hare did it—a very March hare, clothed all in motley—a living Baconian—one of the beauties who tell you that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's *théâtre complet* in his evenings. He came to my shop—to the controversial department, the one where we fit Davids out with smooth stones from the brook—the ballistics counter we call it. He wanted something to sling at the people who think the Swan laid its own eggs. It was the worst twister we'd had. It beat William himself. Before giving up I just opened the Bard at a venture, the way people used to dip into a Bible for luck when things stumped them. Blowed if the first thing I saw wasn't Falstaff yelling out,'On, Bacons, on'! to buck up the robbers! Nae shauchlin' testimony here, thought I, and I sold it over the counter to that distraught person. Then I reflected—if you can get out of Shakespeare a jemmy to help you to burgle his own house, what can't you get out of him? That heartened me up. So I got down to work there and then, hunting for Z's in the Sonnets. Hohen—zed-ollern. You see, it was only the Z's that gave any trouble at all."

The Posie

By ROBERT BURNS

O LUVE will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer:
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there:
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,
And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.

Crocker's Hole—By R. D. BLACKMORE

THE Culm, which rises in Somersetshire, and hastening into a fairer land (as the border waters wisely do) falls into the Exe near Killerton, formerly was a lovely trout stream, such as perverts the Devonshire angler from due respect toward Father Thames and the other canals round London. In the Devonshire valleys it is sweet to see how soon a spring becomes a rill, and a rill runs on into a rivulet, and a rivulet swells into a brook; and before one has time to say, "What are you at?"—before the first tree it ever spoke to is a dummy, or the first hill it ever ran down has turned blue, here we have all the airs and graces, demands and assertions of a full-grown river.

But what is the test of a river? Who shall say? "The power to drown a man," replies the river darkly. But rudeness is not argument. Rather shall we say that the power to work a good undershot wheel, without being dammed up all night in a pond, and leaving a tidy back-stream to spare at the bottom of the orchard, is a fair certificate of riverhood. If so, many Devonshire streams attain that rank within five miles of their spring; aye, and rapidly add to it. At every turn they gather aid, from ash-clad dingle and aldered meadow, mossy rock and ferny wall, hedge-trough roofed with bramble netting, where the baby water lurks, and lanes that coming down to ford bring suicidal tribute. Arrogant, all-engrossing river, now it has claimed a great valley of its own; and whatever falls within the hill scoop, sooner or later belongs to itself. Even the crystal "shutt" that crosses the farmyard by the woodrick, and glides down an aqueduct of last year's bark for Mary to fill the kettle from; and even the tricklets that have no organs for telling or knowing their business, but only get into unwary oozings in and among the water-grass, and there make moss and forget themselves among it—one and all, they come to the same thing at last, and that is the river.

The Culm used to be a good river at Culmstock, tormented already by a factory, but not strangled as yet by a railroad. How it is now the present writer does not know, and is afraid to ask, having heard of a vile "Culm Valley Line." But Culmstock bridge was a very pretty place to stand and contemplate the ways of trout; which is easier work than to catch them. When I was just big enough to peep above the rim, or to lie upon it with one leg inside for fear of tumbling over, what a mighty river it used to seem, for it takes a treat there and spreads itself. Above the bridge the factory stream falls in again, having done its business, and washing its hands in the innocent half that has strayed down the meadows. Then under the arches they both rejoice and come to a slide of about two feet, and make a short, wide pool below, and indulge themselves in perhaps two islands, through which a little river always magnifies itself, and maintains a mysterious middle. But after that, all of it used to come together, and make off in one body for the meadows, intent upon nurturing trout with rapid stickles, and buttercuppy corners where fat flies may tumble in. And here you may find in the very first meadow, or at any rate you might have found, forty years ago, the celebrated "Crocker's Hole."

The story of Crocker is unknown to me, and interesting as it doubtless was, I do not deal with him, but with his Hole. Tradition said that he was a baker's boy who, during his basket-rounds, fell in love with a maiden who received the cottage-loaf, or perhaps good "Households," for her master's use. No doubt she was charming, as a girl should be, but whether she encouraged the youthful baker and then betrayed him with false *rôle*, or whether she "consisted" throughout,—as our cousins across the water express it,—is known to their *manes* only. Enough that she would not have the floury lad; and that he, after giving in his books and money, sought an untimely grave among the trout. And this was the first pool below the bread-walk deep enough to drown a five-foot baker boy. Sad it was; but such things must be, and bread must still be delivered daily.

A truce to such reflections,—as our foremost writers always say, when they do not see how to go on with them,—but it is a serious thing to know what Crocker's Hole was like; because at a time when (if he had only persevered, and married the maid, and succeeded to the oven, and reared a large family of short-weight bakers) he

might have been leaning on his crutch beside the pool, and teaching his grandson to swim by precept (that beautiful proxy for practice)—at such a time, I say, there lived a remarkably fine trout in that hole. Anglers are notoriously truthful, especially as to what they catch, or even more frequently have not caught. Though I may have written fiction, among many other sins, —as a nice old lady told me once,—now I have to deal with facts; and foul scorn would I count it ever to make believe that I caught that fish. My length at that time was not more than the butt of a four-jointed rod, and all I could catch was a minnow with a pin, which our cook Lydia would not cook, but used to say, "Oh, what a shame, Master Richard! they would have been trout in the summer, please God! if you would only a' let 'em grow on." She is living now, and will bear me out in this.

But upon every great occasion there arises a great man; or to put it more accurately, in the present instance, a mighty and distinguished boy. My father, being the parson of the parish, and getting, need it be said, small pay, took sundry pupils, very pleasant fellows, about to adorn the universities. Among them was the original "Bude Light," as he was satirically called at Cambridge, for he came from Bude, and there was no light in him. Among them also was John Pike, a born Zebedee, if ever there was one.

John Pike was a thick-set younker, with a large and bushy head, keen blue eyes that could see through water, and the proper slouch of shoulder into which great anglers ripen; but greater still are born with it; and of these was Master John. It mattered little what the weather was, and scarcely more as to the time of year, John Pike must have his fishing every day, and on Sundays he read about it, and made flies. All the rest of the time he was thinking about it.

My father was coaching him in the fourth book of the Æneid and all those wonderful speeches of Dido, where passion disdains construction; but the only line Pike cared for was of horsehair. "I fear, Mr. Pike, that you are not giving me your entire attention," my father used to say in his mild dry way; and once when Pike was more than usually abroad, his tutor begged to share his meditations. "W ll, sir," said Pike, who was very truthful, "I can see a green drake by the strawberry tree, the first of the season, and your derivation of 'barbarous' put me in mind of my barberry dye." In those days it was a very nice point to get the right tint for the mallard's feather.

No sooner was lesson done than Pike, whose rod was ready upon the lawn, dashed away always for the river, rushing headlong down the hill, and away to the left through a private yard, where "no thoroughfare" was put up, and a big dog stationed to enforce it. But Cerberus himself could not have stopped John Pike; his conscience backed him up in trespass the most sinful when his heart was inditing of a trout upon the rise.

All this, however, is preliminary, as the boy said when he put his father's coat upon his grandfather's tenterhooks, with felonious intent upon his grandmother's apples; the main point to be understood is this, that nothing—neither brazen tower, hundred-eyed Argus, nor Cretan Minotaur—could stop John Pike from getting at a good stickle. But, even as the world knows nothing of its greatest men, its greatest men know nothing of the world beneath their very nose, till fortune sneezes dexter. For two years John Pike must have been whipping the water as hard as Xerxes, without having ever once dreamed of the glorious trout that lived in Crocker's Hole. But why, when he ought to have been at least on bowing terms with every fish as long as his middle finger, why had he failed to know this champion? The answer is simple—because of his short cuts. Flying as he did like an arrow from a bow, Pike used to hit his beloved river at an elbow, some furlong below Crocker's Hole, where a sweet little stickle sailed away down stream, whereas for the length of a meadow upward the water lay smooth, clear, and shallow; therefore the youth, with so little time to spare, rushed into the downward joy.

And here it may be noted that the leading maxim of the present period, that man can discharge his duty only by going counter to the stream, was scarcely mooted in those days. My grandfather (who was a wonderful man, if he was accustomed to fill a cart in two days of fly-fishing on the Barle) regularly fished down stream; and what more than a cartload need anyone put into his basket?

And surely it is more genial and pleasant to behold our friend the river growing and thriving as we go on, strengthening its voice and enlargening its bosom, and sparkling through each successive meadow with richer plentitude of silver, than to trace it against its own grain and good-will toward weakness, and littleness, and immature conceptions.

However, you will say that if John Pike had fished up stream, he would have found this trout much sooner. And that is true; but still, as it was, the trout had more time to grow into such a prize. And the way in which John found him out was this. For some days he had been tormented with a very painful tooth, which even poisoned all the joys of fishing. Therefore he resolved to have it out, and sturdily entered the shop of John Sweetland, the village blacksmith, and there paid his sixpence. Sweetland extracted the teeth of the village, whenever they required it, in the simplest and most effectual way. A piece of fine wire was fastened round the tooth, and the other end round the anvil's nose, then the sturdy blacksmith shut the lower half of his shop door, which was about breast-high, with the patient outside and the anvil within; a strong push of the foot upset the anvil, and the tooth flew out like a well-thrown fly.

When John Pike had suffered this very bravely, "Ah, Master Pike," said the blacksmith, with a grin, "I reckon you won't pull out thic there big vish,"—the smithy commanded a view of the river,—"clever as you be, quite so peart as thiccy."

"What big fish?" asked the boy, with deepest interest, though his mouth was bleeding fearfully.

"Why that girt mortial of a vish as hath his hover in Crocker's Hole. Zum on 'em saith as a' must be a zammon."

Off went Pike with his handkerchief to his mouth, and after him ran Alec Bolt, one of his fellow-pupils, who had come to the shop to enjoy the extraction.

"Oh, my!" was all that Pike could utter, when by craftily posting himself he had obtained a good view of this grand fish.

"I'll lay you a crown you don't catch him!" cried Bolt, an impatient youth, who scorned angling.

"How long will you give me?" asked the wary Pike, who never made rash wagers.

"Oh! till the holidays if you like; or, if that won't do, till Michaelmas."

Now the midsummer holidays were six weeks off—boys used not to talk of "vacations" then, still less of "recesses."

"I think I'll bet you," said Pike, in his slow way, bending forward carefully, with his keen eyes on this monster; "but it would not be fair to take till Michaelmas. I'll bet you a crown that I catch him before the holidays—at least, unless some other fellow does."

The day of that most momentous interview must have been the 14th of May. Of the year I will not be so sure; for children take more note of days than of years, for which the latter have their full revenge thereafter. It must have been the 14th, because the morrow was our holiday, given upon the 15th of May, in honour of a birthday.

Now, John Pike was beyond his years wary as well as enterprising, calm as well as ardent, quite as rich in patience as in promptitude and vigour. But Alec Bolt was a headlong youth, volatile, hot, and hasty, fit only to fish the Maëlstrom, or a torrent of new lava. And the moment he had laid that wager he expected his crown piece; though time, as the lawyers phrase it, was "expressly of the essence of the contract." And now he demanded that Pike should spend the holiday in trying to catch that trout

"I shall not go near him," that lad replied, "until I have got a new collar." No piece of personal adornment was it, without which he would not act, but rather that which now is called the fly-cast, or the gut-cast, or the trace, or what it may be. "And another thing," continued Pike; "the bet is off if you go near him, either now or at any other time, without asking my leave first, and then only going as I tell you."

"What do I want with the great slimy beggar?" the arrogant Bolt made answer. "A good rat is worth fifty of him. No fear of my going near him, Pike. You shan't get out of it that way"

Pike showed his remarkable qualities that day, by fishing exactly as he would have fished without having heard of the great Crockerite. He was up and away upon the mill-stream before breakfast; and the forenoon he devoted to his favourite course—first down the Craddock stream, a very pretty confluent of the Culm, and from its junction, down the pleasant hams, where the river winds toward Uffculme. It was my privilege to accompany this hero, as his humble Sancho; while Bolt and the faster race went up the river ratting. We were back in time to have Pike's trout (which ranged between two ounces and one-half pound) fried for the early dinner; and here it may be lawful to remark that the trout of the Culm are of the very purest excellence, by reason of the flinty bottom, at any rate in these upper regions. For the valley is the western outlet of the Black-down range, with the Beacon hill upon the north, and Hackpen long ridge to the south; and

beyond that again the Whetstone hill, upon whose western end dark port-holes scarped with white grit mark the pits. But flint is the staple of the broad Culm Valley, under good, well-pastured loam; and here are chalcedonies and agate stones.

At dinner everybody had a brace of trout—large for the larger folk, little for the little ones, with coughing and some patting on the back for bones. What of equal purport could the fierce rat-hunter show? Pike explained many points in the history of each fish, seeming to know them none the worse, and love them all the better, for being fried. We banqueted, neither a whit did soul get stinted of banquet impartial. Then the wielder of the magic rod very modestly sought leave of absence at the tea time.

"Fishing again, Mr. Pike, I suppose," my father answered pleasantly; "I used to be fond of it at your age; but never so entirely wrapped up in it as you are."

"No, sir; I am not going fishing again. I want to walk to Wellington, to get some things at Cherry's."

"Books, Mr. Pike? Ah! I am very glad of that But I fear it can only be fly-books."

"I want a little Horace for eighteenpence—the Cambridge one just published, to carry in my pocket—and a new hank of gut."

"Which of the two is more important? Put that into Latin, and answer it."

"*Utrum pluris facio? Flaccum flocci. Viscera magni.*" With this vast effort Pike turned as red as any trout spot.

"After that who could refuse you?" said my father "You always tell the truth, my boy, in Latin or in English."

Although it was a long walk, some fourteen miles to Wellington and back, I got permission to go with Pike; and as we crossed the bridge and saw the tree that overhung Crocker's Hole, I begged him to show me that mighty fish.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "It would bring the blackguards. If the blackguards once find him out, it is all over with him."

"The blackguards are all in factory now, and I am sure they can not see us from the windows. They won't be out till five o'clock."

With the true liberality of young England, which abides even now as large and glorious as ever, we always called the free and enlightened operatives of the period by the courteous name above set down, and it must be acknowledged that some of them deserved it, although perhaps they poached with less of science than their sons. But the cowardly murder of fish by liming the water was already prevalent.

Yielding to my request and perhaps his own desire—manfully kept in check that morning—Pike very carefully approached that pool, commanding me to sit down while he reconnoitered from the meadow upon the right bank of the stream. And the place which had so sadly quenched the fire of the poor baker's love filled my childish heart with dread and deep wonder at the cruelty of women. But as for John Pike, all he thought of was the fish and the best way to get at him.

Very likely that hole is "holed out" now, as the Yankees will express it, or at any rate changed out of knowledge. Even in my time a very heavy flood entirely altered its character; but to the eager eye of Pike it seemed pretty much as follows, and possibly it may have come to such a form again:

The river, after passing through a hurdle fence at the head of the meadow, takes a little turn or two of bright and shallow indifference, then gathers itself into a good strong slide, as if going down a slope instead of steps. The right bank is high and beetles over with yellow loam and grassy fringe; but the other side is of flinty shingle low and bare and washed by floods. At the end of this rapid, the stream turns sharply under an ancient alder tree into a large, deep, calm repose, cool, unruffled, and sheltered from the sun by branch and leaf—and that is the hole of poor Crocker.

At the head of the pool (where the hasty current rushes in so eagerly, with noisy excitement and much ado) the quieter waters from below, having rested and enlarged themselves, come lapping up round either curve, with some recollection of their past career, the hoary experience of foam. And sidling toward the new arrival of the impulsive column, where they meet it, things go on, which no man can describe without his mouth being full of water. A "V" is formed, a fancy letter V, beyond any designer's tracery and even beyond his imagination, a perpetually fluctuating limpid wedge, perpetually crenelled and rippled into by little ups and downs that try to make an impress, but can only glide away upon either side or sink in dimples under it. And here a gray bough of the ancient alder stretches across, like a thirsty giant's arm, and makes it a very ticklish place to throw a fly. Yet this was the very spot our

John Pike must put his fly into, or lose his crown.

Because the great tenant of Crocker's Hole, who allowed no other fish to wag a fin there, and from strict monopoly had grown so fat, kept his victualing yard—if so low an expression can be used concerning him——within about a square yard of this spot. He had a sweet hover, both for rest and recreation, under the bank, in a placid antre, where the water made no noise, but tickled his belly in digestive ease. The loftier the character is of any being, the slower and more dignified his movements are. No true psychologist could have believed—as Sweetland the blacksmith did, and Mr. Pook the tinman—that this trout could ever be the embodiment of Crocker. For this was the last trout in the universal world to drown himself for love; if truly any trout has done so.

"You may come now, and try to look along my back," John Pike, with a reverential whisper, said to me. "No don't be in a hurry, young stupid; kneel down. He is not to be disturbed at his dinner, mind. You keep behind me, and look along my back; I never clapped eyes on such a whopper."

I had to kneel down in a tender reminiscence of pasture land, and gaze carefully; and not having eyes like those of our Zebedee (who offered his spine for a camera, as he crawled on all fours in front of me), it took me a long time to descry an object most distinct to all who have that special gift of piercing with their eyes the water. See what is said upon this subject in that delicious book, "The Gamekeeper at Home."

"You are no better than a muff," said Pike, and it was not in my power to deny it.

"If the sun would only leave off," I said. But the sun, who was having a very pleasant play with the sparkle of the water and the twinkle of the leaves, had no inclination to leave off yet, but kept the rippling crystal in a dance of flashing facets, and the quivering verdure in a steady flush of gold.

But suddenly a May-fly, a luscious gray-drake, richer and more delicate than canvas-back or woodcock, with a dart and a leap and a merry zigzag, began to enjoy a little game above the stream. Rising and falling like a gnat, thrilling her gauzy wings, and arching her elegant pellucid frame, every now and then she almost dipped her three long tapering whisks into the dimples of the water.

"He sees her! He'll have her as sure as a gun!" cried Pike, with a gulp, as if he himself were "rising." "Now, can you see him, stupid?"

"Crikey, crokums!" I exclaimed, with classic elegance; "I have seen that long thing for five minutes; but I took it for a tree."

"You little"—animal quite early in the alphabet—"now don't you stir a peg, or I'll dig my elbow into you."

The great trout was stationary almost as a stone, in the middle of the "V" above described. He was gently fanning with his large clear fins, but holding his own against the current mainly by the wagging of his broad-fluked tail. As soon as my slow eyes had once defined him, he grew upon them mightily, moulding himself in the matrix of the water, as a thing put into jelly does. And I doubt whether even John Pike saw him more accurately than I did. His size was such, or seemed to be such, that I fear to say a word about it; not because language does not contain the word, but from dread of exaggeration. But his shape and colour may be reasonably told without wounding the feeling of an age whose incredulity springs from self-knowledge.

His head was truly small, his shoulders vast; the spring of his back was like a rainbow when the sun is southing; the generous sweep of his deep elastic belly, nobly pulped out with rich nurture, showed what the power of his brain must be, and seemed to undulate, time for time, with the vibrant vigilance of his large wise eyes. His latter end was consistent also. An elegant taper run of counter, coming almost to a cylinder, as a mackerel does, boldly developed with a hugeous spread to a glorious amplitude of swallow-tail. His colour was all that can well be desired, but ill-described by any poor word-palette. Enough that he seemed to tone away from olive and umber, with carmine stars, to glowing gold and soft pure silver, mantled with a subtle flush of rose and fawn and opal.

Swoop came a swallow, as we gazed, and was gone with a flick, having missed the May-fly. But the wind of his passage, or the skir of wing, struck the merry dancer down, so that he fluttered for one instant on the wave, and that instant was enough. Swift as the swallow, and more true of aim, the great trout made one dart, and a sound, deeper than a tinkle, but as silvery as a bell, rang the poor ephemerid's knell. The rapid water scarcely showed a break; but a bubble

sailed down the pool, and the dark hollow echoed with the music of a rise.

"He knows how to take a fly," said Pike; "he has had too many to be tricked with mine. Have him I must; but how ever shall I do it?"

All the way to Wellington he uttered not a word, but shambled along with a mind full of care. When I ventured to look up now and then, to surmise what was going on beneath his hat, deeply-set eyes and a wrinkled forehead, relieved at long intervals by a solid shake, proved that there are meditations deeper than those of philosopher or statesman.

Surely no trout could have been misled by the artificial May-fly of that time, unless he were either a very young fish, quite new to entomology, or else one afflicted with a combination of myopy and bulimy. Even now there is room for plenty of improvement in our counterfeit presentment; but in those days the body was made with yellow mohair, ribbed with red silk and gold twist, and as thick as a fertile bumble-bee. John Pike perceived that to offer such a thing to Crocker's trout would probably consign him—even if his great stamina should overget the horror—to an uneatable death, through just and natural indignation. On the other hand, while the May-fly lasted, a trout so cultured, so highly refined, so full of light and sweetness, would never demean himself to low bait, or any coarse son of a maggot.

Meanwhile Alec Bolt allowed poor Pike no peaceful thought, no calm absorption of high mind into the world of flies, no placid period of cobbler's wax, floss-silk, turned hackles, and dubbing. For in making of flies John Pike had his special moments of inspiration, times of clearer insight into the everlasting verities, times of brighter conception and more subtle execution, tails of more elastic grace and heads of a neater and nattier expression. As a poet labours at one immortal line, compressing worlds of wisdom into the music of ten syllables, so toiled the patient Pike about the fabric of a fly comprising all the excellence that ever sprang from maggot. Yet Bolt rejoiced to jerk his elbow at the moment of sublimest art. And a swarm of flies was blighted thus.

Peaceful, therefore, and long-suffering and full of resignation as he was, John Pike came slowly to the sad perception that arts avail not without arms. The elbow, so often jerked, at last took a voluntary jerk from the shoulder, and Alec Bolt lay prostrate, with his right eye full of cobbler's wax. This put a desirable check upon his energies for a week or more, and by that time Pike had flown his fly.

When the honeymoon of spring and summer (which they are now too fashionable to celebrate in this country), the hey-day of the whole year marked by the budding of the wild rose, the start of the wheat-ear from its sheath, the feathering of the lesser plantain, and flowering of the meadow-sweet, and, foremost for the angler's joy, the caracole of May-flies—when these things are to be seen and felt (which has not happened at all this year), then rivers should be mild and bright, skies blue and white with fleecy cloud, the west wind blowing softly, and the trout in charming appetite.

On such a day came Pike to the bank of Culm, with a loudly beating heart. A fly there is, not ignominious, or of cowdab origin, neither gross and heavy-bodied, from cradlehood of slimy stones, nor yet of menacing aspect and suggesting deeds of poison, but elegant, bland, and of sunny nature, and obviously good to eat. Him or her—why quest we which?—the shepherd of the dale, contemptuous of gender, except in his own species, has called, and as long as they two coexist will call, the "Yellow Sally." A fly that does not waste the day in giddy dances and the fervid waltz, but undergoes family incidents with decorum and discretion. He or she, as the case may be,—for the natural history of the river bank is a book to come hereafter, and of fifty men who make flies not one knows the name of the fly he is making,—in the early morning of June, or else in the second quarter of the afternoon, this Yellow Sally fares abroad, with a nice well-ordered flutter.

Despairing of the May-fly, as it still may be despaired of, Pike came down to the river with his master-piece of portraiture. The artificial Yellow Sally is generally always—as they say in Cheshire—a mile or more too yellow. On the other hand, the "Yellow Dun" conveys no idea of any Sally. But Pike had made a very decent Sally, not perfect (for he was young as well as wise), but far above any counterfeit to be had in fishing-tackle shops. How he made it, he told nobody. But if he lives now, as I hope he does, any of my readers may ask him through the G. P. O., and hope to get an answer.

It fluttered beautifully on the breeze,

and in such living form, that a brother or sister Sally came up to see it, and went away sadder and wiser. Then Pike said: "Get away, you young wretch," to your humble servant who tells this tale; yet being better than his words, allowed that pious follower to lie down upon his digestive organs and with deep attention watch. There must have been great things to see, but to see them so was difficult. And if I huddle up what happened, excitement also shares the blame.

Pike had fashioned well the time and manner of this overture. He knew that the giant Crockerite was satiate now with May-flies, or began to find their flavour failing, as happens to us with asparagus, marrow-fat peas, or strawberries, when we have had a month of them. And he thought that the first Yellow Sally of the season, inferior though it were, might have the special charm of novelty. With the skill of a Zulu, he stole up through the branches over the lower pool till he came to a spot where a yard-wide opening gave just space for spring of rod. Then he saw his desirable friend at dinner, wagging his tail, as a hungry gentleman dining with the Lord Mayor agitates his coat. With one dexterous whirl, untaught by any of the many books upon the subject, John Pike laid his Yellow Sally (for he cast with one fly only) as lightly as gossamer upon the rapid, about a yard in front of the big trout's head. A moment's pause, and then, too quick for words, was the things that happened.

A heavy plunge was followed by a fearful rush. Forgetful of current the river was ridged, as if with a plough driven under it: the strong line, though given out as fast as might be, twanged like a harp-string as it cut the wave, and then Pike stood up, like a ship dismasted, with the butt of his rod snapped below the ferrule. He had one of those foolish things, just invented, a hollow butt of hickory; and the final ring of his spare top looked out, to ask what had happened to the rest of it. "Bad luck!" cried the fisherman; "but never mind, I shall have him next time, to a certainty."

When this great issue came to be considered, the cause of it was sadly obvious. The fish, being hooked, had made off with the rush of a shark for the bottom of the pool. A thicket of saplings below the alder tree had stopped the judicious hooker from all possibility of following; and when he strove to turn him by elastic pliance, his rod broke at the breach of pliability. "I have learned a sad lesson," said John Pike, looking sadly.

How many fellows would have given up this matter, and glorified themselves for having hooked so grand a fish, while explaining that they must have caught him, if they could have done it! But Pike only told me not to say a word about it, and began to make ready for another tug of war. He made himself a splice-rod, short and handy, of well-seasoned ash, with a stout top of bamboo, tapered so discreetly, and so balanced in its spring, that verily it formed an arc, with any pressure on it, as perfect as a leafy poplar in a stormy summer. "Now break it if you can," he said, "by any amount of rushes; I'll hook you by your jacket collar; you cut away now, and I'll land you."

This was highly skilful, and he did it many times; and whenever I was landed well, I got a lollypop, so that I was careful not to break his tackle. Moreover he made him a landing net, with a kidney-bean stick, a ring of wire, and his own best nightcap of strong cotton net. Then he got the farmer's leave, and lopped obnoxious bushes; and now the chiefest question was: what bait, and when to offer it? In spite of his sad rebuff, the spirit of John Pike had been equable. The genuine angling mind is steadfast, large, and self-supported, and to the vapid, ignominious chaff, tossed by swine upon the idle wind, it pays as much heed as a big trout does to a dance of midges. People put their fingers to their noses and said: "Master Pike, have you caught him yet?" and Pike only answered: "Wait a bit." If ever this fortitude and perseverance is to be recovered as the English Brand (the one thing that has made us what we are, and may yet redeem us from nidering shame), a degenerate age should encourage the habit of fishing and never despairing. And the brightest sign yet for our future is the increasing demand for hooks and gut.

Pike fished in a manlier age, when nobody would dream of cowering from a savage because he was clever at skulking; and when, if a big fish broke the rod, a stronger rod was made for him, according to the usage of Great Britain. And though the younger angler had been defeated, he did not sit down and have a good cry over it.

About the second week in June, when the May-fly had danced its day, and died,—for the season was an early one,—and Crocker's trout had recovered from the

wound to his feelings and philanthropy, there came a night of gentle rain, of pleasant tinkling upon window ledges, and a soothing patter among young leaves, and the Culm was yellow in the morning. "I mean to do it this afternoon," Pike whispered to me, as he came back panting. "When the water clears there will be a splendid time."

The lover of the rose knows well a gay voluptuous beetle, whose pleasure is to lie embedded in a fount of beauty. Deep among the incurving petals of the blushing fragrance, he loses himself in his joys sometimes, till a breezy waft reveals him. And when the sunlight breaks upon his luscious dissipation, few would have the heart to oust him, such a gem from such a setting. All his back is emerald sparkles; all his front red Indian gold, and here and there he grows white spots to save the eye from aching. Pike put his finger in and fetched him out, and offered him a little change of joys, by putting a Limerick hook through his thorax, and bringing it out between his elytra. *Cetonia aurata* liked it not, but pawed the air very naturally, and fluttered with his wings attractively.

"I mean to have tried with a fern-web, said the angler; "until I saw one of these beggars this morning. If he works like that upon the water, he will do. It was hopeless to try artificials again. What a lovely colour the water is! Only three days now to the holidays. I have run it very close. You be ready, younker."

With these words he stepped upon a branch of the alder, for the tone of the waters allowed approach, being soft and sublustrous, without any mud. Also Master Pike's own tone was such as becomes the fisherman, calm, deliberate, free from nerve, but full of eye and muscle. He stepped upon the alder bough to get as near as might be to the fish, for he could not cast this beetle like a fly; it must be dropped gently and allowed to play. "You may come and look," he said to me; "when the water is so, they have no eyes in their tails."

The rose-beetle trod upon the water prettily, under a lively vibration, and he looked quite as happy, and considerably more active, than when he had been cradled in the anthers of the rose. To the eye of a fish he was a strong individual, fighting courageously with the current, but sure to be beaten through lack of fins; and mercy suggested, as well as appetite, that the proper solution was to gulp him.

"Hooked him in the gullet. He can't get off!" cried John Pike, labouring to keep his nerves under; "every inch of tackle is as strong as a bell-pull. Now, if I don't land him, I will never fish again!"

Providence which had constructed Pike, foremost of all things, for lofty angling—disdainful of worm and even minnow—Providence, I say, at this adjuration, pronounced that Pike must catch that trout. Not many anglers are heaven-born; and for one to drop off the hook halfway through his teens would be infinitely worse than to slay the champion trout. Pike felt the force of this, and rushing through the rushes, shouted: "I am sure to have him, Dick! Be ready with my nightcap."

Rod in a bow, like a springle-riser; line on the hum, like the string of Paganini; winch on the gallop, like a harpoonwheel, Pike, the head-center of everything, dashing through thick and thin, and once taken overhead—for he jumped into the hole, when he must have lost him else, but the fish too impetuously towed him out, and made off in passion for another pool, when, if he had only retired to his hover, the angler might have shared the baker's fate—all these things (I tell you, for they all come up again, as if the day were yesterday) so scared me of my never very steadfast wit, that I could only holloa! But one thing I did, I kept the nightcap ready

"He is pretty nearly spent, I do believe," said Pike; and his voice was like balm of Gilead, as we came to Farmer Anning's meadow, a quarter of a mile below Crocker's Hole. "Take it coolly, my dear boy, and we shall be safe to have him."

Never have I felt, through forty years, such tremendous responsibility. I had not the faintest notion how to use a landing net; but a mighty general directed me. "Don't let him see it; don't let him see it! Don't clap it over him; go under him, you stupid! If he makes another rush, he will get off, after all. Bring it up his tail. Well done! You have him!"

The mighty trout lay in the nightcap of Pike, which was half a fathom long, with a tassel at the end, for his mother had made it in the winter evenings. "Come and hold the rod, if you can't lift him," my master shouted, and so I did. Then, with both arms straining, and his mouth wide open, John Pike made a mighty sweep, and we both fell upon the grass and rolled, with the giant of the deep flapping heavily between us, and no power left to us, except to cry, "Hurrah!"

Royal Authors

Part II

Emotions of a Queen

(*Mary, Queen of Scots, unhappily married to Lord Darnley, writes to her lover, Bothwell, regarding the proposed murder of her husband at the instigation of Morton and Murray.*)

That I answer'd yours no sooner, was owing to the Struggles in my Mind, occasioned by Proposals so shocking to a Woman of my gentle Nature. . . . Heaven knows I love not Blood, and the Thoughts of seeing that of a Husband's spilt is terrible to Reflection; yet Self-Preservation is the First of Laws, and if there remains no other Means, must submit to this: . . . I could wish, either that Murray were not engag'd in the Design, or that he did not know I were acquainted with it: . . . you, my dear Bothwell, are too liable to give Credit to his Insinuations, but I both fear and hate him. . . . Who knows what Use he may hereafter make of the Guilt he obliges me to become a Sharer in? . . . But it is now past Remedy, and I must make a Show of Confidence. . . . Never was a Soul more harried than mine has been this dreadful Night,—a Thousand horrible Ideas have run thro' my distracted Brain, sometimes methought I saw the King all cover'd o'er with Wounds, and with his dying Breath imploring Vengeance on his inhumane Murderers; . . . at others, wild Imagination presented the Conspiracy unravel'd, and Morton, yourself, and Murray, already fallen the Victims of his Revenge, while he, exulting in his Cruelty, held a drawn Dagger at my trembling Breast. . . . Oh! what a Variety of Horrors has this Design involv'd me in. . . . Why was I endu'd with a Soul so little capable of Cruelty, yet urg'd to Acts which have so much the Appearance of it? . . . I never lov'd this Darnley, and his Ingratitude has made me hate him, yet cou'd I with Pleasure part with some of my Blood to ransome his, were there a Possibility of avoiding it, how am I guilty then? . . . 'Tis he himself that brings on his own Fate; he forces me, he drives me to this abhorr'd Extremity, and his must be the Blame. . . . Oh! that I cou'd always retain this Thought, that I cou'd wholly banish a Softness prejudicial to my Peace, but 'twill not be, in Spite of my Efforts, and all my monst'rous Wrongs, Pity returns and overwhelms my Soul: . . . Cure me of this Weakness, and inspire me with Notions suitable to the Enterprize in Hand, the very Idea of it will otherwise distract me, and in the Moment of its Execution, I shall cry out, Forbear, and all betray. . . . Exert then, my dear Bothwell, that all-prevailing Wit and Eloquence of yours, to furnish me with Arguments to overcome so unreasonable a Tenderness; 'tis in your Power to make me almost Any Thing. . . . Represent the Injuries I have receiv'd from this Tyrannick Husband, the vast Indignities, the Dangers which nothing but his Death can free me from; but above all, make me remember that while he lives, I am depriv'd of Power to render Bothwell happy;—that last Remonstrance, perhaps, may arm my feeble Resolution, and while that glorious Image is in View, I cou'd, methinks, with unrelenting Hands, my self perform the fatal Deed. . . . I expect a Letter from you this Night, with a further Account of the whole Plan of this Design, which, while in Agitation, will never suffer me to know a Moment's Peace. . . . Afford me all the Satisfaction you are able, in this Tempest of my divided Thoughts, and know that what I do, I do for you. M. R. Mary Queen of Scots.

"A Counterblaste to Tobacco"

. . . And for the vanities committed in this filthie custome, is it not both great vanitie and uncleanenesse, that at the table, a place of respect, of cleanlinesse, of modestie, men should not be ashamed, to sit tossing of *Tobacco pipes*, and puffing of the smoke of *Tobacco* one to

another, making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof, to exhale athwart the dishes, and infect the aire, when very often, men that abhorre it are at their repast? . . . But herein is not onely a great vanitie, but a great contempt of Gods good giftes, that the sweetenesse of mans breath, being a good gift of God, should be wilfully corrupted by this stinking smoke. . . .

Moreover, which is a great iniquitie, and against all humanitie, the husband shall not bee ashamed, to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane complexioned wife, to that extremitie, that either shee must also corrupt her sweete breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetuall stinking torment. . . . JAMES I OF ENGLAND.

"MAJESTY IN MISERY"

Great Monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings:

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thine divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die:
'Tis death for me to ask the reason why.

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, bless this church and state.

CHARLES I (*written while a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle.*)

BATTLE HYMN OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

Fear not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
  Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
  Lasts but an hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
  Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
  To save us, and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
  Against us shall prevail
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
  Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise
World without end! Amen.

GUSTAVUS II OF SWEDEN, 1630 (WINKWORTH.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT'S TEN COMMANDMENTS OF ETIQUETTE

1. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, and especially your sword.
2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride and similar feeling, outside the door.
3. Be gay, but do not spill anything; do not break or mar anything.
4. Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to anybody.
5. Talk moderately and not very loud, so as not to make the ears and heads of others ache.
6. Argue without anger and without excitement.
7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.
8. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join.
9. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but drink with moderation, so that each may find his legs upon leaving the room.
10. Tell no tales out of school; whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other, leaving the room.

THE GREAT FREDERICK TRIES COMIC VERSE

Extract from a letter from M. Jordan to Frederick the Great: "According to the Leyden gazette, the horse of M. Maupertuis ran away with him, during the battle, and galloped into the midst of the enemy." Frederick replies:

With maukish melancholy,
Doleful tones, and grumbling in the gizzard,
You, sage sir, have the folly
To relate a right pleasant tale:
How Maupertuis, the man who flatten'd the poles,
With an arrow's speed, arrives flying,
From the dead and the dying;
Afraid lest whisker'd rogues, with hideous sabers,
Finally should not fail
To cut short his learned labours!
But the best of the jest is, these sons of Mars,
These blust'ring, ranting, manslaughtering hussars,
Are such simple souls
That they believe him to be a wizard!
Or a pagan priest,
At the very least!
"Pardi! Gentlemen," said I,
"He is worse than either, why
"He is a mathematician"—Indeed?—
"An astronomer"—Zounds! He ought to be flead!
What a Vandal!—At Vienna,
Which nor rhubarb nor senna
Can purge of ignorance: where folly we behold
Perch'd under silken canopies and cloth of gold,
Judge whether he were not held at defiance!
"Begone Mr. What's-your-name?—Oh! Mr. Science!—"
(The fool's affected candour I will own.)

"Surely, sir, you cannot but see
You and your language are alike to us unknown!
Begone, sir, you we beseech."
Thus they civilly dismissed poor Maupertuis
With a courtly bow, and a kick in the breech.

King George to Lady Sarah Campbell

Oh! Campbell, the scene of to-night
Has open'd the scene of my heart;
It has shown me how great the delight
Which the charms of thy converse impart.
I've known what it is to be gay,
I've revell'd in joy's fleeting hour,
I've wished for the close of the day,
To meet in a thick woven bower.

'Twas there that the soft stolen kiss,
'Twas there that the throb of our hearts,
Betray'd that we wish'd for the bliss
Which love, and love only, imparts.
But fate will those hearts oft dissever,
By nature design'd for each other;
But why should they part? and forever!
And force their affections to smother.

How short and how blissful the hour
When round each lone hamlet we stray'd
When passion each heart could o'erpower,
And a sigh the sweet feelings betray'd.
Oh whence is that glance of the mind
Which scenes that are past oft renews:
Which shows them, in colours refined,
With fancy's bright glitt'ring hues?

Now, sweet be thy slumbers, my friend,
And sweet be the dreams of thy soul;
Around thee may angels attend,
And visions of happiness roll. George IV of England.

The Rabbit, the Dog, and the Hunter—a Fabl

Cæsar, a pointer of renown,
Clever indeed but quite too vain,
Had stopped upon the grassy plain
A poor half-lifeless rabbit, crouching down.
"Surrender!" cried he, in a voice of thunder,
That made the far-off forest creatures moan.
"Cæsar am I, whose great deeds are known,
And whose name fills a mighty world with wonder!"
At that name Bunny sighs,
Commends to God his penitent soul and cries:
"Most potent, most serene One, say,
If I surrender, what's my destiny?"
"Thou'lt die!" "Die!" said the victim, in dismay,
"And if I flee?" "'Tis certain death!"
"What!" he exclaims, with panting breath,
"On both sides doomed to loss of life am I—

May't please your gracious Majesty
T'excuse me, since that I must die,
If now I seek to fly!"
He said, and swift the warren-hero fled.
Cato had blamed him, but not I.
For as the quick flight caught the hunter's eye,
He aims, he fires—the dog falls dead!
Of this what had our good La Fontaine said?
"Aide toi, le ciel t'aides."
I much approve that wise old saw. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

TRIALS OF AN AUSTRIAN ARCHDUCHESS AS EMPRESS

We climbed on board the *Charlemagne*, but it required courage to accomplish this. The gangway was like a ladder with the steps so far apart that we had to clamber up on our knees. There was wind enough, moreover, to cause very embarrassing accidents. I am certain we exhibited our legs to the gentlemen, and I vowed never to climb on to a battleship again without putting on trousers! The Minister of Marine might really have been gallant enough to have had a better stairway constructed for us, but one sees in everything that he is but a rough sailor. We were saluted by cheers repeated three times.

EMPRESS MARIE-LOUISE, WIFE OF NAPOLEON I.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ADVENTURE

It was quite dark when we left, but all the lamps were lit as usual; from the first, however, Smith seemed to be quite confused (and indeed has been much altered of late), and got off the road several times, once in a very dangerous place, when Alice called out and Brown got off the box to show him the way. After that, however, though going very slowly, we seemed to be all right, but Alice was not at all reassured, and thought Brown's holding up the lantern all the time on the box indicated that Smith could not see where he was going, though the road was as broad and plain as possible. Suddenly, about two miles from *Altnagiuthasach*, and about twenty minutes after we had started, the carriage began to turn up on one side; we called out, "What's the matter?" There was an awful pause, during which Alice said: "We are upsetting." In another moment—during which I had time to recollect whether we should be killed or not, and thought there were still things I had not settled and wanted to do—the carriage turned over on its side, and we were all precipitated to the ground! I came down very hard, with my face upon the ground, near the carriage, the horses both on the ground, and Brown calling out in despair, "The Almighty have mercy on us! Who did ever see the like of this before! I thought you were all killed." Alice was soon helped up by means of tearing all her clothes to disentangle her; but Lenchen, who had also got caught in her dress, called out very piteously, which frightened me a good deal; but she was also got out with Brown's assistance, and neither she nor Alice was at all hurt. I reassured them that I was not hurt, and urged that we should make the best of it, as it was an inevitable misfortune. QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE SONG OF THE HAIDUC

I tell my dreams to the murmuring forest,
And the forest loves the tale of my dreams
More than the singing of the birds,
More than the rustling of its leaves.

Many homes have tried to detain me
For their windows stood open wide,
And within were the smiling faces of girls.
But I am the Haiduc, who loves the winding of the road,
And the galloping of his horse.

The day I was born was a day of bright sunshine,
(And had I not been in love, my life would be gay.)
I sing at the hour of the rising moon,
And I know all the stories the old men tell.
And I make young people dance when I sing my old tales.
For once I loved a lady strange
Who comes to kiss my forehead every night,
And to ask if I surely love her still.
She carries a poignard in her belt,
And her eyes shine like dagger blades,
And her hand is as white as a new bride's veil.
And I can never hear her voice.
But I know she is asking if I love her still.
And to prove it to her, I give her my broad belt,
And my lamb's wool hat decked with plumes,
And my embroidered cloak and my shining daggers.
I give her all my songs one by one.
And the gayest cannot cause her to smile,
And the saddest do not sadden her,—
And she goes away and crosses the river
On the little shaky bridge.
And the willows bend over her path,
And at morning I am poor and shaken
Since she has taken all,
Even my songs,
And because she wants to know
Whether I love her still.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA (CARMEN SYLVA).

EMPEROR WILHELM'S SUMMARY

In the community of cultured nations Germany will again play, as she did before the war, the rôle of the nation with the greatest capacity for labour, and will once more march victoriously in the van of peaceful competition, offering not only to herself, but to all the nations of the earth, whatever is best in the domain of technical achievement, of science, of art.

I believe in the revocation of the unjust Peace of Versailles by the judgment of the sensible elements of foreign lands and by Germany herself. I believe in the German people and in the continuation of its peaceful mission in the world, which has been interrupted by a terrible war, for which Germany, since she did not will it, does not bear the guilt.

THE KAISER (from his *Memoirs*).

IMPROMPTU

(*The following poem was written by the present Prince of Wales while aboard the Cruiser "Repulse." As the ship was crossing the equator a ceremony was held at which Father Neptune offered to the Prince the hand of his "daughter," a "green-gowned sailor lad with a fighting face."*)

I thank you for your kind suggestion
About your beautiful Princess,
But may I ask you just one question,
Where in hell did she get that dress?
But in spite of all I'm forced to spurn her,
Though your offer makes me proud,
Yes, my King, I must return her;
Pets on board are not allowed.

Compensated

Providence Makes a Minor Adjustment

By W. ALBERT HICKMAN

W. Albert Hickman.

PART I

IT MAY be that a Nova Scotia summer on the Gulf of St. Lawrence is the most perfect season on earth. It may be also that there is a pause, by way of exception, to prove that the rule is true—anything from an ordinary ten-hours, wet southeaster to the great August gale.

First, though this was in the next year, the A-flat Major Polonaise was involved again, as will be duly made evident.

Throughout a sun-swept July that blended alluring calms with breezes out of Paradise I laboured indoors fully as faithfully as a man should labour, and on the next-to-last day I came out into the languorous sunlight of late afternoon with a sense of extreme repose, because I had finished to the last stroke all the work I had to finish. So it was permitted that I should see all the world in its proper perspective and glory. In no other way may you attain to this privilege.

But apparently this was not enough. The immediate reward was to follow. I had no idea that I had done enough to deserve a part in impressive events, though without doubt this was so, for the law of compensation is more just than the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

In the meantime there were no impressive events in sight. One cicada thrilled like a smitten wire from behind an unmoving, crested breaker of clematis, and failed to leave the impression that the day was hot. Below me I had the tree-buried town, and beyond the town, an expansive blue harbour that sparkled because somewhere in the leaves, very far overhead, the cool indraft from the east moved softly up-stream from where the gulf outside lay burnished calm. Beyond the harbour stood the folded hills, not purple, but green to the farthest skyline; and above towered the stark blue sky.

I descended through the town toward the *Rorqual's* wharf, and while I was yet in the distance—and, I remember, through a small whirlwind of dust that got up and waltzed for twenty seconds—I noted two men in consultation, and they seemed strangely familiar. Or, rather, one of them seemed strangely familiar in that place and at that time. The other resembled Mr. Henry Simpson, the Foremouth blacksmith; and as Foremouth was close at hand, this appearance might readily be, as it frequently was. But the first resembled the pianist, otherwise Mr. F. B. Kimborough, who at this minute, to my certain knowledge, was in Philadelphia. I was attracted further by the colour-scheme and tropical luxuriance of the group. Mr. Simpson (for it was unquestionably he) wore, without apparent self-consciousness, trousers of a blue lighter than navy, a grass-green shirt, and a white duck hat. In his arms he bore one dozen naked pineapples and an unbroken bunch of bananas, and later I noted that on the third finger of his left hand was tied a piece of pink string, evidently associated with something he was not to forget. The pianist (I was coming to see it was he, also) wore a gray flannel suit, a scarlet necktie, glowing tan shoes, and a panama hat of undoubted age and value and authenticity. It was coloured like a meerschaum. In his hands he carried six large baskets of grapes covered with purple net.

"*Where* did you come from?" I said from the dust at thirty yards, seeing them regard me.

"Laodicea," said Mr. Kimborough, and smiled. "Not being a dervish, it was too hot. Freddy got tuberculosis. Then Freddy got auricular distension and an aortic aneurism, and cancer, and he was getting on into the secondary symptoms of lockjaw; so he knew it was his liver, and he thought he'd better come." He ploughed

with his shoes in the overheated dust like a barefooted boy. "Freddy dreamed dreams and saw visions," he said. "He dreamed of the soft, cool rain at night, and he saw the blushing face of Mr. Joseph Howe Corbin, and he said: 'Lo! I come!' and he rose up, and behold, he is here."

"And where are you staying?" I pressed in the pause.

"With you. Didn't you hear? And we are all going codfishing together." His explanatory hand included Mr. Simpson, himself, the fruit, and me, with an indeterminate increment from somewhere outside. This last, I inferred, might mean Mr. Anderson, the navigator of a flat, blindfolded, through hell in a thunder-squall. But the pianist was continuing:

"And when Freddy came, the first heart-breaking landmark that rested his weary eyes was this,"—indicating Mr. Simpson,—"and he said, 'See, Providence, which is inscrutable, has this matter in hand.'"

Mr. Simpson took up the tale.

"Then we started layin' in a few dainties for our personal consumption. He ran mostly to fruit, an' me to beer. These are all his. There is mine comin'." He nodded toward a grocery-wagon navigating a lane.

So we took out Mr. Anderson from the midst of his daily work, with the pain that a little boy is taken from his schooling, and the morning of the next day, being Sunday, found the *Rorqual* anchored beside three fishing pinkies in the bosom of a great calm in a channel in North Harbour, with Mr. Simpson and me, in the dinghy, outside the islands, peacefully overhauling herring nets set the night before in the search for bait. And the bait was slack; for which reason we and the pinkies stayed. This is the way Fate works. There is always a reason.

Now, this was a most wonderful day. From a rose-pink and innocent summer dawn the sun flared up behind the sand of a mile-distant beach into a sky of polished copper, and from that moment until he went away with amazing suddenness at noon, he marched portentously across a fleckless dome and blistered that bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the heat of the Red Sea. Such a temperature I never saw before in that happy country. The air ashore was the superheated steam of boiling brass. The calm was supreme and uncanny. The high, ranked spruces and the quivering rocks piled behind us to the south, and the islands ahead, two miles to seaward, lay doubled and perfect; and the *Rorqual* and her image and the pinkies and their images hung in an eel-grass bounded channel, as in a silvered mirror, between two skies as unmoving as the dome of St. Paul's. It was much too wonderful, for here also the law of compensation is just.

At eleven o'clock, while the herring nets still worked and all the unheard church bells in the Atlantic standard were aswing, I remember the general distribution. Mr. Kimborough had gone overboard, and was hanging to the foot of the accommodation-ladder with his eyes closed in bliss. On the rail by the gangway Mr. Simpson was jigging perch for supper. This is a methodical sport. The perch, like the Prussian, is an impartial and persistent investigator. You brighten up a leaded hook and let it out, unbaited, at the end of a few yards of line; then you jerk. At the end of every three seconds you jerk again; that is all. At every fifth jerk, with a normal crop, you bring up a perch caught by the jaw, or the tail, or the nape of his neck. Beside Mr. Simpson, the cook skinned and cleaned at high speed. Mr. Anderson was wandering about the deck, with pieces of wire constructing a machine for the massacre of innumerable small fish that drove along the surface. I was in the pilot-house studying a troop of incoming terns and the barometer, which had been going up like a rocket and was now falling like a stick, when beyond an outer beach I saw two high and polished spars that moved against the mirage-distorted wall of the Nova Scotia coast. They were schooner's spars, and they moved toward the Little Entrance of North Harbour, a seventy-yards' gap between two beaches, through which they came precipitately, towed by a motor tender and with much running about on deck below. Precipitately meant perhaps six and one half knots, six being for the famous tide of that entrance, and the half for the motor tender.

"Schooner yacht becalmed!" said Mr. Simpson, from aft, in spasms, still jigging, "navigatin' by the *St. Lawrence Pilot*, an'—*Belcher's Almanac*, an' surprized an' pained an' scared—beyond measure by bein' sucked into this—charted estuary like a Noctiluca into—the esophagus of a whale. Hutt! you beggar!" A fluttering perch escaped between air and water. The pianist came up the pilot-ladder to see.

"What is a Noctiluca?" he inquired. I was forced to shake my head. Later we found in a book that it is a small animal that is highly phosphorescent. The Nova Scotia School System won again.

Seeing us, and doubtless desiring companionship, the schooner yacht came on, white-hulled, with brass-work ablaze in the morning sun, and with one man in the fore-rigging studying the channel. Halfway from the entrance she sheered so that I made out the shape of her bow, and I remembered when and where I had seen her before. It is of no consequence to this story.

"That," I said, "is the *Gloria*, the private and exclusive yacht of James Montgomery Sneed, whose residence is in Montreal."

"And what's his business?" asked the pianist, who had returned clad informally in a suit of cream pajamas, and was regarding the schooner with a hostile eye. His thoughts were still powerfully on cod-fishing.

Now, this question was pure sacrilege, for in Montreal Mr. Sneed was an instituted god. In spite of the Château de Ramezay, and De Maisonneuve, Montreal is really a younger city than most prairie towns, and is uncertain about its gods and its government. Mr. Sneed had no business. His trouble began with his father, who left him great quantities of money, and Mr. Sneed had spent his life acting as umpire, and watching his bonds and bank stock consume other people's bonds and bank stock, and living on part of what happened to be in the bank. As is widely known, this is an absorbing spectacle, like the Lorelei, and, if the spectator gives himself over to it, in the end it will kill him dead, unless he has some outside interests: and Mr. Sneed had no outside interests, and was as dead as Scipio Africanus, because he did not love anything that was worth loving.

"But the schooner," said the pianist, "is a nice schooner."

"No matter. She is for the dignity of the display. You'll see for yourself. Then there are Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed. They're more important. They've come for the dignity of the display, too." It happened that Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed were worth consideration, and as he was waiting, I tried to explain more fully.

Mrs. Sneed's trouble began with her father, also. He was a lawyer out of the North Shore of New Brunswick, and he learned early that there is nothing so valuable as to make yourself invaluable to something, and that the easiest desirable thing to which you can make yourself invaluable is a government. So he undertook to make himself invaluable to an early government of Canada, and he succeeded beyond everybody's hope. A worried executive council considered him unfitted for a judgeship, so he was permitted to remain in politics until he attained a position of eminence, even the verge of the cabinet, and had been called a sneak to his face by the premier, who was a just man. Then he died, and his wife and children never regained their perspective. Their formality would daze a Garter king-at-arms. They had a regal dignity, and their English was the most beautiful English ever heard, and it was hereditary, and therefore hopeless. Their motto was: "We trust that nothing unseemly will occur." They were consistent people, and so were perfectly calculable. That is, if you took the trouble to press the button, they would do the rest, and you could be reasonably sure they would do it in a certain way. As the biologists put it, they would react consistently to specific stimuli. So, when everything else was dull, they were there for a joy and an entertainment to the people about them. But this is all very abstract and general.

Besides these things, Mrs. Sneed was a self-made diplomat. (These differ from the heaven-born sort.) Her system was simple. First, she assumed that you were a liar. Second, by using several sentences, each meaning the same thing, but with different words—large words misapplied—she undertook to make you believe that she did not think you were a liar. Third, she smiled—a suppressed smile—doubtless intended for the admiring angels, and to indicate that that little point having been gained, she would now proceed to the next. At this stage you said to yourself very quietly, for fear it might be heard, "Does this fat woman with the elaborate language think for one second that her inmost appendix is not visible to the most untrained eye?" But there was nothing to do, except perhaps to throw something at her head, and she had not openly said anything to justify this, so probably would not understand. People of this sort are unduly protected by the conventions of civilization. Bricks would mar drawing-room furniture when often they are the only adequate form of repartee. Sometimes I think Mrs. Sneed was affected by finding out later that you had been telling the causeless truth, which was inconceivable, as she never did herself; so in the end this only worried her the more, because she knew in her soul there must be something beyond the length of her sounding-wire. To this kind of woman,

or man, the naked truth is beyond understanding, and, if persisted in, will drive them to the extreme edge of lunacy. Which is a good thing to know, for if it comes that, instead of seeing them casually as notable phenomena and additions to the world's humour, you have to live with them and they become serious—which God forbid!—it may be your only weapon. They may be as transparent as spring water, and your method may be superior to theirs. Don't trouble about it. Tell them the eternal truth and they will break themselves on it utterly, trying to find where the catch comes in.

But if Mrs. Sneed was worth considering, Miss Sneed was more so. Her trouble was even more serious to herself. She started with her mother's traits, all of them, by heredity and infection, except that she was not fat; but of this there is always hope—so she had a good start. Then she had peculiarities of her own. She began life on the wrong principle, and she worked it out toward the bitter end. She undertook from her early youth to select everything she wished in the world, and to get it by taking it. This seems a simple enough process, but unfortunately it conflicts with several natural laws, and these are very quiet, but highly dangerous. They are sometimes called the mills of God. So at the age of twenty-six years she was getting about half her normal sleep with the aid of a drug. The material things that she wished, such as rose-point insertions and feather boas at $66.98, she took, and Mr. Sneed paid for, though many times he did not wish to in the least. That was quite easy. But in the other things the law of compensation worked out with more accuracy. Miss Sneed undertook to get what she wanted by taking it, and the populace and the world and the universe, as ever, softly combined under Providence to see that she did not get it. And the combination was stronger than Miss Sneed. You never really get what you want in this way, though outsiders seldom know it, for Providence is very gentle with your vanity. So I have sometimes wondered why people who had used this method for a long time and noted the results did not try the other and see what would happen. But they seldom do; and Miss Sneed also did not. She worked almost as quietly as the law of compensation, which, I imagine, is a most unusual attitude for a girl. She worked so quietly that at Havergal she was called The Image. Her clothes were perfect in speckless detail. Her manner was—elegant, and restrained beyond all describing, and still more restrained by her clothes, until her repression affected people's nerves, and they tried to vent their pain. In the end the women she met usually said they wished they could shake her, which is the ordinary, refined feminine way of expressing what a man means when he says he would like to break some one's specifically particularized neck. So Miss Sneed was not a favourite in earth or in heaven, and she knew it, and it made her very bitter. And so, to hide the bitterness, she invented a smile that I think was intended to indicate great enjoyment inside; and it was a success. It was a blighted smile of a sort that was calculated to irritate a marble bust, and it hurt people's feelings.

Now, this is a long description of what may not seem to be a very nice or a very natural character, but Miss Sneed was neither a very nice nor a very natural young woman. The little things she would actually do, such as leaving her grandmother—from Three Rivers—in a sleigh on Park Avenue in a northeast snow-storm for an hour while she made a call, or pirating wraps from half-clad girls on night expeditions, or lying to half-engaged girls with a view to prying loose young men, who were always at a premium, were beyond human belief. If it were conventional and would serve any little end of hers, she would doubtless have sold the same grandmother to the Arabs, or done an apparent kindness to a stranger, though I have no proof of either of these things. In any case I tried to make it all clear to the pianist, who was still regarding the white schooner with an unfavourable eye.

"Now, can you tell me," he said, "why people like that are allowed to go on? Why doesn't something explode and disarrange their habits—remake 'em?"

I replied that I didn't know, but I thought it was because of their nerve,—like Napoleon Bonaparte again,—so that other people took it all for granted. I stated further that I thought it was a law, like the law of gravitation.

"Yes," he said; "but I don't believe in any law of gravitation. If you get out of a second-story window, it's the natural thing for you to fall down and break your neck. You don't need any law of gravitation. A lot of these chaps are running round making laws about things that are working all right, anyway. I don't believe in any law of gravitation, and I don't believe in your

Mrs. and Miss Sneed, or whatever you call 'em. Freddy wants to be taken aboard to see 'em at once; and they'd better be good, or there's going to be trouble. I don't care whether I ever catch a codfish or not."

Mr. Simpson smiled.

"You're a sort of automatic evangelist, ain't y'!" he commented.

"Never you mind," said the pianist. "May be I'm the Angel Gabriel; but I know Providence never brought me from Philadelphia for nothing."

The schooner-yacht, as stately as a girl in her 'teens, had been approaching in broad arcs to correspond with the curves of that grass-bounded channel, and now she came to rest, while the motor tender, called in and silent, permitted the broken reflections to gather themselves together into one glorious picture. A small-fluked anchor, cast loose by a person in white, went overboard with a sonorous outpouring of chain, and I remember thinking, from three hundred feet away, that it looked inadequate for a ninety-foot schooner. As she swung, Mr. Simpson sang softly from the rail:

"See the man in the gold hat an' white pants about to fire the brass cannon!" Then to Mr. Anderson, as the roar died away among the islands: "Go an' pull down the flag, y' poacher! All right! Pull it up again, can't y'? There's nobody dead. Now run down an' slip into another suit of the boss's pajamas, and come up and stand beside me an' look silly like a Swedish deckhand. We want to put on some style, too."

"Mr. Sneed is the little man with the De Villar y Villar, Mrs. Sneed is the fat woman fitted into the wicker chair, and Miss Sneed is the patent snob with the baby hat?" inquired the pianist.

"Correct!" I said. "And the other two I do not recognize from here. They're young——"

"And unmarried," he said. "They look strained and unsatisfied, and I think there's war of some kind. I've got a tingly feeling in my solar plexus."

I dropped below to change from overalls that smelled of herring to something in which I could make a formal call, and while my head was plunged in a basin, he danced in, dressed in a twisted towel, smote my shoulder with an iron hand, and said, "'Sh!" In through the open port came the sound of a piano, operated freely by one who knew no fear, and the sacrifice was Schumann's "Nachtstück in F Major." We listened through certain additions and variations by the artist until the pianist spoke:

"That is a man, and he also would sell his grandmother to—a medical school. This plot is coming on very nicely, though I don't see what it means. But it's evident I was not brought from Philadelphia for nothing. You watch!"

As I was no more fully enlightened, I watched. And the complications unassumingly gathered themselves together.

Looking backward, it is evident that each least thing that happened from that moment had some special significance in heralding the oncoming of the unforeseen end, though the end involved no great throes—only the readjustment of certain relations that were unfitting and the softening of certain little crudenesses. As to the steps involved, with their beautiful logical sequence, we, of course, being human, failed to see them at all; though I imagine that the pianist, always more or less inspired, saw further than I. But it is nice to fit them altogether afterward and see how Providence works, even when making minor adjustments.

For instance, I remember that at that moment Mr. Anderson, from above, announced that the *Campana* was going down the gulf, and as I looked through the port at the spars, far apart, and the lean, red funnel, moving beyond the beaches, Mr. Simpson laughed and pointed out that a cloud no bigger than a man's hand lay on the northern horizon. (This is one of those local jests that you would understand if you had lived for some years on the southern bight of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, though I am not so sure it is much of a jest after all.)

Still, when I went on deck, I could see no reason why a wisp of gray scud should move across the breathless sky at noon, followed by another, and this by still others; nor why these, in the heart of a supernal calm, should fashion themselves into ropes and sprays that seemed to proceed from somewhere high up in the northeast, like water drifting from a fire-nozzle. Also, I failed to see why something unseen should breathe coldly on the back of my neck when I stood in the shade of the deck-house in midsummer.

"Will you listen to the crickets singing ashore!" Mr. Anderson said in a subdued voice. The *Gloria's* piano had ceased, and above the blare of what might be all the crickets in the world we could hear a dog

barking, very far up-harbour, the groaning of Indian Rocks' buoy, twenty good miles away, and not one other sound.

Then we called. We climbed up by white-painted man-ropes until we stood on holystoned planks. We were received with majesty by Mrs. Sneed in a great many things of which I remember only a white feather ruff and the white powder on her pink neck and purple nose; and by Miss Sneed, two feet, six inches to the left and nine inches to the rear, also with powder on her nose, who smiled graciously, because we wore trousers. Now, powder does not comport with the eternal sea, and, besides, Miss Sneed was clad in chiffon, and as we were presented to the others, with full usage, she sneered. And the reason was instantly apparent. There was Mr. Sneed, who made a thin-lipped, mirthless joke; there was the other man, who was young and pale and impressive; and there was, I think, one of the most radiantly beautiful girls I have ever seen in my life. The other man's name was L. Geoffrey Spiers,—Spiers being pronounced like the steeples of cathedrals,—and the girl's name was Hilda Roche.

Though I had never met Mr. Spiers I had known of him before—not heard of him, but known of him. Without question he had an ambition, and I think it was to excel all other people in all other things except, perhaps, his own business. I had heard that his specialty was other men's wives; but this was hearsay, and hearsay is invariably unjust. I have passed modestly above his horizon in several cities several times since that day,—and night,—but in all these times I have heard only one description of him that was at all suggestive. These complex natures are difficult to describe. It was by a worldly woman who was speaking of some one else altogether, and it was very impressionistic at best. She said: "He was a sort of imitation of Geoffrey Spiers, without half as much excuse for being," which seemed to lead to the conclusion that Mr. Spiers needed an excuse for being what he was. But you will have to puzzle it out for yourself. In any case, he affected the pianist for the worse at once, for the pianist was a man of great discernment.

But the girl was magnificent. She was a big girl, and she was twenty,—that is, six infinite years younger than Miss Sneed,—but in poised wisdom her age was a thousand years, and it looked out through her great gorgeous, dark-blue eyes, to the extinction of all human argument, as was abundantly proved later. She was dressed in some sort of white corded stuff, and she had a lavender border to her handkerchief. Her teeth were perfect. Her lips were almost overfull, and pouted with her straightforwardness, and were utterly alluring. Her colour was as warm and as even as the afterglow in August, and she stood up in her insolent beauty, and she captivated the pianist and me with one all-ravishing smile. Or, in any case, she captivated me, and I saw the pianist drop his eyes and look covertly in my direction, so I knew his armour-plated vitals had been reached, and miraculously held my expression until his gaze shifted back. It was above all and beyond all question that she was as clean and unspoiled as summer sunlight. They are so very, very rare. It could only be blood, a most fortunate training, and the mercy of Divine Providence. So, while we were led, and Mr. Sneed impressed that the whole ornate interior of that ship was San Domingo mahogany, tiger-back grain, and Mrs. Sneed thumbed lockers with leaded-glass fronts, I saddened down at the thought of the things that beautiful thing, with her bravery and light-heartedness, had yet to meet in this amazing world.

Then, within three minutes, something happened. It was a little thing in itself. Disregarding the San Domingo mahogany, I had been watching those great, intent, considering eyes; and they had been watching me, and the pianist (who you would never suspect of being a diplomat), and Miss Sneed, attentive as a tiger cub against the upholstery, and Mrs. Sneed taking in the pianist with profound suspicion, and Mr. Sneed talking beautifully. They were laughing eyes that noted and weighed each little thing as they went, and they drew your very heart. But at the end of every round they wandered back and rested on Mr. Geoffrey Spiers, where they went altogether off their guard. And Mr. Spiers smoked, unaware of the honour, thereby showing his sophistication. And I think the short hairs on the back of Miss Sneed's neck stood up in her polished wrath. Three separate times I saw this silent tragedy, and the pianist, as far as I could make out, saw nothing whatever, not even Mr. Sneed, but proceeded in a dense fog, as was his habit when in thought, until Mrs. Sneed commented aside and in a devious way to me and I said that he was a very nice young man, but tired with the cares of business. In some mysterious fashion I engineered him back to the *Rorqual* without an explosion, and then he broke out:

"Now, what does your woolly mistake-box make of that—why did the Lord put 'em all together? Tell me, do you suppose you could invent a ship-load like that if you worked all your life?" Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson drew up in silence, and to the former he explained in full. Mr. and Mrs. Sneed he referred to as Doukhobors, intending to be discourteous. "Then," he said, selecting the Havergal term, "there is a female image——"

"*Kee-wah-gush-ta-kum-kang-kang-ge-wuk*," interrupted Mr. Simpson. "I been studyin' 'em through the stereoscopic binocular."

"Translate!" ordered the pianist.

"Lily - that - is - the - same - shape - all - the - way - up - and - down."

"Exactly. And, besides, there's a half-breed in full-bred clothes, and the Queen of Sheba, only a nicer girl and prettier. And this is the lunacy of the distribution." He demonstrated on the side of the deck-house as on a blackboard—"The image wants the half-breed, and the half-breed wants the Queen of Sheba—like everybody else, including me. That is all right. But the Queen of Sheba is really affected by the half-breed. Same sort of thing. She knows pretty nearly everything worth knowing in the world, but she doesn't happen to notice that he's a shell-brass imitation. This is one of those regrettable but unavoidable occasions where this highly organized universe misses an explosion—mosquito in the gasoline or something I don't understand. Now, I knew I was brought here for something, and, you see, the reason is made clear. I am going to make this business into what you call a temporary indisposition. You watch. I don't know how yet and we may have to neglect you a little, Henry, while we invade Society, but don't you care. This cod-fishing expedition is postponed." Mr. Simpson rejoined that he did not care so long as his personal comfort was not interfered with, and Mr. Anderson smiled in blessed anticipation. The pianist, clouded in thought, went below, and I followed in curiosity on an unguessable trail that led through the galley, where he selected a bag that had contained Scotch anthracite, and on to the utmost recesses of the lazaret, in the tar-steeped darkness of which I saw him dropping things into the bag, notably marline, a ball of candle-wick, and a pair of very old and moldy sea-boots. From murmuring he rose into explanation.

"Just the same as the salmon-trip—or almost anything else on earth," he said. "First, Freddy will make one small, pink atmosphere. Then he will get into the middle of it, like a little duckling in a puddle, and flap his wings and quack for the purpose of drawing attention to himself and away from that sardine. The rest is easy: *he'll* probably do it himself. But it goes to show that these yachting trips are highly dangerous: the immeasurable sea and the eternal stars, and before you know it you've made an error in judgment."

"Yes," I said; "but what are you going to do?"

"How should I know? Attend to any little details that are lying about, and then pray. If you think Providence'll neglect any one bent on an errand of mercy like this, your faith needs to be re-felted. If you mean, What am I living for? I'll tell you. Your Miss Sneed wants your Mr. Spiers, and I'd hate to see her disappointed. I'm the Adjusting Angel, and I'm going to see that she gets him. There'll be another wedding at St. George's, and then let 'm fight it out for themselves, an' the Lord have mercy on their souls!"

When we reached the deck, he watched the *Gloria* party till a tinkly tea-bell sounded, and they solemnly went down to lunch, when he drew the dinghy alongside, cast in the bag, and a clam-shovel, and went silently away toward the outmost line of beaches, where we saw him excavating on a sand point while we ate.

"Barrin' the natural processes, such as fermentation an' that sort of thing," said Mr. Simpson, "d' you know any way in the world of tellin' what's goin' on inside him?"

I said I did not. All we knew was that he came back in a short half-hour, rowing wide and strong over the sticky calm and wearing a pleased smile, and to all questions replied that he had been making arrangements so that the tide might come in. So Mr. Simpson gave it up, and went to sleep in the pilot-house, and Mr. Anderson, whose bent was to catch any kind of fish in any way that seemed to him best calculated to compass this desirable end, lowered machine after machine into the waters of that harbour and was happy

In early afternoon, under a steadily darkening sky, the *Gloria's* party came to inspect the *Rorqual*. Mr. Sneed said that these gasoline boats were unreliable, and that he disliked the smell of oil from the engine-room. Both of which remarks showed criminal ignorance of the ninety-foot cruiser of to-day, besides being designed to hurt the owner's feelings. Miss Sneed

spoke of the fishermen in the pinkies as "poor creatures," and Mrs. Sneed, speaking aloud, referred to Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson as our "men," which caused those untidy persons to go up to the verge of apoplexy, to say nothing of the pianist and me. I mention these things because of the exceeding irony of the application somewhat later.

Then, after Miss Hilda Roche had said that she thought the *Rorqual* was "perfectly dandy," and that she liked power-yachts better than sailing-yachts, anyway, which resulted in extreme low pressure, accompanied by exceptional disturbances from Mrs. Sneed's direction, Mr. Kimborough and I lowered the *Rorqual's* motor-tender, the *Porpoise* of other days, and took that party on an exploring expedition among the islands. All this while it impressed me that something weighed heavily on the pianist's mind.

The entire gulf had gone gray, and was as silent as the gulf between the stars, and beyond the far horizon the smoke of each steamer stood up like a royal palm. We showed them thirty-foot kelp, streaming from green-lighted, weed-hung ledges in the deep water outside; our herring nets hanging between this world and the mysteries below; tide-worn beaches, with grass breathless-still, that hid young terns; and, on one island, seven wells in line, walled with oak, of which no living man knew the origin.

But the pianist modestly produced a chart, and I began to foresee extensive happenings. It was a time-worn document, and it dealt with a time-worn subject; namely, Capt. William Kidd and buried treasure. He explained that he had purchased it from an Indian, who had found it under a flat stone. Hearing me speak of the seven wells, he had brought it—as a matter of curiosity. The seven wells were there, also a spruce-tree, which was miraculously absent, also a gap in Prince Edward Island, which was still there, though somewhat distorted by the mirage. It was all very remarkable. With my pocket compass (he transfixed me with his eye) and with the aid of two sticks held tolerantly in a bunch of beach-grass by Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers, who, I could see, were beginning to regard him as a notable curiosity, he moved about these gentlemen for a long time, sometimes on his hands and knees, and sometimes passaging sidewise on his toes, while they followed him with amazed heads until at last he established ranges, which, he demonstrated, led to a certain sand island, at a spot that seemed to me to coincide with the place I had seen him digging an hour and a half before; but I was dumb. Mr. Sneed chuckled in the wisdom that is bred of riches, Mr. Spiers smiled in the wisdom that is bred of the conquest of little smart sets in half-size cities, Mrs. and Miss Sneed said "How interesting!" and smiled a cryptic smile at each other, and Miss Roche said that it was perfectly gorgeous, and that we would go and see what we could find.

We went, and as we drew near to that sand point I could make out two figures in rigid and inquiring attitudes on the far-away *Rorqual*. I felt a little dubious myself. Mr. Simpson afterward stated that when we landed, he and Mr. Anderson looked with confidence to seeing that island blow up in the manner of Krakatua, and, as a result, to their having "beautiful sunsets all the rest of the fall." But we landed in silence and in peace. With a pliant and genial suavity the pianist set us each in a certain station among sand-dunes, and besought us to stand still, while he moved about with his blessed chart, taking sights across the glassy gulf until he had his district tramped up like a moose-yard. Then, with one eye closed, and solemnly backing away from a lath held uneasily by Mrs. Sneed, he said we should have to "dig here," and went away for one of the *Porpoise's* ornamental oars. And he dug.

In all this vale of tears there is not a sane and healthy man who can view a real treasure hunt without emotion. He recognized this piece of crude psychology at its true worth. He dug with great earnestness for two minutes, at the end of which time Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers became infected, forgot themselves, brought the other oar, and part of a jetsam lobster buoy, and dug feverishly. So I dug, too; and Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed and Miss Hilda Roche stood round in one isosceles triangle and stared at the ever-new bottom of that hole. Within four laborious minutes we struck wood—scarred wood that sounded hollow. Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers paused long enough to regard each other with amazement and the pianist, who continued to dig, with awe. Then they fell to work as terriers that seek a woodchuck.

"Oak!" grunted Mr. Kimborough, with sand in his hair. The wood was softwood of some sort, and was chafed and scored along its grain, and bleached with the searching bleach of the sea; and as we un-

covered it, labouring in sweat, it took on the astounding form of a long box, with curved top and curved sides, like nothing so much as a rough and gigantic coffin. At this point Mr. Sneed and Mr. Spiers stopped to marvel and to breathe; but the pianist, toiling without ceasing, said that the tide was rising and urged great haste, while Mrs. Sneed and Miss Sneed had passed beyond all expression, and Miss Roche danced with excitement on the edge of the pit. So the two gentlemen went at it again, wrestling with the patiently descending sand, until their sweat mingled with the sand on their pink cheeks, and altered their gritty countenances so that their dignity dissolved away. But they helped to uncover that casket. Mr. Simpson said that through the glass it looked like a moving-picture he had seen of three ladies standing on the edge of a geyser.

We worked powerfully down along one side; we worked furiously up along the other; and as we drew near to what might be one end, we found the wood broken through, as though by violence. Two hard-breathing sweeps of Mr. Sneed's oar cleared the way nicely and laid bare one quiet but suggestive booted foot that protruded from the opening. Mr. Sneed fell back as if bitten, and Mr. Spiers froze in his last attitude. From above there came two muffled shrieks and a gasp of amazement. With a prettily delivered twist of his oar the pianist removed more sand, and another foot came to light. The two lay with toes turned up, side by side, as the toes of a man at rest. Mr. Kimborough paused, unperturbed, and gazed in saddened contemplation. Then he removed his cap.

"Gentlemen," he said softly, "without question we are in the presence of the illustrious dead." Nothing but superb acting could have carried this outrageous situation in white daylight, but he did. Then, as suddenly, he reverted to practical considerations.

"Come on; we'll clear away the other end." The men of the *Gloria* came on with some reluctance, and disclosed, flowing through a crack, what appeared to be thinnish, white hair and a short piece of rusty chain. It struck me that both were in an excellent state of preservation, considering that they had come down the centuries, but little discrepancies like these are not noted in times of popular excitement. The pianist seized the chain and jerked, but nothing moved.

"Well, lend a hand," he said, addressing Mr. Spiers.

Mr. Spiers paused. We looked, and he was white to the collar, and the hand he lent was sensibly trembling. The entire Sneed family were ossified with open horror, and Miss Roche was thralled in burning curiosity. Then together we heaved. First the sand stirred, then the whole structure rose up and turned over in our hands. It would have been a very large coffin, but it was not. It was a very small boat, half dory, half flat, and it contained a pair of mouldy sea-boots, which seemed familiar, a little hank of bedraggled and combed-out candle-wick, and a good deal of sand, and that was all.

The notable feature, after this disclosure, was silence. The portentous silence that lay on the whole great Gulf of St. Lawrence on that day flowed in and swallowed up the astounded group that hung on the edge of the grass on that outer beach. After this silence had endured for probably ten painful seconds, it was broken by a ripple, and Mr. Kimborough raised his disappointed eyes to the edge of the crater in time to see Miss Hilda Roche sit down and roll out of sight in a hurricane of unladylike laughter. But his expression changed no more than the outline of the eternal hills, except that he was visibly surprized and puzzled.

"Funny thing, isn't it," he said in an abstracted voice, "that we should find *that* just where those ranges crossed!"

Mr. Sneed said it was, very, and Mrs. Sneed regarded his earnest and troubled face with darkening suspicion. As for Miss Sneed and Mr. Spiers, they were beyond all speech. We found Miss Roche seated on the sand beside a great roll of dry eel-grass, and her shining eyes were filled with tears, and there were tears on her cheeks, for she had a highly developed sense of humour. Mrs. Sneed was the first of that family to recover poise, and looked down on the groveling Miss Roche with an austere and flaming eye.

"Hilda," she said, "what is the trouble?" But there was no trouble, except that Miss Roche was not in a condition to say so. On the other hand, there was every sign of joy; so much that that young lady rolled over and sobbed tears into the thirsty sands, until Miss Sneed glared green fire like a bay lynx, and Mrs. Sneed strode away toward the sea and the *Rorqual's* tender. At this painful stage I broke down also, and made inefficient excuses to Mr. Sneed; but the pianist kept that wonderful counte-

nance in sadness and failed to see any joke whatever. He said he would take the sea-boots back to the *Rorqual* as a souvenir, and in passing whispered to me that he thought the ice was slightly scarred.

For two miles across the calm he marveled continuously to Mrs. Sneed, until I think that fat and suspicious person was assured that he was an earnest seeker after buried treasure and a disappointed man. Miss Sneed divided her strained attention between his recital and Mr. Spiers, who was trying to explain to Miss Roche how fully the humour of the situation had struck him. But it was a weary effort, and was rendered still more sad by Miss Roche's not being able to see it. Between bursts of merriment that congested Mrs. and Miss Sneed into volcanic rage, she said that his, Mr. Spiers's, expression was the overcoming picture of the whole exhibition, that he went "the prettiest, creamy white," and wouldn't he do it again, just for fun. Throughout this ragging, Mr. Spiers tried to smile, but I don't think I ever saw a man look more uncomfortable. At the *Gloria's* gangway she said she forgave him (Miss Sneed was pale with wrath) and thanked us for the jolliest time. Besides, wouldn't we come to dinner, and Mr. Spiers would play for us afterward. Mr. and Mrs. Sneed, from the deck, indorsed this invitation, but without warmth, and the pianist said we would. We went back to the *Rorqual* to get rid of some of the sand.

"You're a fully developed lunatic," I remarked.

"Exactly," he said. "But many times a little jest may suffice when the councils of kings would be of none effect. We've made a first-class start; but she was too hard on him. After supper she'll be nice to him, and you and I may not be in favour for a little. Then—I don't know what. We'll wait and see. She's a nice sort of girl, isn't she!" She was, beyond question; and though this was brief praise it was beyond anything I had ever heard from him.

I tried to tell the story justly to Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson, but I know I lost much of the colour. However, they lay on the transoms in the dining-saloon with their knees drawn up and said that they were satisfied.

When I came up again, newly washed, I found Mr. Anderson alone, considering the sky; and it was certainly worth consideration.

"Did you ever see anything like that in your life?" he said.

I said truthfully that I never did. It had built up, bank by indrawn bank, through the long afternoon, and it lay unbroken from the darkened zenith outward and down beyond the uttermost horizon, a lead-gray sea of scud, low-hung, twisted torn, frothed, and as deathly still as the gulf below. At the same time Mr. Simpson appeared from the pilot-house, bearing the barometer, and shaking it as he came.

"I guess this machine's run down," he said. "Look!" It said 28.85. "D'y' think it's broke?" I examined that astonishing instrument, and it appeared to be in full working order. "Then the *Campana's* pumps must be performin' all right this time: we're likely to have a shower."

Now, North Harbour has a bottom of liquid mud wind-rowed with the curse of all anchored fishermen, dead eel-grass, and is altogether one of the worst holding-grounds on the North Atlantic. But whatever might come, I had no fear, for the *Rorqual* had two fifty-horse-power engines to fall back on: and, more especially, she had one 300- and one 400-pound stockless anchor that would have held her through the Samoan hurricane. Once in her earlier youth the *Rorqual* had had a certain experience such as grays your hair at the time and you laugh at afterward. But the lesson had been taken deeply to heart; and her present ground-tackle was the delight and derision of summer yachtsmen. So we took the gig and went tranquilly to the *Gloria's* dinner-party.

It was fully as the pianist had prophesied. Mr. Spiers had developed what appeared to be a wounded nature, and sat close to Miss Roche on a transom in the saloon. The young lady's heart had visibly gone out in sympathy, and it was only by forced and adroit stages that Mr. Kimborough got near enough to join in. But he did, and I was left to soothe Miss Sneed, which was no ordinary task. She spoke in all respects like an absent-minded phonograph.

"Yes," I said—I counted, and this was the eighth effort—"light winds in summer, as a rule. You see, Northumberland Strait is probably the only place on either Atlantic or Pacific coast where there is no fog, ever, so you can always see your lights: so we call it one of the greatest cruising grounds in the world." Miss Sneed said, "Really!" and ground a silk-clad cushion under her heel.

"No, I don't." This was from the pianist beyond, on another subject, and we seemed to agree to listen.

"But," said Mr. Spiers, "you see a man or a woman with an artistic temperament, with an insight into the beauties of the world that enables him to interpret them to the ordinary man, lives more fully than other people. Won't you admit that he should be put on a higher plane, and forgiven a great many things?" Mr. Kimborough's guarded eyes rested a moment on me in passing.

"No, I won't!" he said. "First, I don't know what an artistic temperament is. I've seen quite a few temperaments that were advertised as that, but they looked to me like hysteria—getting your nerves tired and letting yourself go to seed in some particular direction for the sake of the rest and the change. The patients weren't very strong in the head. Intermittent lunacy! I don't see why you should be able to interpret the beauties of nature for what you call the ordinary man just because you're crazy along some line or other. Anyway, you can't interpret the beauties of this world for anybody: the Lord can make you feel those things better than any half-baked maniac. All these fellows that paint pictures and write books and run round playing the fiddle can do is to make you remember all at once a lot of the best things you've seen and been. Now, I think that's a fine business; but you can't do that with artistic temperament. When an army doctor's fighting it out with a couple of hundred wounded men on a battlefield, that's a fine business, too. But his artistic temperament doesn't help him much: it's the work he's done before. D' y' know, excepting praying, I don't know anything that helps you much but the work you've done before. Here's the whole business. If you've come from a stock that's given you nervous energy enough to stand up and live your life, and you're reasonably decent, and you've got will enough to wait while you're doing the work, you'll probably be able to do some things almost as they should be done—the way they'll be done in heaven. That's what the geniuses do, and that's what the other fellows'll walk miles to see, because it makes 'em feel better inside. But you'll have to work, you know, an hour over the turn of a word, or a day to find how much light can fall beside an apostle's foot. That's the way they make classics. It's no use trying to tell the others about the work: they wouldn't understand, or, if you did get them to understand, they wouldn't believe you, so it would be a waste of time. All you need is the health and the chance to go ahead all the time you're properly awake, and to sleep all the time between, and you'll leave the artistic temperaments slopping along so far behind they'll look like wilted pansies. And when you do get it right in the end, they'll join in with the happy chorus and say it's a gift, a special dispensation from Heaven. That's my idea of interpreting things."

There was a gusty fluency about these dogmas that was impressive. Whether they naturally struck Mr. Spiers's soft spots, or whether it never occurred to him that any one could differ from his opinions so fully and so easily, I do not know; but he seemed displeased, as did Miss Sneed.

"Your friend is a curious person!" said that young woman, tensely, to me. Miss Hilda Roche's eyes rested on Mr. Kimborough's grave and inscrutable face.

"I think you're quite right," she said, "and it makes things so much simpler. It wouldn't be fair if the workers only got their success by—work, and the others got theirs by intuition; and everything's fair in the end, isn't it! My goodness! but I'm neglecting mine. I'm knitting a sweater for Tim—that's my kid brother." This last to me, as her brown hands went down into a locker for it, and began to swing large wooden needles. "Pick up Grandma's ball," she said briskly to Miss Sneed, who snorted as that furry animal came to rest beside her foot; but she obeyed. Mrs. Sneed also snorted, and Mr. Spiers, in apparent heat, said it was an "original creed."

Then we went to dinner, and it was a stately meal. I sat beside Miss Roche and gathered, in discreet interludes, that she had been asked on the cruise because Miss Sneed wanted to visit her in the winter—which would not occur—and that she had come because she loved boats and had never been yachting on salt water, and because she did not particularly know the Sneeds. With the light in her great eyes she told me further that Mr. Spiers was very clever at finance and that he had been awfully nice. Where, having no suitable reply at hand, I kept silent.

And after dinner Mr. Spiers, again under the guidance of Providence and in the midst of cigaret smoke, worked toward the piano and his own destruction, and Mrs. Sneed egged him on with great pride and with sidelong glances at us. It was uproariously evident that this was intended to be an exhibition.

Still, mistrusting the barometer, I slipped on deck for a moment, and stepped from the companion-hatch full into the middle of October. The picture of the gray gulf had been carelessly washed out by a chilled and over-early twilight, and the lightest *wisp* of very soft rain sifted on the cockpit-awning. Besides the *Gloria's* bulk and her towering spars, there remained in all the world three things: the uncertain loom of the wooded and rocky bank to the southward, to starboard a somber shadow that was the nearest of the pinkies, and to port the trails of the *Rorqual's* lights shaking across the calm; for there came also the least breath of air drifting in over the unseen islands from the outer gulf. I found the captain forward, already in oilskins, staring under the *Gloria's* riding-light into the mysterious Northeast.

"What do you think of it?" I said.

"I think there's goin' to be big trouble—an' me an' the cook left aboard. He"—with a profane inclination toward the saloon—"sent the other four to Leith with the *Now-an'-then*" (I inferred this meant the motor-boat) "to get full to-night an' bring a little lettuce an' ice out in the morning."

"How does she lie at anchor?"

"Like nothin' you ever saw. Range? Why, man, she goes round an' round it like a bull-calf round a picket. But it's started to rain, and we'll pray that's all it'll be—28:80 in July!" he murmured as I left. That portentous glass was vexing his soul also.

Below, Mr. Spiers had attained to the piano-stool and was visibly improvising a prelude. That prelude contained brief portions of the overture to "Semiramide"—*ritenuto;* Handel's Largo—*allegretto;* a few rough impressions of Madame Chaminade; a careless handful of sad and Oriental minor chords culled from the extensive works of P. Tschaikovsky; and a hazy, draped figure of San Toy and the memorable year 1900. In any case, it showed a large acquaintance with music.

I slid in beside Miss Roche. On the other side was Mr. F. B. Kimborough, and the expression of the Man with the Iron Mask would have been bright and vivacious beside his. It was no lack of interest, only hopeful ignorance. Have you ever watched an up-country lawyer on an admiralty case trying, with an open-scale chart, to work a grounded ship into a plowed field? In the midst of his sermon on artistic temperaments I think Mrs. Sneed was disquieted, but now she might search that childlike face and be reassured. While Mr. Spiers considered, he said earnestly that it was the best yacht piano he had ever heard (which the Sneeds smiled upon as a piece of unnecessary boasting), and as that gentleman returned to work he fell once more into a deferential silence.

Now, from the opening of Mr. Spiers's performance it was evident that he valued at its full the emotional effect music and a little mystery might have on impressionable ladies of twenty. So he supplied as much sheer music and as much mystery as he was able. He played a passage that came from somewhere in Schumann's "Kreisleriana" (he had assuredly been taught it in class), then Tschaikovsky's "Troïka en Traineaux," then the Humoresque in G. Inbred fatalism does not live in the air of eastern Canada. The steady recurring Oriental phrasing and the bland freedom from all ambition they neither sympathized with nor understood. Hence the mystery and the awed silence of the Sneed family: but the young lady with the intent blue eyes leaned forward and considered.

"Do you know much about music?" I asked in a pause.

"Not a thing in the world," she said.

Mr. Spiers proceeded into the heart of a silky nocturne, and the surroundings began to tell—billowy green upholstery against the San Domingo mahogany; and the coffee had been undeniably good. I think even Miss Sneed relaxed a little. The nocturne had been played before by many young ladies at many graduating recitals and raised no great heat. It was not that Mr. Spiers did it badly, but there was very little to do. He was gracefully leading up. Here he played a sonata that I did not know, but it struck me that there must be something seriously wrong with it. However, I waited and uselessly searched Mr. Kimborough's half-hidden face. It was set like a plaster cast of Innocence, and I thought, "How much longer may this miracle continue to be?"

Mr. Sneed was smoking in the tolerant belief that the appreciation of what they called classical music was a painful but inexpensive pose—at least, so I took it; Mrs. Sneed was in gracious possession of a wizard by which we were being overpowered, which is the sum of social success; Miss Sneed was stiffened against the cushions, watching the situation like a cat; and Mr. Spiers went forward into Chopin's A-flat Major Ballade and stepped cheerfully out

of his depth. There are things harder to play than the A-flat Major Ballade, many things, but to interpret with any degree of decency there may not be a dozen harder in the world. It may be made into a meaningless and irrelevant jumble, and to take out of it quite all there is in it needs a musician of the very first rank. And they know it, and so you find it on their programs in the place of greater music.

Within the first thirty bars he broke down a little, and later a little more; but he knew that we would never know, so he went on freely and outraged that ingenious composition. It was the artistic temperament—pure inspiration—turned loose; but it brought up the colour in Miss Roche's brown cheeks. Toward the ringing end of it he fell over himself and paused visibly, but endeavoured still, labouring to make us believe it was all written.

"What did he do?" the girl asked Mr. Kimborough in the least whisper as he finished.

"Caught a crab, I think," said that worthy. Mr. Spiers paused with one hand above the keyboard and looked at him in saddened reproach before he forged into the next classic.

"What is that?" demanded the girl in the early stages.

"Rubinstein's Study on the Wrong Notes," informed Mr. Kimborough, softly, and I saw the littlest smile flicker for an instant. The girl stared at him wide-eyed.

"You're a mean sneak!" she whispered when the music stopped.

"How?"

"I believe you've played the piano ever since you were a little boy. I don't believe you can do anything else."

"I'm a bird on a treasure-hunt," he said smoothly. And before she could warn Mr. Spiers that gentleman dropped his hands on the four lower E-flat's and fell into—the A-flat Major Polonaise. Even then she rose, but collapsed under a stare from Mrs. Sneed. Mr. Kimborough stiffened and shifted his feet. His repressed eye sought mine and indicated great strain.

There is not necessarily any impropriety in not being able to do a thing; but it is highly improper to pretend you can do it better than an archangel when you are reasonably sure the people about you will not know the difference. Besides, it is dangerous: for the theory of probability may fail you, and some one may be present. Or, if not, it is a crime, for it lowers the people's conceptions of archangels. Or, worse still, if they do not consider the archangel at all, it gives them a poor idea of a classic, and a classic is much more sacred than an archangel, for it is the best work of a man and will affect all men for all time, and an archangel is only a functionary.

Now, it would be painful, and, more important, it would be useless, to tell truly how Mr. Geoffrey Spiers played the A-flat Major Polonaise; for, after all, it has lifted up very many human hearts for very many years. The first notes, those E-flats, he smote viciously. The second of those little runs in thirds, ye pianists, he blurred; the third little run he sketched; the fourth he missed, while the troubled audience considered what it might be about. He fell feverishly on that slowing rhythm that leads it all up to the dominant and steadies it all down to the majestic polonaise time, and before he had attained to the first version of the main theme that great polonaise took him by the neck and led him away. And it used him with extreme cruelty. Under the mighty discipline his nerve forsook him, he passed out from under his own control, and his speed increased until he went away like a brakeless automobile on a 20 per cent. grade. On that bellowing three-octave run from A up to B-flat he never struck the critical top note once. He struck A; he struck B; he even struck C (when I saw Mr. Kimborough's neck grow red), and once he struck the wood of the piano. In the midst of the movement in E his left wrist must have fainted, for he played largely with his right till it recovered, which amazingly marred the effect. Toward the last he rocked on his stool and sweat freely, and in the extreme thundering finish he depressed within certain seconds, I think, more notes that had no harmonic relation to one another than I had ever heard before. In a reminiscent conference, long after, Mr. Simpson said he was not a judge of music, but it sounded aboard the *Rorqual* as if an electric piano-player had short-circuited.

Mr. Spiers left the Sneed family patently bewildered, but impressed beyond English words, and in the succeeding silence he moved modestly to another seat. Miss Roche was rose pink.

It was Miss Sneed's automatic voice that broke through.

"Thank you so much: that was beautiful!" she said. "Do you play?" I recovered to find that this last was addressed to me, and managed to say quite decently that I did not.

"Do you?" to Mr. Kimborough.

"I do," he said.

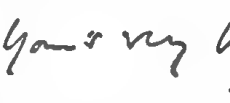
"Oh, won't you play—that is—if you don't mind playing after Mr. Spiers."

"Yes," urged Mr. Spiers, to be encouraging, "do!"

"I will," said the pianist. It had the full-measured intonation of the response in the marriage service. The cryptic smile flickered between Mrs. and Miss Sneed, and Mr. Kimborough arose as a wooden man.

(*To be concluded*)

A Psalm of Montreal—By SAMUEL BUTLER



The City of Montreal is one of the most rising and, in many respects, most agreeable on the American continent, but its inhabitants are as yet too busy with commerce to care greatly about the masterpieces of old Greek Art. In the Montreal Museum of Natural History I came upon two plaster casts, one of the Antinous and the other of the Discobolus—not the good one, but in my poem, of course, I intend the good one—banished from public view to a room where were all manner of skins, plants, snakes, insects, etc., and, in the middle of these, an old man stuffing an owl.

"Ah," said I, "so you have some antiques here; why don't you put them where people can see them?"

"Well, sir," answered the custodian, "you see they are rather vulgar."

He then talked a great deal and said his brother did all Mr. Spurgeon's printing.

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

STOWED away in a Montreal lumber room
The Discobolus standeth and turneth his face to the wall;
Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed and set at naught,
Beauty crieth in an attic and no man regardeth: O God! O Montreal!

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter,
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful—
He preacheth gospel of grace to the skin of owls
And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls: O God! O Montreal!

When I saw him I was wroth and I said, "O Discobolus!
Beautiful Discobolus, a Prince both among gods and men!
What doest thou here, how camest thou hither, Discobolus,
Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls?" O God! O Montreal!

And I turned to the man of skins and said unto him, "O thou man of skins,
Wherefore hast thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?"
But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins
And he answered, "My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God! O Montreal!

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar—
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;
I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connections—
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon." O God! O Montreal!

Then I said, "O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher,
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou callest trousers 'pants,' whereas I call them 'trousers,'
Therefore thou art in hell-fire and may the Lord pity thee!" O God! O Montreal!

"Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas,
The gospel of thy connection with Mr. Spurgeon's haberdashery to the gospel of the Discobolus?"
Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty saying, "The Discobolus hath no gospel,
But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon." O God! O Montreal!

The Rajah's Diamond

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The Adventure of Prince Florizel and a Detective

PRINCE FLORIZEL walked with Mr. Rolles to the door of a small hotel where the latter resided. They spoke much together, and the clergyman was more than once affected to tears by the mingled severity and tenderness of Florizel's reproaches.

"I have made ruin of my life," he said at last. "Help me; tell me what I am to do; I have, alas! neither the virtues of a priest nor the dexterity of a rogue."

"Now that you are humbled," said the Prince, "I command no longer; the repentant have to do with God and not with princes. But if you will let me advise you, go to Australia as a colonist, seek menial labour in the open air, and try to forget that you have ever been a clergyman, or that you ever set eyes on that accursed stone."

"Accursed indeed!" replied Mr. Rolles. "Where is it now? What further hurt is it now working for mankind?"

"It will do no more evil," returned the Prince. "It is here in my pocket. And this," he added kindly, "will show that I place some faith in your penitence, young as it is."

"Suffer me to touch your hand," pleaded Mr. Rolles.

"No," replied Prince Florizel, "not yet."

The tone in which he uttered these last words was eloquent in the ears of the young clergyman; and for some minutes after the Prince had turned away he stood on the threshold following with his eyes the retreating figure and invoking the blessing of heaven upon a man so excellent in counsel.

For several hours the Prince walked alone in unfrequented streets. His mind was full of concern; what to do with the diamond, whether to return it to its owner, whom he judged unworthy of this rare possession, or to take some sweeping and courageous measure and put it out of the reach of all mankind at once and forever, was a problem too grave to be decided in a moment. The manner in which it had come into his hands appeared manifestly providential; and as he took out the jewel and looked at it under the street lamps, its size and surprising brilliancy inclined him more and more to think of it as of an unmixed and dangerous evil for the world.

"God help me!" he thought; "if I look at it much oftener, I shall begin to grow covetous myself."

At last, though still uncertain in his mind, he turned his steps towards the small but elegant mansion on the river-side which had belonged for centuries to his royal family. The arms of Bohemia are deeply graved over the door and upon the tall chimneys; passengers have a look into a green court set with the most costly flowers, and a stork, the only one in Paris, perches on the gable all day long and keeps a crowd before the house. Grave servants are seen passing to and fro within; and from time to time the great gate is thrown open and a carriage rolls below the arch. For many reasons this residence was especially dear to the heart of Prince Florizel; he never drew near to it without enjoying that sentiment of home-coming so rare in the lives of the great; and on the present evening he beheld its tall roof and mildly illuminated windows with unfeigned relief and satisfaction.

As he was approaching the postern door by which he always entered when alone, a man stepped forth from the shadow and presented himself with an obeisance in the Prince's path.

"I have the honour of addressing Prince Florizel of Bohemia?" said he.

"Such is my title," replied the Prince. "What do you want with me?"

"I am," said the man, "a detective, and I have to present your Highness with this billet from the Prefect of Police."

The Prince took the letter and glanced it through by the light of the street lamp. It was highly apologetic, but requested him to follow the bearer to the Prefecture without delay.

"In short," said Florizel, "I am arrested."

"Your Highness," replied the officer,

"nothing, I am certain, could be further from the intention of the Prefect. You will observe that he has not granted a warrant. It is mere formality, or call it, if you prefer, an obligation that your Highness lays on the authorities."

"At the same time," asked the Prince, "if I were to refuse to follow you?"

"I will not conceal from your Highness that a considerable discretion has been granted me," replied the detective with a bow.

"Upon my word," cried Florizel, "your effrontery astounds me! Yourself, as an agent, I must pardon; but your superiors shall dearly smart for their misconduct. What, have you any idea, is the cause of this impolitic and unconstitutional act? You will observe that I have as yet neither refused nor consented, and much may depend on your prompt and ingenuous answer. Let me remind you, officer, that this is an affair of some gravity."

"Your Highness," said the detective humbly, "General Vandeleur and his brother have had the incredible presumption to accuse you of theft. The famous diamond, they declare, is in your hands. A word from you in denial will most amply satisfy the Prefect; nay, I go farther: if your Highness would so far honour a subaltern as to declare his ignorance of the matter even to myself, I should ask permission to retire upon the spot."

Florizel, up to the last moment, had regarded his adventure in the light of a trifle, only serious upon international considerations. At the name of Vandeleur the horrible truth broke upon him in a moment; he was not only arrested, but he was guilty. This was not only an annoying incident—it was a peril to his honour. What was he to say? What was he to do? The Rajah's Diamond was indeed an accursed stone; and it seemed as if he were to be the last victim to its influence.

One thing was certain. He could not give the required assurance to the detective. He must gain time.

His hesitation had not lasted a second.

"Be it so," said he, "let us walk together to the Prefecture."

The man once more bowed, and proceeded to follow Florizel at a respectful distance in the rear.

"Approach," said the Prince. "I am in a humour to talk, and, if I mistake not, now I look at you again, this is not the first time that we have met."

"I count it an honour," replied the officer, "that your Highness should recollect my face. It is eight years since I had the pleasure of an interview."

"To remember faces," returned Florizel, "is as much a part of my profession as it is of yours. Indeed, rightly looked upon, a Prince and a detective serve in the same corps. We are both combatants against crime; only mine is the more lucrative and yours the more dangerous rank, and there is a sense in which both may be made equally honourable to a good man. I had rather, strange as you may think it, be a detective of character and parts than a weak and ignoble sovereign."

The officer was overwhelmed.

"Your Highness returns good for evil," said he. "To an act of presumption he replies by the most amiable condescension."

"How do you know," replied Florizel, "that I am not seeking to corrupt you?"

"Heaven preserve me from the temptation!" cried the detective.

"I applaud your answer," returned the Prince. "It is that of a wise and honest man. The world is a great place, and stocked with wealth and beauty, and there is no limit to the rewards that may be offered. Such an one who would refuse a million of money may sell his honour for an empire or the love of a woman; and I myself, who speak to you, have seen occasions so tempting, provocations so irresistible to the strength of human virtue, that I have been glad to tread in your steps and recommend myself to the grace of God. It is thus, thanks to that modest and becoming habit alone," he added, "that you and I can walk this town together with untarnished hearts."

"I had always heard that you were brave," replied the officer, "but I was not aware that you were wise and pious. You speak the truth, and you speak it with an accent that moves me to the heart. This world is indeed a place of trial."

"We are now," said Florizel, "in the middle of the bridge. Lean your elbows on the parapet and look over. As the water rushing below, so the passions and complications of life carry away the honesty of weak men. Let me tell you a story."

"I receive your Highness's commands," replied the man.

And, imitating the Prince, he leaned against the parapet, and disposed himself to listen. The city was already sunk in slumber; had it not been for the infinity of lights and the outline of buildings on the

starry sky, they might have been alone beside some country river.

"An officer," began Prince Florizel, "a man of courage and conduct, who had already risen by merit to an eminent rank, and won not only admiration but respect, visited, in an unfortunate hour for his peace of mind, the collections of an Indian Prince. Here he beheld a diamond so extraordinary for size and beauty that from that instant he had only one desire in life: honour, reputation, friendship, the love of country, he was ready to sacrifice all for this lump of sparkling crystal. For three years he served this semi-barbarian potentate as Jacob served Laban; he falsified frontiers, he connived at murders, he unjustly condemned and executed a brother officer who had the misfortune to displease the Rajah by some honest freedoms; lastly, at a time of great danger to his native land, he betrayed a body of his fellow-soldiers and suffered them to be defeated and massacred by thousands. In the end, he had amassed a magnificent fortune, and brought home with him the coveted diamond.

"Years passed," continued the Prince, "and at length the diamond is accidentally lost. It falls into the hands of a simple and laborious youth, a student, a minister of God, just entering on a career of usefulness and even distinction. Upon him also the spell is cast; he deserts everything, his holy calling, his studies, and flees with the gem into a foreign country. The officer has a brother, an astute, daring, unscrupulous man, who learns the clergyman's secret. What does he do? Tell his brother, inform the police? No; upon this man also the Satanic charm has fallen; he must have the stone for himself. At the risk of murder, he drugs the young priest and seizes the prey. And now, by an accident which is not important to my moral, the jewel passes out of his custody into that of another, who, terrified at what he sees, gives it into the keeping of a man in high station and above reproach.

"The officer's name is Thomas Vandeleur," continued Florizel. "The stone is called the Rajah's Diamond. And"—suddenly opening his hand—"you behold it here before your eyes."

The officer started back with a cry.

"We have spoken of corruption," said the Prince. "To me this nugget of bright crystal is as loathsome as though it were crawling with the worms of death; it is as shocking as though it were compacted out of innocent blood. I see it here in my hand, and I know it is shining with hell-fire. I have told you but a hundredth part of its story; what passed in former ages, to what crimes and treacheries it incited men of yore, the imagination trembles to conceive; for years and years it has faithfully served the powers of hell; enough, I say, of blood, enough of disgrace, enough of broken lives and friendships; all things come to an end, the evil like the good; pestilence as well as beautiful music; and as for this diamond, God forgive me if I do wrong, but its empire ends to-night."

The Prince made a sudden movement with his hand, and the jewel, describing an arc of light, dived with a splash into the flowing river.

"Amen," said Florizel, with gravity. "I have slain a cockatrice!"

"God pardon me!" cried the detective. "What have you done? I am a ruined man."

"I think," returned the Prince with a smile, "that many well-to-do people in this city might envy you your ruin."

"Alas! your Highness!" said the officer, "and you corrupt me after all?"

"It seems there was no help for it," replied Florizel. "And now let us go forward to the Prefecture."

Not long after, the marriage of Francis Scrymgeour and Miss Vandeleur was celebrated in great privacy; the Prince acted on that occasion as groom's-man. The two Vandeleurs surprised some rumour of what had happened to the diamond; and their vast diving operations on the River Seine are the wonder and amusement of the idle. It is true that through some miscalculation they have chosen the wrong branch of the river. As for the Prince, that sublime person, having now served his turn, may go, along with the *Arabian Author*, topsy-turvy into space. But if the reader insists on more specific information, I am happy to say that a recent revolution hurled him from the throne of Bohemia, in consequence of his continued absence and edifying neglect of public business; and that his Highness now keeps a cigar store in Rupert Street, much frequented by other foreign refugees. I go there from time to time to smoke and have a chat, and find him as great a creature as in the days of his prosperity; he has an Olympian air behind the counter; and although a sedentary life is beginning to tell upon his waistcoat, he is probably, take him for all in all, the handsomest tobacconist in London.

A Charles Lamb Hoax

THE *dark suspicion sometimes crosses my mind that a lot of the readers of this magazine don't know any more than I do!*

If this be libellous, even as a hypothetical assumption—here are certain facts and exhibits as justification:

Last year, looking for something in William Hone's amusing "TABLE BOOK (*of Daily Recreation and Information concerning Remarkable Men and Manners, Times and Seasons, Solemnities and Merrymakings, Antiquities and Novelties*)"—*I came across an item which stopped me short: three verses "in the handwriting of Cowper, found among the papers of the late Mrs. Unwin," narrating a small misadventure of the spouse of the immortal John Gilpin.*

To me, this was News. The stanzas, with the accompanying engraving, "said to be by the poet's friend Romney," were promptly published in the July GOLDEN BOOK; *and like so many things which arouse an editor's enthusiasm they sank* spurlos *beneath the wave: nobody ever spoke or wrote a word about them. I remember wondering if John Gilpin were no longer that peculiar joy and intimate possession he used to be in one household.*

So far, nothing remarkable, however.

Then, a couple of months ago, upon acquiring from a second-hand dealer the magnificent set of Charles Lamb's Letters issued by the Bibliophile Society in 1905, I was leafing through the volume of facsimiles, just for the pleasure of observing the character in the Lamb manuscripts—when I was stopped much shorter by the letter on the following pages.

My unknown John Gilpin stanzas were all an impish joke by Charles Lamb! The picture, instead of being a drawing by Romney, was a sketch of Mary Lamb made by Thomas Hood, as they were out walking through the Enfield countryside one day.

Lamb's home was at Edmonton near the famous "Bell" of Master Gilpin's adventure; he thought it would amuse Hood to be confronted with his sketch in the Table Book; so he sent the sketch to a friend, with the improvised extra verses and an explanatory note from a "Sojourner at Enfield," to be offered to the unsuspecting Hone—who "fell" for it completely and printed the whole thing verbatim.

And this document, showing the joke being born, had reposed in Locker-Lampson's album for years, and for twenty years more had been spread abroad in an edition of 470 copies.

It's a distinction to feel one's self hoaxed by Charles Lamb, even almost a century after his death.

But surely, surely, anybody (except myself) ought to have known the facts, and immediately and superiorly corrected the editorial ignorance.

I fear after that experience there's a danger of developing in self-defence that most terrible quality, a Sense of Responsibility. H. W. L.

'Ride a-cock-horse'

Mrs Gilpin riding to Edmonton.
drawn after Nature by T. H.

Letter

Dear H

This is Hood's, done from the life, of mary
getting over a style here. mary, out of
a pleasant revenge, wants you to get it
engrav'd in Table Book to surprise H., who I know
will be amus'd with your so doing.
Append some observations about the
awkwardness of country styles, about
Edmonton, & the difficulty of elderly
Ladies getting over 'em. -
that is to say, if the you
think the sketch good enough.
I take on myself the warranty.

do Can you olip down here
some day & go a Greendragoning?

C.L.

Enfield (Mrs Leishman's, Chase).

P.S. If you do, send Hood
the number, No 2
Robert St
New Adelphi
& Hood will send Sketch to me

Then Mrs Gilpin sweetly said
Unto her children three,
"I'll clamber o'er this stile so high,
And you climb after me."

But having climb'd unto the top,
She could no further go,
But sate, to every passer by
A spectacle and ~~show~~ show:
Who said "Your spouse by you this day
Both show your horsemanship,
And if you stay till he comes back,
Your horse will need no whip."

The sketch, here engraved (probably by the poet's friend Romney) was found with the above three Stanzas in the handwriting of Cowper, among the papers of the late Mrs Unwin. It is to be regretted, that no more was found of this little Episode, as it evidently was intended to be, to the "diverting History of Johnny Gilpin". It is to be supposed that ~~Mrs~~ Mrs Gilpin, in the interval between dinner & tea, finding the time to hang upon her hands, & desiring her husband's momentary excursion, ~~she ramble~~ ~~out into the fields with the children, and at one of those high awkward styles, so embarrassing to ladies of~~ went out with the children into the fields at the back of the Bell, (as what could be more natural?) and at one of those high awkward styles, for which Edmonton is so proverbially famed, the embarassment represented, so mortifying to a substantial City Madam, might have happened; a predicament, which leaves her a state, which is the very Antipodes to that of her too Loco-motive husband; in fact she rides a restive horse. — Now I talk of Edmonton styles, I must speak a little about those of Enfield, ~~which are~~ its next neighbour, which are so ingeniously contrived, ~~the every rising bar being more & more protuberant~~ contrived — contrived, particularly on the south side of it, as the every rising bar, that her step to the top becoming more protuberant than the one under it — it is impossible for any Christian clamber to get over, without bruising his (or her) shins as many times as there are bars. These inhospitable inordinations to a ~~true~~ Bay'd skin, are planted so thickly too, & are so troublesomely importunately importunate at every little paddock here, that this; with more propriety than Thebes of old, might be entitled Hecatompolis: the Town of the Hundred Gates, or styles.

A sojourner at Enfield

The Stolen Bridegroom

By EMERSON HOUGH

WHEN Frederick William Ware, better known as Runt Ware, left Princeton, he faced life with his usual blithe resignation to fate. Gathering his mandolin under his arm, he pulled his five feet-six of affable manhood together, wired for the price of a ticket, and so departed for the ancestral halls, where, luckily for him, fatted calf was daily on the menu.

"What can you do?" asked his father.

"Pitch four curves," said the Runt, "and stand for even Lon Byron's delivery. And oh, Pater, you ought to see that fellow pitch! Say—" and he bent over the ancestral desk until Pater forgot to sign his dictation.

There seemed nothing particular for Runt Ware to do in a business concern where everything was already doing, so there was a paternal sigh of relief, albeit a few maternal tears, when once more the Runt with his customary happy smile placed his mandolin under his arm, about a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket, and artlessly announced that he thought of going west.

"Just as bad there as here," said Pater. "Better not."

"O Frederick!" said Mater.

"But," said the Runt, "Billy Hardy is going, and he's no end a good sort. He plays the banjo. We have to go together or the glee business would be busted"; and other collegiate speech, at the end convincing.

Whereupon the Runt ere long turned up, in company with Billy Hardy, at Barth, on the edge of the booming Canadian west, and they two on the second day of their arrival bought up a grocery and outfitting business, of which they knew nothing in the world and to which they paid no attention whatever, but which, to the great surprize of their families, though not in the least of themselves, began to pay 35 per cent. from the start.

"My observation of tourists, Pater," said the Runt in one of his letters home, "is that they are three-fourths cash and the other one-fourth easy. You'd better come out."

Since the mountain views were magnificent, and sport was on every side, and the air like champagne, and life in the newly-builded bungalow (christened "Stumbleholme" by these twain) was very bachelorish and delectable, the Runt, who ever swam with the passing tide, casually took out naturalization papers, was elected lieutenant of Light Horse in the local troop, assumed an ultra-English speech, and took to wearing fierce clothes of all manner, sorts, and varieties, including mauve puttees and eight kind of leggins with straps, not to mention a Northwest Mounted Police hat, which in combination with his mandolin, made him altogether irresistible to the summer femininity at the big tourist hotel.

Previous to the arrival of the Runt, all western Alberta was largely under the dominion of King Edward VII of Great Britain. Young men wore caps and knickers and other things during business hours, and went out collecting or soliciting with tennis-racket or cricket-bat in hand. This industrial and social system did not please the Runt.

"Just look at them," he would say to Billy Hardy. "Not a baseball game in the whole time we've been here. This is what I call the hardship of the frontier life. I'll tell you—let's start baseball!"

At this speech the two sat up straight upon their couches at the bungalow and stared at each other in the solemnity of a large inspiration.

"Why, of course," said Billy.

So they started baseball; and such was the personal popularity of the Runt over three hundred miles of ranch lands where his check was very usual and very good, that in the second season there was bitterness of soul between Alberta and Saskatchewan. As for British Columbia, her name was anathema; for lo! the team of Vancouver had manicured the earth with everything except the team of Barth, the latter, of course, captained by no less a person than the Runt himself.

In the Barth team were two Royal Northwest Mounted Policemen, Ramsay and O'Brien; one saloon-keeper by the name of Deakin; the local telegraph-operator, Wil-

liams; a negro porter by name of Sam, who lay over at Barth between runs to the coast; a highly intelligent Japanese curio-dealer called Itche Ban (though the Runt said it was a shame); a rancher by name of Billings, who once lived in Montana, and a "rawncher" of English extraction bearing the name of Jennings. Also there was Mr. Frederick William Ware.

It was in its way a gladsome sight to see the Barth baseball team take the field and deploy into action. Only in the heart of their captain did any doubt exist that the Barth team was utterly invincible. To Billy Hardy the Runt confided his own bitter conviction that they were a bunch of the most abject dubs ever assembled under the protecting ægis of any nation of the globe.

"Look at 'em!" he muttered between his teeth, as he and Billy approached the field and cast their gaze upon the mixed multitude. "Look at 'em! O Gawd!"

News came to Barth of the standing of all the clubs on the provincial circuit, and always the name of Vancouver led the rest. "Listen to me," said the Runt to Billy Hardy. "Something is going on over there in Vancouver, I tell you, or they couldn't have cleaned up Spokane 12 to 0. I'll bet a dollar they've got a man in from Seattle; that's what I'll bet. Tainted baseball in these new lands of King Edward! Oh, what an age!"

As he said these words, the Runt was mixing something for himself at the sliding shelf of the bungalow's cellaret. All at once his educated and artistic spoon grew deliberate in its motion. It slackened, stopped. A gentle smile overspread his features. He fumbled in his pockets, and presently spread out upon his knee a crumpled telegram.

"That's from Byron. Don't you see?" he remarked. "From Byron."

"Yes?" said Billy. "Awfully good fellow, Byron, too. I'm glad he's comin' through. We'll meet him at the train, as he says. Haven't heard from him in two years, but s'pose he's deep in business like you and me and too busy to write."

"Yes," said the Runt, "he's doin' law or somethin'. Now here he is comin' through on the gallop, headed for Victoria. Goin' to intercept the boat from Vancouver up coast to Alaska. Awful hurry, of course; but we'll meet him at the train—yes, we'll do that all right."

"Why's he in such a rush?" asked Billy.

"Oh, I believe he's goin' to get married, or somethin' of the sort. He always was doin' some impractical thing or other."

"Oh, I remember," said Billy reminiscently. "He was awf'ly gone on Georgie Dinwiddie, that Virginia girl he met at Wilson's house party that summer you know."

"I suppose that's who it is. She's been out at Seattle and 'Frisco and Victoria and places—her uncle is stopping at Victoria right now trying to keep her away from By. You see, poor fellow, By didn't have a lot of start in the world."

"Of course we'll meet him at the train," resumed Billy, reaching out for the glass that the Runt had forgotten.

"I should say we would," said the Runt, putting the glass behind his back. "I should just *say* we would!"

"Help him on, if it's an elopement," said Billy. "Uncles don't always have the best judgment in the world. But, say, what are you thinkin' about, you expatriated little cuss?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the Runt. "Nothin' at all in the whole wide world—only that Byron was absolutely the best pitcher ever put on the black and orange—only that he whitewashed Yale and set the world crazy, and won me twenty-five hundred dollars, which I lost the same night on something else! Only—oh Lord, Billy I don't see why you were made in the image of a man!"

"Well," insisted Billy, "I don't see what Byron has got to do with it, if he is goin' through on the jump for his weddin', and that two days before the game. He might like to stop, but how could he? I know *I* wouldn't."

"You would, under the circumstances," said the Runt grimly.

II

THE reports by wire from the coast were ominous. Odds at the Barth Hotel wavered, drew up, and stood even; nay, they even broke against the home team. Sporting judgment overbalanced loyalty. Every face in Barth was long except that of the Runt, who whistled and was inscrutable.

"But I tell you, Runt, it's his weddin' trip," began Billy Hardy, once more.

"What is a weddin' here or there, I'd like to know?" asked the Runt.

Billy sighed. He did not like to see his friend disappointed, and, besides, he had five hundred up on the game with Vancouver, which bid fair to be the hottest ever played in west Canada. As for the

Runt, he wavered not, but spoke apart in whispers to O'Brien of the Mounted Police.

The Runt and Billy were upon the platform to meet Byron's train, the former in spick-and-span business garb, with bright new yellow gloves, and puttees so tight they made his legs ache. His clean-shaven bronze young face shone with health, and confidence sat upon his brow. As the Imperial Flier rolled in and spread a thick scum of strange and wonderfully clad folk over the platform, Billy and the Runt made for the rear end, where the sleepers were attached. Sergeant O'Brien might have been seen to pause at the step where a pompous porter descended, and to engage in brief and imperious conversation with that person. A bill passed from a brown hand to one somewhat browner. The porter ran back into the car, hurriedly picked up two suit-cases, a hand-bag, a stick, and an umbrella and hurried out again. O'Brien took charge of them. The Runt and Billy meantime were conversing with a lean, hard young man with a wide chin and a soft voice, who had swung off the car and caught them both in a great embrace—Byron, '03, the Man with the Braided Arm.

Byron beamed and gulped and gasped and blushed and admitted. "Oh, by George, fellows," he said, "I'm glad to see you both. I'll stop here comin' back. I will, for a fact. She—I know she— Why, why—" He blushed some more, for Byron was always shy, except when there were three on bases and a good batter up.

"Lucky boy, lucky boy!" murmured the Runt.

(The conductor, afar up the platform: "*B-o-o-o-or-r-rd!*")

"I'm the happiest beggar in the world!" glowed Byron. "I say, I thought you were such asses to come up here, but it's great, great! Just look at those mountains. Ain't they bully? Just bully!"

(The conductor, afar off: "*O-o-o-o-or-r-r-i-i-ll*")

"Here, you," cried Byron suddenly, "I'm off! There she blows. Leggo, you! Dang it, Runt! Wait! quit, stop! Leggo! I tell you!"

"Grab him, Billy!" gasped the Runt, his head between Byron's legs, his hands gripping Byron's ankles like iron.

And Billy, a great light dawning upon him, grabbed him. Hard climbing after bighorn sheep, long hours in the saddle at polo, hours at tennis, at cricket, at baseball, had kept these two malefactors hard as nails. Byron struggled in vain against their combined jiu jitsu.

(The engine: "*Tchoo-choo-oo-o—ooo-ooo ooo-oooo!*")

"You low-down fiends!" cried Byron, sobbing, as he stood over his now vanquished assailants, his fists doubled, his eyes flashing, his face red with anger. "You low-down fiends! Look! look!— Last train— Married to-morrow!— Steamer— Oh, what will she do? What will she do? What *will* she *do?*" He sat down on the edge of the platform, his rumpled head in his hands.

"What's wrong here?" asked Sergeant O'Brien of the Northwest Mounted Police, stepping up briskly.

Byron sprang again to his feet. But the Runt felled him before he could make a start.

"I'll never forgive you—I'll never—" said Byron.

"Besides," said the Runt, "the telegraph-office is up-town. Let's go! By Jove, old man, I'm awf'ly sorry if I've caused you any inconvenience. But just let's run over to our place, and have a drink, and talk it all over!"

"You treacherous brute!" said Byron, his eyes wet. "She—she— Oh, what will Georgie think of *me?*"

III

"At any rate," said Byron, after the Runt had stirred something for him in a glass, "I didn't really mean to bang you fellows up so much. Your nose is all swelled."

"Don't mention it," said the Runt. "Jolly well glad to see you in such good shape. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make a joint message to Georgie."

"You mean Miss Dinwiddie," said Byron frigidly. "No, I think I can take care of that part alone. When does the next train go west?"

"Emigrant at 2 A. M.," said the Runt, sighing, "but of course you couldn't go on that."

"Oh, I suppose I couldn't," said Byron, with sarcasm.

"Well, at any rate, we can't hurry the Canadian Pacific," said the Runt. "Nothing can. It made these mountains and regulates the rising and setting of the sun. No use crowding the Canadian Pacific Railroad, for it's like givin' the elbow to divine Providence. We'll get you on the train all right in due time. In the mean-

time we'll just go out and have a little horseback ride. Say, you ought to see how that Vancouver gang is playin' ball. Why, they've got into the game as if 'twas the only thing they ever did in all their livin' lives. Spokane, 12 to 0; Walla Walla, 18 to 0; Seattle, 9 to 0; Victoria, 21 to 0! When they played over at Revelstoke the game was never finished at all. They kept on runnin' around till midnight, and then they had to stop to catch their train. But there's the horses."

It was a joyous little canter around through the hills, under the pine-trees, past the corner of the summer hotel, along the Spray brook, and so back to the main street of the little mountain village. "We'll just go a bit down the street," called back the Runt; and Byron, exulting in the air and speed, clattered behind him over the little bridge, with thunderous hoofs; to meet O'Brien, sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police, in full uniform.

O'Brien lifted a solemn but efficient hand. The Runt and Byron pulled up hard.

"Sorry, sir," said O'Brien, "but this is against the law. Furious ridin'. Have to take you in charge, sir."

"Well, I'm d——d!" said Byron wonderingly. "Well, now I *am* d——d!"

"I wouldn't talk, sir," said O'Brien. "You might incriminate yourself."

"You are right," said Byron; "I *might*."

After that he rode in silence beside O'Brien to the door of the little lockup, all Barth crowding there for to see and to admire.

"I say, fellows," began Byron again, as the strong arm of O'Brien thrust him through the iron-barred gate, "this is too much. We won't stand for it. No trial; no desk-book! Why, where is the bail-bond?"

The Runt winked at O'Brien. The latter suddenly locked the door.

"What's up?" cried Byron. "Why, ain't you fellows in it? You started it! Why, you treacherous, murdering lying little beast, this is a great joke, ain't it? Now, say, how long will I be in here?"

"Till you promise to be good," said the Runt sweetly.

"What's that?"

"Till you promise to pitch for Barth at the game day after to-morrow," said the Runt sternly.

"Day after to-morrow? Why, that's *too late*," wailed Byron. "I've got to get to Vancouver to-morrow. Can't you see?" he pleaded, shaking the bars of his prison.

The Runt looked at him implacably. "You will get to Vancouver after we've beat the suffering tar out of that Vancouver ball-team, and not before. Why, man, what's a weddin' against a real emergency like this? Haven't you got any *heart?*"

The unfortunate Byron could do no more than groan and sink down upon his narrow cot in outraged and astonished anger. The Runt and Billy, excusing themselves, departed, and sent the following message:

"MISS GEORGIE DINWIDDIE, care COL. JAMES S. DINWIDDIE, Victoria, B. C.

"Mr. Byron slightly injured. Detained in hospital here. Accident. Not serious. No occasion alarm. Sleeping quietly. Asks you come on at once. Answer. FREDERICK WILLIAM WARE."

Before bedtime messages began to arrive, all addressed to Frederick William Ware, all signed "Georgie Weston Dinwiddie." No. 1 said: "Much alarmed. Send details at once." Ten minutes later No. 2 asked: "Why no details? Situation urgent. Impossible to come." In five minutes No. 3 stated: "Can not stand suspense. Must know." No 4, apparently three minutes later, said: "Start east ten-thirty. Give him my love. Tell him bear up until I arrive."

"Confound it!" said the Runt, turning out of bed at 3 A. M. to read the last message. "I don't see why that girl can't keep calm. She'll come on now sheddin' tears and telegrams all down the road; and, by Jove! I'll bet she'll be here on the same train with the Vancouver nine. Think of that!"

It was as the Runt had said. When the east-bound Imperial Flier rolled into town, it bore a shouting, stalwart, piratical band of youths, whose bosoms disported a large red lettered V. B. C. and who carried at their head a broom and eke thereto a spotted bull pup. It bore also a somewhat dishevveled and tearful but undeniably desperately handsome girl with big eyes and hair in thick brown coils, and a frock that evidently had come from somewhere.

The Runt gasped. "We're in, Billy!" he hissed "I'm scared now." Then he stretched out his hand. "My dear Miss Dinwiddie!" he exclaimed. "How glad we are! This suspense! Knew how you'd feel. Not the least occasion in the world for anxiety. Wants to see you, of course. You see, I've sort of heard about it, and, by Jove, don't I congratulate him, though! This is Mr. Hardy, also a friend of Mr. Byron. We both knew him years back."

When he finished speaking, they had

stepped into a waiting carriage, and a few moments later they were in front of a building wherein lay a situation of perplexity to any one but a man truly fit for leadership.

"This doesn't look like a hospital," said Miss Dinwiddie. "But tell me, is he much hurt? Will he know me?"

"Well, *I* would, if I had ever seen you once," said the Runt gravely.

She entered the narrow corridor, trembling. Then swiftly her eyes took in the details of the barred door, the tiny window, the straw upon the floor, the narrow cot, the forlorn figure that turned swiftly and sat erect, the bottle and siphon nearby (gift of O'Brien, sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police, who, after all, had a heart). Georgie Dinwiddie looked at these things and at the central figure, with woman's resentment that he showed no injury.

"Alonzo Byron," she said, "what have you done? What is that bottle? Tell me this instant."

Byron sprang to the bars. "Kiss me, Georgie!" he exclaimed, forgetful.

"Hardened wretch!" remarked the Runt *sotto voce* to Billy Hardy.

"That bottle!" repeated Georgie Dinwiddie. "Ah, I see it all!"

"That? Oh!" convulsively exclaimed Byron. "Why, that's for—for *insects!* Oh, Georgie, get me out of this."

"Come away," whispered the Runt to the girl. "He's wanderin' again."

In the parlour at the summer hotel Georgie Dinwiddie and Frederick William Ware held earnest converse. "So it is for this you have put me in such a position!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing. "For the sake of winning a beastly little ball-game!"

"Well, of course, I don't know that he *can* win the game," began the Runt.

"Of *course* he could win. Why, I've seen him blank the Pittsburghs two straight in the same day," retorted Georgie hotly. "I've seen him hold Columbia down to three hits—win a little sand-lot ball-game win a team of scrubs that couldn't qualify in St. Paul. For this you put me in this kind of a situation! I didn't stop to think. I thought he was hurt. My uncle doesn't know where I am. Why, I *couldn't* marry Alonzo Byron now. He would think I was following him around. I'll never forgive you—never."

"You can marry him after the game, if you want to," said the Runt tentatively.

"I'll *never* marry him!"

"Then," said the Runt sweetly, "that's all right. I'll marry you myself, if you say so. There'll be a weddin' all right. I've never said that to another girl in my life, Miss Dinwiddie. But I never did intend to prevent any weddin' that was already arranged. My position just is that it's no harm to postpone a marriage in case of anything more important—any act of God—that sort of thing."

The girl gazed at him in open-eyed astonishment.

"I'll tell you what I think," went on the Runt. "If you were any sort of Yankee girl at all, you'd use your influence to get Byron to pitch in this game. I know well enough you've seen a game or so yourself."

"But I'll not be bulldozed into doing anything," retorted Georgie Dinwiddie, with spirit.

"Then, madam"—and the Runt's voice was firm—"the prisoner is in the hands of British Justice, and that is no light thing here, as it is in Pittsburgh. I should dislike to see you in the adjoining cell."

The girl sank back upon the divan in perturbation.

"Will you ask him?" said the Runt.

"Yes, yes, oh, yes, I will—I'll do anything."

"Will you marry my friend, Mr. Byron, after this game is won, Miss Dinwiddie?"

"Yes, yes, oh, *yes!*" with sobs.

"And will you explain to him, Miss Dinwiddie, that unless he does win this game, there isn't goin' to be any weddin'?"

"You brute! Yes, yes!" (Sobs.)

Later, the hypnotic eye of Frederick William Ware actually held Byron quiet behind the bars while the former made explanation.

"She'll be in the grand stand back of you, old man," said he. "You know she likes a good bit of ball as well as you or I. You come out in the Barth uniform to-morrow about 3:30. You let those howlin' dervishes put up their best B. C. antediluvian baseball for a few turns. Work 'em! Jolly 'em! Fool with 'em! Play with 'em! And then, by all the saints, just turn loose for old Nassau, and give these ignorant, benighted Britons a touch of baseball as she is did. Oh, do it, By! Do it! If you will, I'll see you married before you leave this town. I'll be your best man. Billy'll be usher. And if you don't, why, by the Lord! you stay in jail, and I'll marry the girl myself. Your case will linger in the courts till it gets to the Home Office in Great Britain. I wouldn't squeeze a man—much less a girl—I mean coerce, you know—but these are the terms: I *run* this town."

Byron sat on the edge of his cot, his head in his hands, for some time.

"Oh, well," said he after a while, slowly. "Oh, *well!*"

IV

THERE were two attractions in Barth on the following afternoon. One was the baseball game, and the other was Georgie Dinwiddie. That young woman presented certain problems even to the analytic mind of Frederick William Ware. How she accomplished it none might say, yet she was as the lilies of the field in wardrobe. Her hat was of the latest, also evidently from somewhere. Her veil was exquisite, her gloves brand-new, her boots bright, her red scarf really tied. Her face was the picture of repose and calm, yet withal so fair that men grew alarmed as they gazed.

"My, ain't she easy to look at?" whispered the Runt to Billy.

They led Byron on the field in full uniform two minutes before the game was called. The prisoner dared not look up at the grand stand. He felt rather than saw the presence in the sanctuary back of the protecting net.

The toss-up put Barth at the bat, which pleased the Runt, who was anxious to study Bingham, the Vancouver importation in the pitcher's box. The latter went about his work with superciliousness, striking out O'Brien and the highly intelligent Jap in one-two order. Barth's face fell as Jennings, who played third, followed these with empty hand and Vancouver came trooping in with sneering cheers.

Byron, between O'Brien and Ramsay of the Northwest Mounted Police, walked to the pitcher's box with methodical step. His long figure carried his flannels well. He pulled down his cap over his face, kicked about in the dust till he got his bearings, turned the ball for a twist or so, and then passed an easy one over to Salters, captain for Vancouver. The latter struck it so vicious a blow amidship that it sailed past the third baseman so far that the latter got lost in trying to find it. The pride of Vancouver was too deep for articulate speech. The nine simply looked at one another. Upon the face of the girl behind the net there froze a swift look of horror, of incredulity. She moved down a seat or so toward the front.

Welton went to the bat for Vancouver. "Strike one!" tolled the umpire; and again, "Strike two!" The face behind the net brightened. But how was this? At the next instant Welton also caught the ball full, and made second with mocking ease. Another Vancouver man got to first. Was Byron, '03—the Man with the Braided Arm—going to pieces! The Runt grew anxious. Georgie Dinwiddie sat in a cold trance, her hands tight clasped in her lap.

Vancouver scored two more. With dull surprize Byron had seen three men steal around him, and with loud exultation beat upon the shoulders of their friends and shout about odds and cry out baseball insult to him—Byron!—Princeton, '03, in whose hand had lain the whitewash-brush of humiliation many a time and oft. Byron was as one in a trance and scarce wist what was toward. There had come to him the sudden thought that this was his wedding-day and that he could not be married—yet there was she!— He scarcely knew when the inning ended.

When Byron was escorted to his seat at the bench near the net he heard something behind him, something like a sob. Then he flung discretion to the winds, and turned swiftly.

"Georgie!" he cried, "tell me, are you broken up over this beastly business? It wasn't my fault. I *couldn't* come."

"Oh, it isn't that," sobbed Georgie Dinwiddie. "It's not that! I'm sorry to lose you, but that isn't it—that was such *rotten ball!* Alonzo Byron, do that again, and I won't marry you; not if you were the last man in the world!"

Secrecy was impossible at this interview. "Bully girl!" cried the Runt, with enthusiasm. Then he and Billy Hardy and Sergeant O'Brien and others arose and stood in line before Byron, '03.

"Do that again, and she'll not marry you!" they chanted soulfully.

The rude men from Vancouver also arose and stood in line, derisively chanting as well: "Do that again and she'll not marry you!"

"This," said the captain of Vancouver, confidentially to the circumambient air, "is what I call easy!"

A white, hard face was thrust close up against his. A glittering gray eye looked coldly into his own.

"It's what you call easy, is it, you lubber?" hissed Byron. "Now, look here, I'll just bet you five hundred to one that you yourself never get to first again. I'll bet you the same your team doesn't get another run. I'll make it the same, by gad! that not two of you ever get as far as second!

Pitch! Why, confound your souls, I'm just playing with you children!"

"Is that so?" sneered Vancouver's captain.

"It is the soest sort of so!" retorted Byron hotly, rolling the sleeve back over a corded arm as he spoke. "By the Lord! if ever I did whitewash any poor suffering lot of infants, it's going to be you benighted Eskimos right here!"

Byron later said he was pitching for Georgie. The Runt said he had forgotten all about everything but baseball at the time. In any event, it was baseball that he pitched.

It chanced that Salters, the Vancouver captain, came first to the bat. He swung back, and concentered every fiber of his being as he saw an easy, slow, straight ball come sailing in as big as a balloon and as slow as a fat hen. With all his might he smote it full—or thought he did so. There was no resistance, and he gazed wildly about in the upper air. In reality the ball had changed its mind. It dropped a few feet in front of him and rolled softly and aimlessly in. "Strike one!" chanted the umpire.

The Vancouver man braced again for a clean one that came in fast and straight—the sort he liked—good for three bags at least. But some way it rose and went chug! into the big mitten of the Runt, catcher for Barth, whose chuckle behind him gave him agony.

Again Vancouver's captain swung the bat. Why he missed that easy, easy ball he never knew. It had resembled a Yorkshire pudding in size and contour to his gaze.

"Oh, this is easy, is it?" called Byron from the box. "You big dub! Dig out another drugged lamb, you people!"

They put in Sanfield, a good, even man with the stick, and him the captain bespoke in hurried converse. But Sanfield fanned sweet, thin mountain air in vain, and sat down, red and sad.

"Oh, easy!" mocked Byron, now a raging fiend, as the next man came to bat; and thereupon hurled in so terrible a straight ball that the Runt's face grew white, though he stood close up in obedience to the signal.

"Strike one!" tolled the umpire. And presently Vancouver retired to huddle and confer.

It was of no use. Bingham, the Vancouver importation, held stoically together, and prevented an absolute panic, but for the remaining innings the work was all for the battery, so far as Barth was concerned. Once the Runt dropped a straight one that came in too hot, and winced a bit as he did so. A Vancouver man got first on that. But he never got beyond. The umpire himself did not really know just where the curves were going, and he kept wide of the plate, not relishing artillery-fire.

For the last three rapid innings Georgie Dinwiddie, flushed, her bosom heaving with excitement, crowded close to the net behind the catcher. She saw eight men of the nine mutilate the air with wild swings, slashes, and swipes, emphasized by groans and protests and muttered oaths; but not one got to first. The score stood 8 to 4 for Barth, with hours of daylight to spare.

"Isn't this great *ball?*" cried Georgie to the players' bench, impersonally.

Byron stood, smiling calmly at his last victim, and tossed him a slow drop with so much back roll that, though bat-tipped, it got scarce twenty feet away from the plate before he had it in his own hands again. He fielded swiftly to first, where Ransom of the Northwest Mounted Police solemnly touched his man out, with "'arf an hour to spare," as he explained it.

But before that, Byron, not looking around, had left his box and was making toward the shielding net. The girl met him, flushed, radiant, her nose against the meshes.

"Lon!" she cried.

"Georgie!"

"Why don't you walk around the net?" asked the Runt judicially.

"What is the matter with your hand, you poor thing?" asked she, as the Runt drew off his big catcher's glove a few moments later.

"Nothin'," said the Runt. "Little finger broke, I s'pose. I'm always breakin' it. Maybe she's tore a little. They came a trifle warm in the fifth inning."

"You dear boy!" said Georgie, and kissed him openly and in public, while Byron wrung his other hand.

"It was *great!*" said Georgie again, looking with pride into Byron's eyes. Then suddenly she grew rosy and silent.

Byron, '03, started as though suddenly thinking of something he had forgotten.

"That's *so!*" said he.

The Fortified House

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Translated by Charles Wharton Stork

SURPRISED by the winter cold, the Swedes in crowded confusion had taken up their quarters behind the walls of Hadjash. Soon there was not a house to be found that was not filled with the frost-bitten and the dying. Cries of distress were heard out in the street, and here and there beside the steps lay amputated fingers, feet, and legs. Vehicles stood fastened to each other, so tightly packed from the city gate to the market-place that the chilly, pale soldiers, who streamed in from all sides, had to crawl between the wheels and runners. Buckled in their harness and turned away from the wind, the horses, their loins white with frost, had already stood many days without food. No one took care of them, and several of the drivers sat frozen to death with hands stuck into their sleeves. Some wagons were like oblong boxes or coffins, where, from the chink of the flat lid stared out mournful faces, which read in a prayer-book or gazed longingly with feverish delirium at the sheltering houses. A thousand unfortunates, in muffled tones or silently, cried to God for mercy. Under the sheltered side of the city wall dead soldiers stood in lines, many with red Cossack coats buttoned over their ragged Swedish uniforms and with sheepskins around their naked feet. Wood doves and sparrows, which were so stiff with frost that they could be caught with the hand, had fallen on the hats and shoulders of the standing corpses, and fluttered their wings when the chaplains went by to give a Last Communion in brandy.

Up at the market-place, among burnt areas, stood an unusually large house, from which could be heard loud voices. A soldier delivered a fagot to an ensign who stood in the doorway, and when the soldier went back into the street, he shrugged his shoulders and said to whomsoever cared to hear him: "It's only the gentlemen quarreling in the chancellery."

The ensign at the door had lately arrived with Lewenhaupt's forces. He carried the fagot into the room, and threw it down by the fireplace. The voices within ceased immediately, but as soon as he had closed the door, they began with renewed heat.

It was His Excellency, Piper, who stood in the middle of the floor, his countenance wrinkled and furrowed, with glowing cheeks and trembling nostrils.

"I say that the whole affair is madness," he burst out, "madness, madness!"

Hermelin, with his pointed nose, was constantly twitching his eyes and his hands, while he sprang back and forth in the room like a tame rat; but Field Marshal Rehnskiöld, who, with his handsome, stately figure, was standing by the fireplace, only whistled and hummed. If he had not whistled and hummed, the quarrel would have been finished by this time, because for once they were all fully agreed; but the fact that he whistled and hummed instead of being silent, or at least speaking, that could be endured no longer. Lewenhaupt at the window took snuff and snapped shut his snuff-box. His pepper-brown eyes protruded from his head, and it looked as if his comical peruke became ever bigger and bigger. If Rehnskiöld had not continued to whistle and hum, he would have controlled himself to-day as yesterday and on all other occasions, but now wrath rose to his brow.

He shut his snuff-box for the last time, and mumbled between his teeth, "I do not ask that His Majesty should understand statesmanship. But can he lead troops? Does he show real insight at a single encounter or attack? Trained and proved

old warriors, who never can be replaced, he offers daily for an empty bravado. If our men are to storm a wall, it is considered superfluous that they bind themselves protecting fagots or shields, and therefore they are wretchedly massacred. To speak freely, my worthy sirs, I can forgive an Uppsala student many a boyish freak, but I demand otherwise of a general in the field. Truly it avails not to carry on a campaign under the command of such a master."

"Furthermore," continued Piper, "His Majesty does not at present incommode you, general, with any particularly hard command. At the beginning, before one man had succeeded in distinguishing himself more than another, it went better; but now His Majesty goes around mediating and reconciling with a foolish smile, so that one could go crazy."

He raised his arms in the air with a wrath which had lost all sense and bounds, notwithstanding he was altogether at one with Lewenhaupt. While he was still speaking, he turned about and betook himself impetuously to the inner apartments. The door slammed with such a clatter that Rehnskiöld found himself yet more called upon to whistle and hum. If he only had chosen to say something! But no, he did not. Gyllenkrook, who sat at the table and examined departure-checks, was blazing in the face, and a little withered-looking officer at his side whispered venomously into his ear: "A pair of diamond earrings given to Piper's countess might perhaps even yet help Lewenhaupt to new appointments."

If Rehnskiöld had now ceased to whistle and hum, Lewenhaupt would still have been able to control himself, to take up the roll of papers he carried under his coat and sit down at a corner of the table; but instead, the venerable and at other times taciturn man grew worse and worse. He turned about undecidedly and went toward the entrance door, but there he suddenly stood still, drew himself up, and smacked his heels together as if he had been a mere private. Now Rehnskiöld became quiet. The door opened. An icy gust of wind rushed into the room, and the ensign announced with as loud and long-drawn a voice as a sentry who calls his comrades to arms: "Hi-s Majesty!"

The king was no longer the dazzled and wondering half-grown youth of aforetime. Only the boyish figure with the narrow shoulders was the same. His coat was sooty and dirty. The wrinkle around the short, protruding upper lip had become deeper and rather morose. On the nose and one cheek he had frost-bite, and his eyelids were red-edged and swollen with protracted cold, but around the formerly bald vertex of his head the combed-back hair stood up like a pointed crown.

He held a fur cap in both hands, and tried to conceal his embarrassment and diffidence behind a stiff and cold ceremoniousness, while bowing and smiling to each and all of those present.

They bowed again and again still more deeply, and when he had advanced to the middle of the floor, he stood still and bowed awkwardly toward the sides, though with somewhat more haste, being apparently wholly occupied with what he was about to say. Thereupon he remained a long while standing quite silent.

Then he went forward to Rehnskiöld and, with a brief inclination, took him by one of his coat buttons.

"I would beg," he said, "that Your Excellency provide me with two or three men of the common soldiers as escort for a little excursion. I have already two dragoons with me."

"But, Your Majesty! the country is overrun with Cossacks. To ride in here to the city from Your Majesty's quarters with so small an escort was already a fate of daring."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense! Your Excellency will do as I have said. Some one of the generals present, who is at leisure, may also mount and take one of his men."

Lewenhaupt bowed.

The king regarded him a trifle irresolutely, without answering, and remained standing after Rehnskiöld hastened out. None of the others in the circle considered it necessary to break the silence or to move.

Only after a very long pause did the king bow again to every one separately, and go out into the open air.

"Well?" inquired Lewenhaupt and clapped the ensign on the shoulder with a return of his natural kindliness. "The ensign shall go along! This is the first time the ensign has stood eye to eye with His Majesty."

"I had never expected he would be like that."

"He is always like that. He is too kingly to command."

They followed after the king, who clambered over wagons and fallen animals. His motions were agile, never abrupt, but

measured and quite slow, so that he never for a moment lost his dignity. When he had finally made his way forward through the throng to the city gate, he mounted to the saddle with his attendants, who were now seven men.

The horses stumbled on the icy street, and some fell, but Lewenhaupt's remonstrances only induced the king to use his spurs yet more heartlessly. The lackey Hultman had read aloud to him all night or had related sagas, and had at length coaxed him into laughing at the prophecy that, had he not been exalted by God to be a king, he would for his whole life have become an unsociable floor-pacer, who devised much more wonderful verses than those of the late Messenius of Disa on Bollhus, but especially the mightiest battle stories. He tried to think of Rolf Gotriksson, who ever rode foremost of all his men, but to-day it did not please him to bound his thoughts within the play-room of a saga. The restlessness, which during the last few days had struck its claws into his mind, would not let go of its royal prey. At the chancellery he had just seen the heated faces. Ever since the pranks of his boyhood he had been wrapped in his own imaginary world of the past. He had sat deaf to the piercing cries of distress along the way, while he became distrustful of each and all who exhibited a more sensitive hearing. To-day, as at other times, he hardly noted that they offered him the best-rested horse and the freshest cake of bread, that in the morning they laid a purse with five hundred ducats in his pocket, that the horsemen at the first *mêlée* would form a ring about him and offer themselves to that death which he had challenged. On the other hand, he noticed that the soldiers saluted him with gloomy silence, and misfortunes had made him suspicious even of those nearest to him. The most cautious opposition, the most concealed disapproval, he made a note of without betraying himself, and every word remained and gnawed at his soul. Every hour it seemed to him that he lost an officer on whom he had formerly relied, and his heart became all the colder. His thwarted ambition chafed and bled under the weight of failure, and he breathed more lightly the farther behind him he left his headquarters.

Suddenly Lewenhaupt came to a stand, debating within himself how to exercise an influence upon the king.

"My heroic Ajax!" said he, and patted his steaming horse, "you are indeed an old manger-biter, but I have no right to founder you for no good cause, and I myself am beginning to get on in years as you are. But in Jesus' name, lads, let him who can follow the king!"

When he saw the ensign's anxious sidelong look toward the king, he spoke with lowered voice: "Be faithful, boy! His Majesty does not roar out as we others do. He is too kingly to chide or bicker."

The king feigned to notice nothing. More and more wildly, over ice and snow, he kept up the silent horse-race without goal or purpose. He had now only four attendants. After another hour one of the remaining horses fell with a broken foreleg, and the rider out of pity shot a bullet through its ear, after which he himself, alone and on foot, went to meet an uncertain fate in the cold.

At last the ensign was the only man who was able to follow the king, and they had now come among bushes and saplings, where they could proceed but at a footpace. On the hill above them rose a gray and sooty house with narrow grated windows, the courtyard being surrounded by a wall.

At this moment there was a shot.

"How was that?" inquired the king, and looked around.

"The pellet piped nastily when it went by my ear, but it only bit the corner of my hat," answered the ensign, without the least experience of how he ought to conduct himself before the king. He had a slight Småland accent, and laughed contentedly with his whole blond countenance.

Enchanted by the good fortune of being man by man with him whom he regarded as above all other living human beings, he continued: "Shall we then go up there and take them by the beard?"

The answer pleased the king in the highest degree, and with a leap he stood on the ground.

"We'll tie our steeds here in the bushes," he said, exhilarated and with bright colour on his cheek. "Afterwards let us go up and run them all through as easily as whistling."

They left the panting horses and, bending forward, climbed up the hill among the bushes. Over the wall looked down several Cossack heads with hanging hair, yellow and grinning as those beheaded criminals.

"Look!" whispered the king, and smote his hands together. "They're trying to pull shut the rotten gate, the fox-tails!"

His glance, but recently so expressionless, became now flickering and anon open and shining. He drew his broadsword and raised it with both hands above his head. Like a young man-god he stormed in through the half-open door. The ensign, who cut and thrust by his side, was often close to being struck from behind by his weapon. A musket-shot blackened the king's right temple. Four men were cut down in the gateway, and the fifth of the band fled with a fire-shovel into the courtyard, pursued by the king.

Then the king wiped off the blood from his sword on the snow, while he laid two ducats in the Cossack's shovel and burst out with rising spirits, "It is no pleasure to fight with these wretches who never strike back and only run. Come back when you have bought yourself a decent sword."

The Cossacks, who understood nothing, stared at the gold-pieces, sneaked along the wall to the gate, and fled. Ever farther and farther away on the plain he called his roving comrades with a dismal and lamenting "Oohaho! Oohaho!"

The king hummed to himself, as if chafing with an unseen enemy: "Little Cossack man, little Cossack man, go gather up your rascals!"

The walls around the courtyard were mouldering and black. From the wilderness sounded an endlessly prolonged minor tone, as from an aeolian harp, and the king inquisitively shouldered in the door of the dwelling-house. This consisted of a single large and half-dark room, and before the fireplace lay a heap of blood-stained clothing, which plunderers of corpses had taken from fallen Swedes. The door was thrown shut again by the cross-draught, and the king went to the stable-buildings at the side. There was no door there, and a sound was now heard the more plainly. Within in the darkness lay a starved white horse bound to an iron ring in the wall.

A lifted broadsword would not have checked the king, but the uncertain dusk caused the man of imagination to stand on the threshold, fearful of the dark. Yet he gave no sign of this, but beckoned the ensign. They stepped in down a steep stairway to a cellar. Here there was a well and, at the arm of the creaking windlass that brought up the water, a deaf Cossack, wholly unaware of danger, was driving around with whip and reins a human figure in the uniform of a Swedish officer.

When they had loosed the rope and had bound the Cossack in the place of the prisoner, they recognized the Holsteiner, Feuerhausen, who had served as major in a regiment of dragoon recruits, but had been cut off by the Cossacks and harnessed as a draught animal for hoisting water.

He fell on his knees, and stammered in broken Swedish: "Your Majesty! I gan't pelief my eyes . . . My gratitude—" . . .

The king cheerily interrupted his talk, and turned to the ensign: "Bring up the two horses to the stable! Three men cannot ride comfortably on two horses, and therefore we shall stay here till a few Cossacks come by, from whom we can take a new horse. Do you, sir, stand guard at the gate."

After that the king went back to the dwelling-house, and shut the door after him. The horses which, desperate with hunger, had been greedily gnawing the bark from the bushes, were meanwhile led up to the stable, and the ensign mounted guard.

Slowly the hours went by. When it began to draw towards dusk, the storm increased in bitterness, and in the light of sunset the snow whirled over the desolate snow-plain. Deathly yellow Cossack faces raised themselves, spying above the bushes, and borne in the wind sounded the roving plunderers' "Oohaho! Oohaho! Oohaho!"

Then Feuerhausen stepped out of the stable, where he had sat between the horses so as not to get frost in his wounds from the ropes with which he had been bound. He went forward to the barred doors of the dwelling-house.

"Your Majesty!" he stammered, "the Cossacks are gathering more and more, and darkness is coming soon. I and the ensign can both sit on one horse. If we delay here, this night will be Your Mightiest Majesty's last, which Gott in His secret dispensation forbit!"

The king answered from within, "It must be as we said. Three men do not ride comfortably on two horses."

The Holsteiner shook his head and went down to the ensign.

"Such is His Majesty, you damt Swedes. From the stable I heard him walk and walk back and forvart. Sickness and conscience-torture will come. Like a *pater familiae* the Muscovite czar stands among his subjects. A confectioner he sets up as his friend, and a simple servant-girl he raises to his glorious imperial throne. Detestable are his gestures when he gets drunk, and he treats women *à la françois;*

but his first and last wort always runs, 'For Russia's goot!' King Carolus leafs his lants as smoking ash-heaps, and does not possess a single frient, not efen among his nearest. King Carolus is more lonely than the meanest wagon-drifer. He has not once a comrade's knee to weep on. Among notables and fine ladies and perukes he comes like a specter out of a thousant-year mausoleum—and specters mostly go about wit'out company. Is he a man of state? Oh, haf mercy! No sense for the public. Is he a general? Good-by! No sense for the big masses. Only to make bridges and set up gabions, clap his hants at captured flags and a couple of kettledrums. No sense for state and army, only for men."

"That may be also a sense," replied the ensign.

He walked vigorously back and forward, for his fingers were already so stiff with cold that he scarcely could hold his drawn blade.

The Holsteiner shifted the ragged coat-collar around his cheeks and went on with muffled voice and eager gestures: "King Carolus laughs with delight when the bridge breaks, and men and beasts are miserably drownt. No heart in his breast. To the deuce wit' him! King Carolus is such a little Swedish half-genius as wanders out in the worlt and beats the drum and parades and makes a fiasco, and the parterre whistles, 'Whee!'"

"And that is why the Swedes go to death for him," answered the ensign; "that is why."

"Not angry, my dearest fellow! Your teeth shone so in a laugh when we first met."

"I like to hear the Herr Major talk, but I'm freezing. Will not the major go up and listen at the king's door?"

The Holsteiner went up to the door and listened. When he came back, he said, "He only walks and walks, and sighs heavily like a man in anguish of soul. So it always is now, they say. His Majesty nefer sleeps any more at night. The comedy-actor knows he is not up to his part, and of all life's torments wounded ambition becomes the bitterest."

"Then it should also be the last for us to jest at. Dare I beg the major to rub my right hand with snow? It is getting numb."

The Holsteiner did as he desired, and turned back to the king's door. He struck his forehead with both hands. His gray-sprinkled, bushy mustaches stood straight out, and he mumbled, "Gott, Gott! Soon it will be too dark to retreat."

The ensign called, "Good sir, I should like to ask if you would rub my face with snow. My cheeks are freezing stiff. Of the pain in my foot I will not speak. Ah, I can't bear it."

The Holsteiner filled his hands with snow. "Let me stand guard," he said, "only for an hour."

"No, no. The king has commanded that I stay here at the entrance."

"Och, the king! I know him. I will make him cheerful, talk philosophy, tell of gallant exploits. He is always amused to hear of a lover who climbs adventurously through a window. He often looks at the beautiful side of womankint. That appeals to his imagination, but not to his flesh, for he is wit'out feeling. Ant he is bashful. If the fair one ever wishes to tread him under her silken shoe, she must herself attack, but pretent to flee, and all the others must strive against the *liaison*. The most mighty lady, his grandmother, spoiled everything with her shriek of 'Marriage, marriage!' King Carolus is from top to toe like the Swedish queen Christina, though he is genuinely masculine. The two should have married each other on the same throne. That would haf been a fine little pair. Oh, pfui, pfui! you Swedes. If a man gallops his horses and lets people and kingdom be massacred, he is still pure-hearted and supreme among all, if only his bloot is too slow for amours. Oh, excuse me! I know pure-hearted heroes who were faithfully in love with two, three different maidens or wives in one and the same week."

"Yes, we are so, we are so. But for Christ's pity, you must rub my hand again! And excuse my moaning and groaning!"

Just inside the gate, which could not be shut, lay the fallen Cossacks, white as marble with the hoar frost. The yellow sky became gray, and ever nearer and more manifold in the twilight sounded the wailing cries, "Oohaho! Oohaho! Oohaho!"

Now the king opened his door and came down across the court.

The pains in his head, from which he had begun to suffer, had been increased by his ride in the wind and made his glance heavy. His countenance bore traces of lonely soul-strife, but as he drew near, his mouth resumed its usual embarrassed smile. His temple was still blackened after the musket-shot.

"It's freshening up," he said, and producing from his coat a loaf of bread, he broke it in three, so that every one had as

large a piece as he did. After that, he lifted off his riding-cape, and fastened it himself about the shoulders of the sentinel ensign.

Abashed over his own conduct, he then took the Holsteiner forcibly by the arm and led him up through the courtyard, while they chewed at their hard bread.

Now, if ever, thought the Holsteiner, is the time to win the king's attention with a clever turn of speech, and afterwards talk sense with him.

"The accommodation might be worse," he began, at the same time biting and chewing. "Ah, good old days! That reminds me of a gallant adventure outside of Dresden."

The king kept holding him by the arm, and the Holsteiner lowered his voice. The story was lively and salacious, and the king grew inquisitive. The coarsest allusions always lured out his set smile, He listened with a despairing and half-absent man's need of momentary diversion.

Only when the Holsteiner with cunning deftness began to shift the conversation over to some words about their immediate danger did the king again become serious.

"Bagatelle, bagatelle!" he replied. "It is nothing at all worth mentioning, except that we must behave ourselves well and sustain our reputation to the last man. If the rascals come on, we will all three place ourselves at the gate and pink them with our sword."

The Holsteiner stroked his forehead and felt around. He began to talk about the stars that were just shining out. He set forth a theory for measuring their distance from the earth. The king now listened to him with a quite different sort of attention. He broke into the question keenly, resourcefully, and with an unwearied desire to think out new, surprising methods in his own way. One assertion gave a hand to another, and soon the conversation dwelt on the universe and the immortality of the souls, to return afresh to the stars. More and more of them flickered in the heavens, and the king described what he knew about the sun-dial. He stood up his broadsword with its scabbard in the snow and directed the point toward the Polestar, so that next morning they might be able to tell the time.

"The heart of the universe," he said, "must be either the earth or the star that stands over the land of the Swedes. No land must be of more account than the Swedish land."

Outside the wall the Cossacks were calling out, but as soon as the Holsteiner led the talk to their threatened attack, the king was laconic.

"At daybreak we shall betake ourselves back to Hadjash," said he. "Before then we can hardly secure a third horse, so that each of us can ride comfortably in his own saddle."

After he had spoken in that strain, he went back into the dwelling-house.

The Holsteiner came down with a vehement stride to the ensign, and pointing at the king's door, he cried out, "Forgif me, ensign. We Germans don't mince words when a wount oozes after a rope, but I lay down my arms and gif you, sir, the victory, because I also could shed my bloot for the man. Do I lofe him! No one efer understands him that has not seen him. But, ensign, you cannot stay any longer out in the weather."

The ensign replied, "No cape has warmed me more sweetly than the one I now wear, and I lay all my cares on Christ. But in God's name, major, go back to the door and listen! The king might do himself some harm."

"His Majesty would not fall on his *own* sword, but longs for another's."

"Now I hear his steps even down here. They are getting still more violent and restless. He is so lonely. When I saw him in Hadjash bowing and bowing among the generals, I could only think, How lonely he is!"

"If the little Holsteiner slips away from here alife, he will always remember the steps we heard to-night and always call this refuge Fort Garten."

The ensign nodded his approval and answered, "Go to the stable, major, and seek rest and shelter awhile between the horses. And there through the walls you can better hear the king and watch over him."

Thereupon the ensign began to sing with resonant voice:

O Father, to Thy loving grace . . .

The Holsteiner went back across the court into the stable and, his voice quavering with cold, intoned with the other:

In every time and every place
My poor weak soul would I commend.
O Lord, receive it and defend.

"Oohaho! Oohaho!" answered the Cossacks in the storm, and it was already night.

The Holsteiner squeezed himself in be-

tween the two horses, and listened till weariness and sleep bowed his head. Only at dawn was he wakened by a clamour. He sprang out into the open air, and beheld the king already standing in the court, looking at the sword that had been set up as a sun-dial.

By the gate the Cossacks had collected, but when they saw the motionless sentry, they shrank back in superstitious fear and thought of the rumours concerning the magic of the Swedish soldiers against blow and shot.

When the Holsteiner had gotten forward to the ensign, he grasped him hard by the arm.

"What now?" he asked. "Brandy?"

At the same instant he let go his grip.

The ensign stood frozen to death with his back against the wall of the gate, his hands on his swordhilt, and wrapped in the king's cloak.

"Since we are now only two," the king remarked, drawing his weapon out of the snow, "we can at once betake ourselves each to his horse, as it was arranged."

The Holsteiner stared him right in the eyes with reawakened hate and remained standing, as if he had heard nothing. Finally, however, he led out the horses, but his hands trembled and clenched themselves, so that he could hardly draw the saddle-girths.

The Cossacks swung their sabers and pikes, but the sentry stood at his post.

Then the king sprang carelessly into the saddle, and set his horse to a gallop. His forehead was clear, his cheeks were rosy, and his broadsword glimmered like a sunbeam.

The Holsteiner looked after him. His bitter expression relaxed, and he murmured between his teeth, while he too mounted to the saddle and with hand lifted to his hat raced by the sentry. "It is only the joy of a hero in seeing a hero's noble death. Thanks, comrade!"

A Valediction

By ERNEST DOWSON

IF WE must part,
Then let it be like this;
Not heart on heart,
Nor with the useless anguish of a kiss;
But touch mine hand and say:
"*Until to-morrow or some other day,*
If we must part."

Words are so weak,
When love hath been so strong,
Let silence speak:
"*Life is a little while, and love is long;*
A time to sow and reap,
And after harvest a long time to sleep,
But words are weak."

Pole Vaulting Began as a Useful Art in Ancient Greece

A man fixed a pole on the ground, and, throwing himself into the air, made a somersault, and with his nimble feet passed over the back of the beast that was rushing at him. It failed to strike him; the people applauded loudly, and the man escaped.

Greek Anthology (Anon.).

The Hour-Glass — A Morality

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

W B Yeats.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

A WISE MAN.
A FOOL.
SOME PUPILS.
AN ANGEL.
THE WISE MAN'S WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN.

SCENE: *A large room with a door at the back and another at the side opening to an inner room. A desk and a chair in the middle. An hour-glass on a bracket near the door. A creepy stool near it. Some benches. An astronomical globe, perhaps. Perhaps a large ancient map of the world on the wall or some musical instruments. Floor may be strewed with rushes. A* WISE MAN *sitting at his desk.*

WISE MAN (*turning over the pages of a book*)—Where is that passage I am to explain to my pupils to-day? Here it is, and the book says that it was written by a beggar on the walls of Babylon: "There are two living countries, the one visible and the one invisible; and when it is winter with us it is summer in that country, and when the November winds are up among us it is lambing-time there." I wish that my pupils had asked me to explain any other passage. (*The* FOOL *comes in and stands at the door holding out his hat. He has a pair of shears in the other hand.*) It sounds to me like foolishness; and yet that can not be, for the writer of this book, where I have found so much knowledge, would not have set it by itself on this page, and surrounded it with so many images and so many deep colours and so much fine gilding, if it had been foolishness.

FOOL—Give me a penny.

WISE MAN (*turns to another page*)—Here he has written: "The learned in old times forgot the visible country." That I understand, but I have taught my learners better.

FOOL—Won't you give me a penny?

WISE MAN—What do you want? The words of the wise Saracen will not teach you much.

FOOL—Such a great wise teacher as you are will not refuse a penny to a Fool.

WISE MAN—What do you know about wisdom?

FOOL—Oh, I know! I know what I have seen.

WISE MAN—What is it you have seen?

FOOL—When I went by Kilcluan where the bells used to be ringing at the break of every day, I could hear nothing but the people snoring in their houses. When I went by Tubbervanach where the young men used to be climbing the hill to the blessed well, they were sitting at the cross-roads playing cards. When I went by Carrigoras, where the friars used to be fasting and serving the poor, I saw them drinking wine and obeying their wives. And when I asked what misfortune had brought all these changes, they said it was no misfortune, but it was the wisdom they had learned from your teaching.

WISE MAN—Run round to the kitchen, and my wife will give you something to eat.

FOOL—That is foolish advice for a wise man to give.

WISE MAN—Why, Fool?

FOOL—What is eaten is gone. I want pennies for my bag. I must buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun is weak. And I want snares to catch the rabbits and the squirrels and the hares, and a pot to cook them in.

WISE MAN—Go away. I have other things to think of now than giving you pennies.

FOOL—Give me a penny and I will bring you luck. The fishermen give me leave to

sleep among the nets in their lofts in the winter-time because they say I bring them luck; and in the summer-time the wild creatures let me sleep near their nests and their holes. It is lucky even to look at me or to touch me, but it is much more lucky to give me a penny. (*Holds out his hand.*) If I wasn't lucky, I'd starve.

WISE MAN—What have you got the shears for?

FOOL—I won't tell you. If I told you, you would drive them away.

WISE MAN—Whom would I drive away?

FOOL—I won't tell you.

WISE MAN—Not if I give you a penny?

FOOL—No.

WISE MAN—Not if I give you two pennies?

FOOL—You will be very lucky if you give me two pennies, but I won't tell you!

WISE MAN—Three pennies?

FOOL—Four, and I will tell you!

WISE MAN—Very well, four. But I will not call you Teigue the Fool any longer.

FOOL—Let me come close to you where nobody will hear me. But first you must promise you will not drive them away. (WISE MAN *nods.*) Every day men go out dressed in black and spread great black nets over the hills, great black nets.

WISE MAN—Why do they do that?

FOOL—That they may catch the feet of the angels. But every morning, just before the dawn I go out and cut the nets with my shears, and the angels fly away.

WISE MAN—Ah, now I know that you are Teigue the Fool. You have told me that I am wise, and I have never seen an angel.

FOOL—I have seen plenty of angels.

WISE MAN—Do you bring luck to the angels too?

FOOL—Oh, no, no! No one could do that. But they are always there if one looks about one; they are like the blades of grass.

WISE MAN—When do you see them?

FOOL—When one gets quiet, then something wakes up inside one, something happy and quiet like the stars—not like the seven that move, but like the fixed stars.

WISE MAN—And what happens then?

FOOL—Then all in a minute one smells summer flowers, and tall people go by, happy and laughing, and their clothes are the colour of burning sods.

WISE MAN—Is it long since you have seen them, Teigue the Fool?

FOOL—Not long, glory be to God! I saw one coming behind me just now. It was not laughing, but it had clothes the colour of burning sods, and there was something shining about its head.

WISE MAN—Well, there are your four pennies. You, a fool, say "Glory be to God," but before I came the wise men said it. Run away now. I must ring the bell for my scholars.

FOOL—Four pennies! That means a great deal of luck. Great teacher, I have brought you plenty of luck! [*He goes out shaking the bag.*]

WISE MAN—Though they call him Teigue the Fool, he is not more foolish than everybody used to be, with their dreams and their preachings and their three worlds; but I have overthrown their three worlds with the seven sciences. (*He touches the books with his hands.*) With Philosophy that was made from the lonely star, I have taught them to forget Theology; with Architecture, I have hidden the ramparts of their cloudy heaven; with Music, the fierce planets' daughter whose hair is always on fire, and with Grammar that is the moon's daughter, I have shut their ears to the imaginary harpings and speech of the angels; and I have made formations of battle with Arithmetic that have put the hosts of heaven to the rout. But, Rhetoric and Dialectic, that have been born out of the light star and out of the amourous star, you have been my spearman and my catapult! Oh! my swift horsemen! Oh! my keen darting arguments, it is because of you that I have overthrown the hosts of foolishness! (*An* ANGEL, *in a dress the colour of embers, and carrying a blossoming apple bough in her hand and a gilded halo about her head, stands upon the threshold.*) Before I came, men's minds were stuffed with folly about a heaven where birds sang the hours, and about angels that came and stood upon men's thresholds. But I have locked the visions into heaven and turned the key upon them. Well, I must consider this passage about the two countries. My mother used to say something of the kind. She would say that when our bodies sleep our souls awake, and that whatever withers here ripens yonder, and that harvests are snatched from us that they may feed invisible people. But the meaning of the book may be different, for only fools and women have thoughts like that; their thoughts were never written upon the walls of Babylon. (*He sees the* ANGEL.) What are you? Who are you? I think I saw some that were like you in my dreams when I was a child—that bright thing, that dress that is the colour of embers! But I have done with dreams, I have done with dreams.

ANGEL—I am the Angel of the Most High God.

WISE MAN—Why have you come to me?

ANGEL—I have brought you a message.

WISE MAN—What message have you got for me?

ANGEL—You will die within the hour. You will die when the last grains have fallen in this glass. [*She turns the hour-glass.*]

WISE MAN—My time to die has not come. I have my pupils. I have a young wife and children that I can not leave. Why must I die?

ANGEL—You must die because no souls have passed over the threshold of Heaven since you came into this country. The threshold is grassy, and the gates are rusty, and the angels that keep watch there are lonely.

WISE MAN—Where will death bring me to?

ANGEL—The doors of Heaven will not open to you, for you have denied the existence of Heaven; and the doors of Purgatory will not open to you, for you have denied the existence of Purgatory.

WISE MAN—But I have also denied the existence of Hell!

ANGEL—Hell is the place of those who deny.

WISE MAN (*kneels*)—I have, indeed, denied everything, and have taught others to deny. I have believed in nothing but what my senses told me. But, oh! beautiful angel, forgive me, forgive me!

ANGEL—You should have asked forgiveness long ago.

WISE MAN—Had I seen your face as I see it now, oh! beautiful angel, I would have believed, I would have asked forgiveness. Maybe you do not know how easy it is to doubt. Storm, death, the grass rotting, many sicknesses, those are the messengers that came to me. Oh! why are you silent? You carry the pardon of the Most High; give it to me! I would kiss your hands if I were not afraid—no, no, the hem of your dress!

ANGEL—You let go undying hands too long ago to take hold of them now.

WISE MAN—You can not understand. You live in a country that we can only dream about. Maybe it is as hard for you to understand why we disbelieve as it is for us to believe. Oh! what have I said! You know everything! Give me time to undo what I have done. Give me a year—a month—a day—an hour! Give me to this hour's end, that I may undo what I have done!

ANGEL—You can not undo what you have done. Yet I have this power with my message. If you can find one that believes before the hour's end, you shall come to Heaven after the years of Purgatory. For, from one fiery seed, watched over by those that sent me, the harvest can come again to heap the golden threshing floor. But now farewell, for I am weary with the weight of time.

WISE MAN—Blessed be the Father, blessed be the Son, blessed be the Spirit, blessed be the Messenger They have sent!

ANGEL (*at the door, and pointing at the hour-glass*)—In a little while the uppermost glass will be empty. [*Goes out.*]

WISE MAN—Everything will be well with me. I will call my pupils; they only say they doubt. (*Pulls the bell.*) They will be here in a moment. I hear their feet outside on the path. They want to please me; they pretend that they disbelieve. Belief is too old to be overcome all in a minute. Besides I can prove what I once disproved. (*Another pull at the bell.*) They are coming now. I will go to my desk. I will speak quietly, as if nothing had happened. [*He stands at the desk with a fixed look in his eyes. Enter* PUPILS *and the* FOOL.]

FOOL—Leave me alone. Leave me alone. Who is that pulling at my bag? King's son, do not pull at my bag.

A YOUNG MAN—Did your friends the angels give you that bag? Why don't they fill your bag for you?

FOOL—Give me pennies! Give me some pennies!

A YOUNG MAN—What do you want pennies for? That great bag at your waist is heavy.

FOOL—I want to buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun is weak, and snares to catch rabbits and the squirrels that steal the nuts, and hares, and a great pot to cook them in.

A YOUNG MAN—Why don't your friends tell you where buried treasures are?

ANOTHER—Why don't they make you dream about treasures? If one dreams three times there is always treasure.

FOOL (*holding out his hat*)—Give me pennies! Give me pennies! [*They throw pennies into his hat. He is standing close to the door, that he may hold out his hat to each newcomer.*]

A YOUNG MAN—Master, will you have Teigue the Fool for a scholar?

ANOTHER YOUNG MAN—Teigue, will you

give us your pennies if we teach you lessons? No, he goes to school for nothing on the mountains. Tell us what you learn on the mountains, Teigue?

WISE MAN—Be silent all! (*He has been standing silent, looking away.*) Stand still in your places, for there is something I would have you tell me. (*A moment's pause. They all stand round in their places.* TEIGUE *still stands at the door.*) Is there any one amongst you who believes in God? In Heaven? Or in Purgatory? Or in Hell?

ALL THE YOUNG MEN—No one, Master! No one!

WISE MAN—I knew you would all say that; but do not be afraid. I will not be angry. Tell me the truth. Do you not believe?

A YOUNG MAN—We once did, but you have taught us to know better.

WISE MAN—Oh! teaching, teaching does not go very deep! The heart remains unchanged under it all. You have the faith that you always had, and you are afraid to tell me.

A YOUNG MAN—No, no, Master!

WISE MAN—If you tell me that you have not changed I shall be glad and not angry.

A YOUNG MAN (*to his neighbour*)—He wants somebody to dispute with.

HIS NEIGHBOUR—I knew that from the beginning.

A YOUNG MAN—That is not the subject for to-day; you were going to talk about the words the beggar wrote upon the walls of Babylon.

WISE MAN—If there is one amongst you that has not changed, he will be my best friend. Surely there is one amongst you. (*They are all silent.*) Surely what you learned at your mother's knees has not been so soon forgotten.

A YOUNG MAN—Master, till you came, no teacher in this land was able to get rid of foolishness and ignorance. But every one has listened to you, every one has learned the truth. You have had your last disputation.

ANOTHER—What a fool you made of that monk in the market-place! He had not a word to say.

WISE MAN (*comes from his desk and stands among them in the middle of the room*). Pupils, dear friends, I have deceived you all this time. It was I myself who was ignorant. There is a God. There is a Heaven. There is fire that passes and there is fire that lasts forever. [TEIGUE, *through all this, is sitting on a stool by the door, reckoning on his fingers what he will buy with his money.*]

A YOUNG MAN (*to another*)—He will not be satisfied till we dispute with him. (*To the* WISE MAN). Prove it, Master. Have you seen them?

WISE MAN (*in a low, solemn voice*)—Just now, before you came in, some one came to the door, and when I looked up I saw an angel standing there.

A YOUNG MAN—You were in a dream. Anybody can see an angel in his dreams.

WISE MAN—Oh, my God! It was not a dream! I was awake, waking as I am now. I tell you I was awake as I am now.

A YOUNG MAN—Some dream when they are awake, but they are the crazy, and who would believe what they say? Forgive me, Master, but that is what you taught me to say. That is what you said to the monk when he spoke of the visions of the saints and the martyrs.

ANOTHER YOUNG MAN—You see how well we remember your teaching.

WISE MAN—Out, out from my sight! I want somebody who has not changed. That is the grain the angel spoke of—I must find it before I die. I tell you I must find it. The sands are falling there and you answer me with arguments. Out with you, out of my sight! [*The* YOUNG MEN *laugh.*]

A YOUNG MAN—How well he plays at faith! He is like the monk when he had nothing more to say.

WISE MAN—Out, out, this is no time for laughter! Out with you, though you are a king's son! [*They begin to hurry out.*]

A YOUNG MAN—Come, come; he wants us to find some one who will dispute with him. [*All go out.*]

WISE MAN (*alone; he goes to the door at the side*)—I will call my wife. She will believe; women always believe. (*He opens the door and calls.*) Bridget! Bridget! (BRIDGET *comes in wearing her apron, her sleeves turned up from her floury arms.*) Bridget, tell me the truth; do not say what you think will please me. Do you sometimes say your prayers?

BRIDGET—Prayers! No, you taught me to leave them off long ago. At first I was sorry, but I am glad now for I am sleepy in the evenings.

WISE MAN—But do you not believe in God?

BRIDGET—Oh, a good wife only believes what her husband tells her!

WISE MAN—But sometimes when you are alone, when I am in the school and the children asleep, do you not think about the

saints, about the things you used to believe in? What do you think of when you are alone?

BRIDGET (*considering*)—I think about nothing. Sometimes I wonder if the linen is bleaching white, or I go out to see if the crows are picking up the chickens' food.

WISE MAN—Oh, what can I do! Is there nobody who believes he can never die? I must go and find somebody! (*He goes towards the door, but stops with his eyes fixed on the hour-glass.*) I can not go out; I can not leave that. Go and call my pupils again. I will make them understand. I will say to them that only amid spiritual terror or only when all that laid hold on life is shaken can we see truth. There is something in Plato, but—No, do not call them. They would answer as I have bid.

BRIDGET—You want somebody to get up an argument with.

WISE MAN—Oh, look out of the door and tell me if there is anybody there in the street. I can not leave this glass; somebody might shake it. Then the sand would fall more quickly.

BRIDGET—I don't understand what you are saying. (*Looks out.*) There is a great crowd of people talking to your pupils.

WISE MAN—Oh, run out, Bridget, and see if they have found somebody that, all the time I was teaching, understood nothing or did not listen.

BRIDGET (*wiping her arms in her apron and pulling down her sleeves.*) It is a hard thing to be married to a man of learning that must be always having arguments. (*Goes out and shouts through the kitchen door.*) Don't be meddling with the bread, children, while I'm out.

WISE MAN (*kneels down*)—"*Confiteor Deo Omnipotenti, beatae Mariae—salvum—salvum . . .*" I have forgotten it all. It is thirty years since I have said a prayer. I must pray in the common tongue, like a clown begging in the market, like Teigue the Fool! (*He prays.*) Help me, Father, Son and Spirit! [BRIDGET *enters, followed by the* FOOL, *who is holding out his hat to her.*]

FOOL—Give me something; give me a penny to buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun grows weak.

BRIDGET—I have no pennies. (*To the* WISE MAN.) Your pupils can not find anybody to argue with you. There is nobody in the whole country who has enough belief to fill a pipe since you put down the monk. Can't you be quiet now and not always wanting to have arguments? It must be terrible to have a mind like that.

WISE MAN—I am lost! I am lost!

BRIDGET—Leave me alone now; I have to make the bread for you and the children.

WISE MAN—Out of this, woman, out of this, I say! (BRIDGET *goes through the kitchen door.*) Will nobody find a way to help me! But she spoke of my children. I had forgotten them. They will not have changed. It is only those who have reason that doubt; the young are full of faith. Bridget, Bridget, send my children to me.

BRIDGET (*inside*)—Your father wants you; run to him now. [*The two* CHILDREN *come in. They stand together a little way from the threshold of the kitchen door, looking timidly at their father.*]

WISE MAN—Children, what do you believe? Is there a Heaven? Is there a Hell? Is there a Purgatory?

FIRST CHILD—We haven't forgotten, father.

THE OTHER CHILD—Oh, no, father. (*They both speak together as if in school.*) There is nothing we can not see; there is nothing we can not touch.

FIRST CHILD—Foolish people used to think that there was, but you are very learned and you have taught us better.

WISE MAN—You are just as bad as the others, just as bad as the others! Do not run away! Come back to me! (*The* CHILDREN *begin to cry and run away.*) Why are you afraid? I will teach you better—no, I will never teach you again. Go to your mother! no, she will not be able to teach them . . . Help them, O God! . . . The grains are going very quickly. There is very little sand in the uppermost glass. Somebody will come for me in a moment; perhaps he is at the door now! All creatures that have reason doubt. Oh that the grass and the plants could speak! Somebody has said that they would wither if they doubted. Oh speak to me, O grass blades! O fingers of God's certainty, speak to me! You are millions and you will not speak. I dare not know the moment the messenger will come for me. I will cover the glass. (*He covers it with a cloth. Sees the* FOOL, *who is sitting by the door playing with some flowers which he has stuck in his hat. He has begun to blow a dandelion-head.*) What are you doing?

FOOL—Wait a moment. (*He blows.*) Four, five, six.

WISE MAN—What are you doing that for?

FOOL—I am blowing at the dandelion to find out what time it is.

WISE MAN—You have heard everything! That is why you want to find out what hour it is! You are waiting to see them coming through the door to carry me away. (FOOL *goes on blowing.*) I will not have you sitting there. I will have no one here when they come. (*He seizes the* FOOL *by the shoulders, and begins to force him out through the door, then suddenly changes his mind.*) No, I have something to ask you. (*He drags him back into the room.*) Is there a Heaven? Is there a Hell? Is there a Purgatory?

FOOL—So you ask me now. I thought when you were asking your pupils, I said to myself, if he would ask Teigue the Fool, Teigue could tell him all about it, for Teigue has learned all about it when he has been cutting the nets.

WISE MAN—Tell me quickly!

FOOL—I said, Teigue knows everything. Not even the cats or the hares that milk the cows have Teigue's wisdom. But Teigue will not speak; he says nothing.

WISE MAN—Tell me, tell me! For under the cover the grains are falling, and when they are all fallen I shall die; and my soul will be lost if I have not found somebody that knows and believes! Speak, speak!

FOOL (*looking wise*)—I will not speak! I will not tell you what is in my mind, and I won't tell you what is in my bag. You might steal away my thoughts. I met a bodach on the road yesterday, and he said, "Teigue, tell me how many pennies are in your bag; I will wager three pennies that there are not twenty pennies in your bag; let me put in my hand and count them." But I pulled the strings tighter, like this; and when I go to sleep every night I hide the bag where no one knows.

WISE MAN (*goes towards the hour-glass as if to uncover it.*) No, no, I have not the courage. (*He kneels.*) Have pity upon me, Fool, and tell me!

FOOL—Ah, now that is different. I am not afraid of you now. What is that I am to tell you? But I must come near, somebody in there might hear what the angel said.

WISE MAN—But speak and I am saved. What did the angel say to you?

FOOL—O no, no, no. How could poor Teigue see angels? O Teigue tells one tale here, another tale there, and everybody gives him pennies. If Teigue had not his tales he would starve. [*He backs away and goes out.*]

WISE MAN—My last hope is gone and now that it is too late I can see it all. Those words about winter and summer, about our November being the lambing time in that other country—all, all is plain now. We sink in on God, we find him in becoming nothing—we perish into reality. [*The* FOOL *comes back.*]

FOOL—There was one there—there by the threshold stone, writing there; and she said, "Go in, Teigue, and tell him everything that he asks you. He will give you a penny if you tell him."

WISE MAN—We perish into reality—strange that I never saw it until now.

FOOL—Will you give me a penny if I tell you?

WISE MAN—O no, do not tell me anything. I am content to know that God's will prevails whatever that be.

FOOL—Waiting till the moment had come—that is what the one out there was saying, but I might tell you what you asked. That is what he was saying.

WISE MAN—Be silent. May God's will prevail though that be my damnation. What was I born for but that I might cry that His will be fulfilled upon the instant, though that be my damnation. I am dying. The sand has run out. Ring the bell, ring for my pupils. (FOOL *rings.*) For I am going from the country of the seven wandering stars, and am going to the country of the fixed stars. (*Voices of* PUPILS *singing.*) They are coming. I must make all plain to them, that they may wish His will be fulfilled though that be our damnation. There is no other truth. [*Dies.* PUPILS *enter.*]

YOUNG MAN—Look at the Fool turned bell-ringer.

ANOTHER—What have you called us in for, Teigue?

FOOL—There was something he wanted to say, but you must wake him, he has fallen asleep.

YOUNG MAN—No wonder he has dreams. He is so fast asleep that I can not wake him. O, he is dead. . . . [PUPILS *gather round.*]

FOOL—Look, look, what has come from his mouth . . . a little winged thing . . . a little shining thing . . . it has gone to the door. . . . O look, there in the door. . . . (*The* ANGEL *appears at the door, she opens her hands and closes them again.*) The Angel has taken it in her hands.

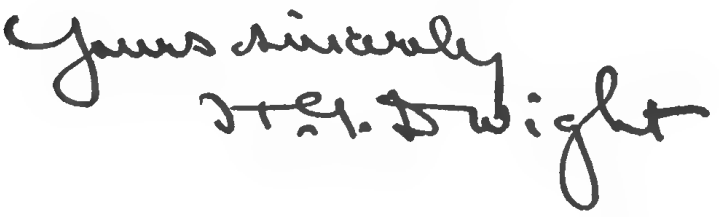
A YOUNG MAN—What are you pointing at?

FOOL—The Angel has taken it in her hands. She will open her hands in the Garden of Paradise.

YOUNG MAN—There is nobody there—there is nobody in the door.

The Emperor of Elam

By H. G. DWIGHT



I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill: but time and chance happeneth to them all. Ecclesiastes: ix, 11.

I

THE first of the two boats to arrive at this unappointed rendezvous was one to catch the eye even in that river of strange craft. She had neither the raking bow nor the rising poop of the local *mehala*, but a tall incurving beak, not unlike those of certain Mesopotamian sculptures, with a windowed and curtained deck-house at the stern. Forward she carried a short mast. The lateen sail was furled, however, and the galley was propelled at a fairly good gait by seven pairs of long sweeps. They flashed none too rhythmically, it must be added, at the sun which had just risen above the Persian mountains. And although the slit sleeves of the fourteen oarsmen, all of them young and none of them ill to look upon, flapped decoratively enough about the handles of the sweeps, they could not be said to present a ship-shape appearance. Neither did the black felt caps the boatmen wore, fantastically tall and knotted about their heads with gay fringed scarves.

This barge had passed out of the Ab-i-Diz and was making its stately enough way across the basin of divided waters below Bund-i-Kir, when from the mouth of the Ab-i-Gerger—the easterly of two turbid threads into which the Karun above this point is split by a long island—there shot a trim white motor-boat. The noise she made in the breathless summer sunrise, intensified and re-echoed by the high clay banks which here rise thirty feet or more above the water, caused the rowers of the galley to look around. Then they dropped their sweeps in astonishment at the spectacle of the small boat advancing so rapidly toward them without any effort on the part of the four men it contained, as if blown by the breath of jinn. The word *Firengi*, however, passed around the deck—that word so flattering to a great race, which once meant Frank but which now, in one form or another, describes for the people of western Asia the people of Europe and their cousins beyond the seas. Among the friends of the jinn, of whom as it happened only two were Europeans, there also passed an explanatory word. But although they pronounced the strange oarsmen to be Lurs, they caused their jinni to cease his panting, so struck were they by the appearance of the high-beaked barge.

The two craft drifted abreast of each other about midway of the sunken basin. As they did so, one of the Europeans in the motor-boat, a stocky black-moustached fellow in blue overalls, wearing in place of the regulation helmet of that climate a greasy black *beret* over one ear, lifted his hand from the wheel and called out the Arabic salutation of the country:

"Peace be unto you!"

"And to you, peace!" responded a deep voice from the doorway of the deck-house. It was evident that the utterer of this friendly antiphon was not a Lur. Fairer, taller, stouter, and older than his wild-looking crew, he was also better dressed—in a girdled robe of gray silk, with a striped silk scarf covering his hair and the back of his neck in the manner of the Arabs. A

thick brown beard made his appearance more imposing, while two scars across his left cheek, emerging from the beard, suggested or added to something in him which might on occasion become formidable. As it was he stepped forward with a bow and addressed a slim young man who sat in the stern of the motor-boat. "Shall we pass as Kinglake and the Englishman of *Eothen* did in the desert," asked the stranger, smiling, in a very good English, "because they had not been introduced? Or will you do me the honour to come on board my—ark?"

The slim young man, whose fair hair, smooth face, and white clothes made him the most boyish looking of that curious company, lifted his white helmet and smiled in return.

"Why not?" he assented. And, becoming conscious that his examination of this surprizing stranger, who looked down at him with odd light eyes, was too near a stare, he added: "What on earth is your ark made of, Mr. Noah?"

What she was made of, as a matter of fact, was what heightened the effect of remoteness she produced—a hard dark wood unknown to the lower Karun, cut in lengths of not more than two or three feet and caulked with reeds and mud.

"'Make thee an ark of gopher wood,'" quoted the stranger. "'Rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and thou shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.'"

"Bitumen, eh?" exclaimed the slim young man. "Where did you get it?"

"Do you ask, you who drill oil at Medidan-i-Naft?"

"As it happens, I don't!" smiled the slim young man.

"At any rate," continued the stranger, after a scarcely perceptible pause, "let me welcome you on board the Ark." And when the unseen jinni had made it possible for the slim young man to set foot on the deck of the barge, the stranger added, with a bow: "Magin is my name—from Brazil."

If the slim young man did not stare again, he at least had time to make out that the oddity of his host's light eyes lay not so much in the fact of their failing to be distinctly brown, grey, or green, as that they had a translucent look. Then he responded briefly, holding out his hand:

"Matthews. But isn't this a long way from Rio de Janeiro?"

"Well," returned the other, "it's not so near London! But come in and have something, won't you?" And he held aside the reed portière that screened the door of the deck-house.

"My word! You do know how to do yourself!" exclaimed Matthews. His eye took in the Kerman embroidery on the table in the centre of the small saloon, the gazelle skins and silky Shiraz rugs covering the two divans at the sides, the fine Sumak carpet on the floor, and the lion pelt in front of an inner door. "By Jove!" he exclaimed again. "That's a beauty!"

"Ha!" laughed the Brazilian. "The Englishman spies his lion first!"

"Where did you find him?" asked Matthews, going behind the table for a better look. "They're getting few and far between around here, they say."

"Oh, they still turn up," answered the Brazilian, it seemed to Matthews not too definitely. Before he could pursue the question farther, Magin clapped his hands. Instantly there appeared at the outer door a barefooted Lur, whose extraordinary cap looked to Matthews even taller and more pontifical than those of his fellow-countrymen at the oars. The Lur, his hands crossed on his girdle, received a rapid order and vanished as silently as he came.

"I wish I knew the lingo like that!" commented Matthews.

Magin waved a deprecatory hand.

"One picks it up soon enough. Besides, what's the use—with a man like yours? Who is he, by the way? He doesn't look English."

"Who? Gaston? He isn't. He's French. And he doesn't know too much of the lingo. But the blighter could get on anywhere. He's lived all over the place—Algiers, Egypt, Baghdad. He's been chauffeur to more nabobs in turbans than you can count. He's a topping mechanic, too. The wheel hasn't been invented that beggar can't make go 'round. The only trouble he has is with his own. He keeps time for a year or two, and then something happens to his mainspring and he gets the sack. But he never seems to go home. He always moves on to some place where it's hotter and dirtier. You should hear his stories! He's an amusing devil."

"And perhaps not so different from the rest of us!" threw out Magin. "What flea bites us? Why do you come here, courting destruction in a cockleshell that may any minute split on a rock and spill you to the sharks, when you might be punting some pretty girl up the backwaters of the Thames? Why do I float around in this old ark of reeds and bulrushes, like an

elderly Moses in search of a promised land, who should be at home wearing the slippers of middle age? What is it? A sunstroke? This is hardly the country where Goethe's citrons bloom!"

"Damned if I know!" laughed Matthews. "I fancy we like a bit of a lark!"

The Brazilian laughed too.

"A bit of a lark!" he echoed.

Just then the silent Lur reappeared with a tray.

"I say!" protested Matthews. "Whisky and soda at five o'clock in the morning, in the middle of July——"

"1914, if you must be so precise!" added Magin jovially. "But why not?" he demanded. "Aren't you an Englishman? You mustn't shake the pious belief in which I was brought up, that you are all weaned with Scotch! Say when. It isn't every day that I have the pleasure of so fortunate an encounter." And, rising, he lifted his glass, bowed, and said: "Here's to a bit of a lark, Mr. Matthews!"

The younger man rose to it. But inwardly he began to feel a little irked.

"By the way," he asked, nibbling at a biscuit, "can you tell me anything about the Ab-i-Diz? I dare say you must know something about it—since your men look as if they came from up that way. Is there a decent channel as far as Dizful?"

"Ah!" uttered Magin slowly. "Are you thinking of going up there?" He considered the question, and his guest, with a flicker in his lighted eyes. "Well, decent is a relative word, you know. However, wonders can be accomplished with a stout rope and a gang of natives, even beyond Dizful. But here you see me and my ark still whole—after a night journey, too. The worst thing is the sun. You see I am more careful of my skin than you. As for the shoals, the rapids, the sharks, the lions, the nomads who pop at you from the bank, *et cetera*—you are an Englishman! Do you take an interest in antiques?" he broke off abruptly.

"Yes—though interest is a relative word too, I expect."

"Quite so!" agreed the Brazilian. "I have rather a mania for that sort of thing, myself. Wait. Let me show you." And he went into the inner cabin. When he came back he held up an alabaster cup. "A Greek kylix!" he cried. "Pure Greek! What an outline, eh? This is what keeps me from putting on my slippers! I have no doubt Alexander left it behind him. Perhaps Hephaistion drank out of it, or Nearchus, to celebrate his return from India. And some rascally Persian stole it out of a tent!"

Matthews, taking the cup, saw the flicker brighten in the Brazilian's eyes.

"Nice little pattern of grape leaves, that," he said. "And think of picking it up out here!"

"Oh you can always pick things up, if you know where to look," said Magin. "Dieulafoy and the rest of them didn't take everything. How could they? The people who have come and gone through this country of Elam! Why just over there, at Bund-i-Kir, Antigonus fought Eumenes and the Silver Shields for the spoils of Susa—and won them! I have discovered —— But come in here." And he pushed wider open the door of the inner cabin.

Matthews stepped into what was evidently a state-room. A broad bunk filled one side of it, and the visitor could not help remarking a second interior door. But his eye was chiefly struck by two, three, no four, chests, which took up more space in the narrow cabin than could be convenient for its occupant. They seemed to be made of the same mysterious dark wood as the "ark," clamped with copper.

"I say! Those aren't bad!" he exclaimed. "More of the spoils of Susa?"

"Ho! My trunks? I had them made up the river, like the rest. But I wonder what would interest you in my museum. Let's see." He bent over one of the chests, unlocked it, rummaged under the cover, and brought out a broad metal circlet which he handed to Matthews. "How would that do for a crown, eh?"

The young man took it over to the porthole. The metal, he then saw, was a soft antique gold, wrought into a decoration of delicate spindles, with a border of filigree. The circlet was beautiful in itself, and astonishingly heavy. But what it chiefly did for Matthews was to sharpen the sense of strangeness, of remoteness, which this bizarre galley, come from unknown waters, had brought into the familiar muddy Karun.

"As a matter of fact," went on the Brazilian, "it's an anklet. But can you make it out? Those spindles are Persian, while the filigree is more Byzantine than anything else. You find funny things up there, in caves——"

He tossed a vague hand, into which Matthews put the anklet, saying:

"Take it before I steal it!"

"Keep it, won't you?" proposed the astonishing Brazilian.

"Oh, thanks. But I could hardly do that," Matthews replied.

"Why not?" protested Magin. "As a souvenir of a pleasant meeting! I have a ton of them." He waved his hand at the chests.

"No, really, thanks," persisted the young man. "And I'm afraid we must be getting on. I don't know the river, you see, and I'd like to reach Dizful before dark."

The Brazilian studied him a moment.

"As you say," he finally conceded. "But you will at least have another drink before you go?"

"No, not even that, thanks," said Matthews. "We really must be off. But it's been very decent of you."

He felt both awkward and amused as he backed out to the deck, followed by his imposing host. At sight of the two the crew scattered to their oars. They had been leaning over the side, absorbed in admiration of the white jinn-boat. Matthews's Persian servant handed up to Magin's butler a tray of tea glasses—on which Matthews also noted a bottle. In honour of that bottle Gaston himself stood up and took off his greasy cap.

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur," he said. "I have tasted nothing so good since I left France."

"In that case, my friend," rejoined Magin in French as good as his English, "it is time you returned!" and he abounded in amiable speeches and ceremonious bows until the last *au revoir*.

"*Au plaisir!*" called back Gaston, having invoked his jinni. Then, after a last look at the barge, he asked over his shoulder in a low voice: "Who is this extraordinary type, M'sieu Guy? A species of an Arab, who speaks French and English and who voyages in a galley from a museum!"

"A Brazilian, he says," imparted M'sieu Guy—whose surname was beyond Gaston's Gallic tongue.

"Ah! The uncle of America! That understands itself! He sent me out a cognac, too! And did he present you to his *dame de compagnie?* She put her head out of a porthole to look at our boat. A Lur, like the others, but with a pair of blistering black eyes! And a jewel in her nose!"

"It takes you, Gaston," said Guy Matthews, "to discover a dame of company!"

II

When the white motor-boat had disappeared in the glitter of the Ab-i-Diz, Senhor Magin, not unlike other fallible human beings when released from the necessity of keeping up a pitch, appeared to lose something of his gracious humour. So, it transpired, did his decorative boatmen, who had not expected to row twenty-five miles upstream at a time when most people in that climate seek the relief of their *serdabs* — which are underground chambers cooled by running water, it may be, and by a tall *badgir*, or air chimney. The running water, to be sure, was here, and had already begun to carry the barge down the Karun. If the high banks of that tawny stream constituted a species of air chimney, however, such air as moved therein was not calculated for relief. But when Brazilians command, even a Lur may obey. These Lurs, at all events, propelled their galley back to the basin of Bund-i-Kir, and on into the Ab-i-Shuteit—which is the westerly of those two halves of the Karun. Before nightfall the barge had reached the point where navigation ends. There Magin sent his majordomo ashore to procure mounts. And at sunset the two of them, followed by a horse-boy, rode northward six or seven miles, till the city of Shustar rose dark above them in the summer evening, on its rock that cleaves the Karun in two.

The Bazaar by which they entered the town was deserted at that hour, save by dogs that set up a terrific barking at the sight of strangers. Here the *charvadar* lighted a vast white linen lantern, which he proceeded to carry in front of the two riders. He seemed to know where he was going, for he led the way without a pause through, long blank, silent streets of indescribable filth and smells. The gloom of them was deepened by jutting balconies, and by innumerable *badgirs* that cut out a strange black fretwork against amazing stars. At last the three stopped in front of a gate in the vicinity of the citadel. This was not one of the gateways that separate the different quarters of Shustar, but a door in a wall, recessed in a tall arch and ornamented with an extraordinary variety of iron clamps, knobs, locks, and knockers.

Of one of the latter the *charvadar* made repeated use, until someone shouted from inside. The horseboy shouted back, and presently his lantern caught a glitter of

two eyes in a slit. The eyes belonged to a cautious doorkeeper, who, after satisfying himself that the visitors were not enemies, admitted the Brazilian and the Lur into a vaulted brick vestibule. Then, having looked to his wards and bolts, he lighted Magin through a corridor which turned into a low tunnel-like passage. This led into a sort of cloister, where a covered ambulatory surrounded a dark pool of stars. Thence another passage brought them out into a great open court. Here an invisible jet of water made an illusion of coolness in another, larger, pool, overlooked by a portico of tall slim pillars. Between them Magin caught the glow of a cigar.

"Good evening, Ganz," his bass voice called from the court.

"Heaven! Is that you?" replied the smoker of the cigar. "What are you doing here, in God's name? I imagined you at Mohamera, by this time, or even in the Gulf." This remark, it may not be irrelevant to say, was in German—as spoken in the trim town of Zurich.

"And so I should have been," replied the polyglot Magin in the same language, mounting the steps of the portico and shaking his friend's hand, "but for—all sorts of things. If we ran aground once, we ran aground three thousand times. I begin to wonder if we shall get through the reefs at Ahwaz—with all the rubbish I have on board."

"Ah, bah! You can manage, going down. But why do you waste your time in Shustar, with all that is going on in Europe?"

"H'm!" grunted Magin. "What is going on in Europe? A great family is wearing well cut mourning, and a small family is beginning to turn green! How does that affect two quiet nomads in Elam—especially when one of them is a Swiss and one a Brazilian?" He laughed, and lighted a cigar the other offered him. "My dear Ganz, it is an enigma to me how a man who can listen to such a fountain, and admire such stars, can perpetually sigh after the absurdities of Europe! Which reminds me that I met an Englishman this morning."

"Well, what of that? Are Englishmen so rare?"

"Alas, no—though I notice, my good Ganz, that you do your best to thin them out! This specimen was too typical for me to be able to describe him. Younger than usual, possibly; yellow hair, blue eyes, constrained manner, everything to sample. He called himself Mark, or Matthew. Rather their apostolic air, too—except that he was in the Oil Company's motor-boat. But he gave me to understand that he was not in the Oil Company."

"Quite so."

"I saw for myself that he knows nothing about archæology. Who is he? Lynch? Bank? Telegraph?"

"He's not Lynch, and he's not Bank, and he's not Telegraph. Neither is he consul, or even that famous railroad. He's —English!" And Ganz let out a chuckle at the success of his own characterization.

"Ah! So?" exclaimed Magin elaborately. "I hear, by the way, that that famous railroad is not marching so fast. The Lurs don't like it. But sometimes even Englishmen," he added, "have reasons for doing what they do. This one, at any rate, seemed more inclined to ask questions than to answer them. I confess I don't know whether it was because he had nothing to say or whether he preferred not to say it. Is he perhaps a Son of Papa, making the grand tour?"

"More or less. Papa gave him no great letter of credit, though. He came out to visit some of the Oil people. And he's been here long enough to learn quite a lot of Persian."

"So he starts this morning, I take it, from Sheleilieh. But why the devil does he go to Dizful, by himself?"

"And why the devil shouldn't he? He's out here, and he wants to see the sights—such as they are. So he's going to take a look at the ruins of Susa, and at your wonderful unspoiled Dizful. Shir Ali Khan will be delighted to get a few *tomans* for his empty house by the river. Then the 21st, you know, is the coronation. So I gave him a letter to the Father of Swords, who——"

"Thunder and lightning!" Magin's heavy voice resounded in the portico very like a bellow. "You, Ganz, sent this man to the Father of Swords? He might be one of those lieutenants from India who go smelling around in their holidays, so pink and innocent!"

"What is that to me?" demanded the Swiss, raising his own voice. "Or to you either? After all, Senhor Magin, are you the Emperor of Elam?"

The Brazilian laughed.

"Not yet! And naturally it's nothing to you, when you cash him cheques and sell him tinned cows and quinine. But for

a man who perpetually sighs after Europe, Herr Ganz, and for a Swiss of the North, you strike me as betraying a singular lack of sensibility to certain larger interests of your race. However— What concerns me is that you should have confided to this young man, with such a roll of sentimental eyes as I can imagine, that Dizful is still 'unspoiled'! If Dizful is unspoiled, he might spoil it. I've found some very nice things up there, you know. I was even fool enough to show him one or two."

"Bah! He likes to play tennis and shoot! You know these English boys."

Magin considered those English boys in silence for a moment.

"Yes, I know them. This one told me he liked a bit of a lark! I know myself what a lark it is to navigate the Ab-i-Diz, at the end of July! But what is most curious about these English boys is that when they go out for a bit of a lark they come home with Egypt or India in their pocket. Have you noticed that, Ganz? That's their idea of a bit of a lark. And with it all they are still children. What can one do with such people? A bit of a lark! Well, you will perhaps make me a little annoyance, Mr. Adolf Ganz, by sending your English boy up to Dizful to have a bit of a lark. However, he'll either give himself a sunstroke or get himself bitten in two by a shark. He asked me about the channel, and I had an inspiration. I told him he would have no trouble. So he'll go full speed and we shall see what we shall see. Do you sell coffins, Mr. Ganz, in addition to all your other valuable merchandise?"

"Naturally, Mr. Magin," replied the Swiss. "Do you need one? But you haven't explained to me yet why you give me the pain of saying good-bye to you a second time."

"Partly, Mr. Ganz, because I am tired of sleeping in an oven, and partly because I—the Father of Swords has asked me to run up to Bala Bala before I leave. But principally because I need a case or two more of your excellent *vin de champagne*—manufactured out of Persian petroleum, the water of the Karun, the nameless abominations of Shustar, and the ever effervescing impudence of the Swiss Republic!"

"What can I do?" smiled the flattered author of this concoction. "I have to use what I can get, in this God-forsaken place."

"And I suppose you will end by getting a million, eh?"

"No such luck! But I'm getting a piano. Did I tell you? A Blüthner. It's already on the way up from Mohamera."

"A Blüthner! In Shustar! God in heaven! Why did you wait until I had gone?"

"Well, aren't you still here?" The fact of Magin's being still there, so unexpectedly, hung in his mind. "By the way, speaking of the Father of Swords, did you give him an order?"

"I gave him an order. Didn't you pay it?"

"I thought twice about it. For unless you have struck oil, up in that country of yours where nobody goes, or gold——"

"Mr. Adolf Ganz," remarked the Brazilian with some pointedness, "all I ask of you is to respect my signature and to keep closed that many-tongued mouth of yours. I sometimes fear that in you the banker is inclined to exchange confidences with the chemist—or even with the Son of Papa who cashes a cheque. Eh?"

Ganz cleared his throat.

"In that case," he rejoined, "all you have to do is to ask him, when you meet him again at Bala Bala. And the English bank will no doubt be happy to accept the transfer of your account."

Magin began to chuckle.

"We assert our dignity? Never mind, Adolf. As a matter of fact I have a high opinion of your discretion—so high that when I found the Imperial Bank of Elam I shall put you in charge of it! And you did me a real service by sending that motor-boat across my bow this morning. For in it I discovered just the chauffeur I have been looking for. I am getting tired of my galley, you know. You will see something when I come back."

"But," Ganz asked after a moment, "do you really expect to come back?"

"But what else should I do? End my days sneezing and sniffling by some polite lake of Zurich like you, my poor Ganz, when you find in your hand the magic key that might unlock for you any door in the world? That, for example, is not my idea of a lark, as your Son of Papa would say! Men are astounding animals, I admit. But I never could live in Europe, where you can't turn around without stepping on someone else's toes. I want room! I want air! I want light! And for a collector, you know, America is, after all, a little bare. While here——!"

"O God!" cried Adolf Gans out of his dark Persian portico.

III

As Gaston very truly observed, there are moments in Persia when even the most experienced chauffeur is capable of an emotion. And an unusual number of such moments enlivened for Gaston and his companions their journey up the Ab-i-Diz. Indeed Matthews asked himself more than once why he had chosen so doubtful a road to Dizful, when he might so much more easily have ridden there, and at night. It certainly was not beautiful, that river of brass zigzagging out of sight of its empty hinterland. Very seldom did anything so visible as a palm lift itself against the blinding Persian blue. Konar trees were commoner, their dense round masses sometimes shading a white-washed tomb or a black tent. Once or twice at sight of the motor-boat a *bellam*, a native canoe, took refuge in the mouth of one of the gullies that scarred the bank like sun-cracks. Generally, however, there was nothing to be seen between the water and the sky but two yellow walls of clay, topped by endless thickets of tamarisk and nameless scrub. Matthews wondered, disappointed, whether a jungle looked like that, and if some black-maned lion walked more softly in it, or slept less soundly, hearing the pant of the unknown creature in the river. But there was no lack of more immediate lions in the path. The sun, for one thing, as the Brazilian had predicted, proved a torment against which double awnings faced with green were of small avail. Then the treacheries of a crooked and constantly shallowing channel needed all the attention the travellers could spare. And the rapids of Kaleh Bunder, where a rocky island flanked by two reefs threatened to bar any further progress, afforded the liveliest moments of their day.

The end of that day, nevertheless, found our sightseer smoking cigarettes in Shir Ali Khan's garden at Dizful and listening to the camel bells that jingled from the direction of certain tall, black, pointed arches straddling the dark river. When Matthews looked at those arches by sunlight, and at the queer old flat-topped yellow town visible through them, he regretted that he had made up his mind to continue his journey so soon. However, he was coming back. So he packed off Gaston and the Bakhtiari to Shelei-lieh, where they and their motor-boat belonged. And he himself, with his servant Abbas and the *charvadar* of whom they hired horses, set out at nightfall for the mountain citadel of Bala Bala. For there the great Salman Taki Khan, chieftain of the lower Lurs, otherwise known as the Father of Swords, was to celebrate, as became a redoubtable vassal of a remote and youthful suzerain, the coronation of Ahmed Shah Kajar.

It was nearly morning again when, after a last scramble up a trough of rocks and gravel too steep for riding, the small cavalcade reached a plateau in the shadow of still loftier elevations. Here they were greeted by a furious barkings of dogs. Indeed it quickly became necessary to organize a defence of whips and stones against the guardians of that high terrace. The uproar soon brought a shout out of the darkness. The *charvadar* shouted back, and after a long-distance colloquy there appeared a figure crowned by the tall *kola* of the Brazilian's boatmen, who drove the dogs away. The dialect in which he spoke proved incomprehensible to Matthews. Luckily it was not altogether so to Abbas, that underling long resigned to the eccentricities of the *Firengi*, whose accomplishments included even a sketchy knowledge of his master's tongue. It appeared that the law of Bala Bala forbade the door of the Father of Swords to open before sunrise. But the tall-hatted one offered the visitor the provisional hospitality of a black tent, of a refreshing drink of goats' buttermilk, and of a comfortable felt whereon to stretch cramped legs.

When Matthews returned to consciousness he first became aware of a blinding oblong of light in the dark wall of the tent. He then made out a circle of pontifical black hats, staring at him, his fair hair, and his indecently close-fitting clothes, in the silence of unutterable curiosity. It made him think, for a bewildered instant, that he was back on the barge he had met in the river. As for the black hats, what astonished them not least was the stranger's immediate demand for water, and his evident dissatisfaction with the quantity of it they brought him. There happily proved to be no lack of this commodity, as Matthews' ears had told him. He was not long in pursuing the sound into the open, where he found himself at the edge of a village of black tents, pitched in a grassy

hollow between two heights. The nearer and lower was a detached cone of rock, crowned by a rude castle. The other peak, not quite so precipitous, afforded foothold for scattered scrub oaks and for a host of slowly moving sheep and goats. Between them the plateau looked down on two sides into two converging valleys. And the clear air was full of the noise of a brook that cascaded between the scrub oaks of the higher mountain, raced past the tents, and plunged out of sight in the narrower gorge.

"Ripping!" pronounced Matthews genially to his black-hatted gallery.

He was less genial about the persistence of the gallery, rapidly increased by recruits from the black tents, in dogging him through every detail of his toilet. But he was rescued at last by Abbas and an old Lur who, putting his two hands to the edge of his black cap, saluted him in the name of the Father of Swords. The Lur then led the way to a trail that zigzagged up the lower part of the rocky cone. He explained the quantity of loose boulders obstructing the path by saying that they had been left there to roll down on whomever should visit the Father of Swords without an invitation. That such an enterprise would not be too simple became more evident when the path turned into a cave. Here another Lur was waiting with candles. He gave one each to the newcomers, leading the way to a low door in the rock. This was opened by an individual in a long red coat of ceremony, carrying a heavy silver mace, who gave Matthews the customary salutation of peace and bowed him into an irregular court. An infinity of doors opened out of it—chiefly of the stables, the old man said, pointing out a big white mule or two of the famous breed of Bala Bala. Thence the visitor was led up a steep stone stair to a terrace giving entrance upon a corridor and another, narrower, stone stair. From its prodigiously high steps he emerged into a hall, carpeted with felt. At this point, the Lurs took off their shoes. Matthews followed suit, being then ushered into what was evidently a room of state. It contained no furniture, to be sure, save for the handsome rugs on the floor. The room did not look bare, however, for its lines were broken by a deep alcove, and by a continuous succession of niches. Between and about the niches the walls were decorated with plaster reliefs of flowers and arabesques. Matthews wondered if the black hats were capable of that! But what chiefly caught his eye was the terrace opening out of the room, and the stupendous view.

The terrace hung over a green chasm where the two converging gorges met at the foot of the crag of Bala Bala. Matthews looked down as from the prow of a ship into the tumbled country below him, through which a river flashed sinuously toward the faraway haze of the plains. The sound of water filling the still clear air, the brilliance of the morning light, the wildness and remoteness of that mountain eyrie, so different from anything he had yet seen, added a last strangeness to the impressions of which the young man had been having so many.

"What a pity to spoil it with a railroad!" he could not help thinking, as he leaned over the parapet of the terrace.

"Sahib!" suddenly whispered Abbas behind him.

Matthews turned, and saw in the doorway of the terrace a personage who could be none other than his host. In place of the *kola* of his people this personage wore a great white turban, touched with gold. The loose blue *aba* enveloping his ample figure was also embroidered with gold. Not the least striking detail of his appearance, however, was his beard, which had a pronounced tendency toward scarlet. His nails were likewise reddened with henna, reminding Matthews that the hands belonging to the nails were rumoured to bear even more sinister stains. And the bottomless black eyes peering out from under the white turban lent surprizing credibility to such rumours. But there was no lack of graciousness in the gestures with which those famous hands saluted the visitor and pointed him to a seat of honour on the rug beside the Father of Swords. The Father of Swords furthermore pronounced his heart uplifted to receive a friend of Ganz Sahib, that prince among the merchants of Shustar. Yet he did not hesitate to express a certain surprize at discovering in the friend of the prince among the merchants of Shustar one still in the flower of youth, who exhibited at the same time the features of good fortune and the lineaments of prudence. And he inquired as to what sorrow had led one so young to fold the carpet of enjoyment and to wander so far from his parents.

Matthews, disdaining the promptings of Abbas—who stood apart like a statue of obsequiousness, each hand stuck into the

sleeve of the other—responded as best he might. In the meantime tea and candies were served by a black hat on bended knee, who also produced a pair of ornate pipes. The Father of Swords marvelled that Matthews should have abandoned the delights of Shustar in order to witness his poor celebrations of the morrow, in honour of the coronation. And had he felt no fear of robbers, during his long night ride from Dizful? But what robbers were there to fear, protested Matthews, in the very shadow of Bala Bala? At that the Father of Swords began to make bitter complaint of the afflictions Allah had laid upon him, taking his text from these lines of Sadi: "If thou tellest the sorrows of thy heart, let it be to him in whose countenance thou mayst be assured of prompt consolation." The world, he declared, was fallen into disorder, like the hair of an Ethiopian. Within the city wall was a people well disposed as angels; without, a band of tigers. After which he asked if the young *Firengi* were of the company of those who dug for the poisoned water of Bakhtiari Land, or whether perchance he were of the People of the Chain.

These figures of speech would have been incomprehensible to Matthews, if Abbas had not hinted something about oil rigs. He accordingly confessed that he had nothing to do with either of the two enterprises. The Father of Swords then expatiated on those who caused the Lurs to seize the hand of amazement with the teeth of chagrin, by dragging through their valleys a long chain, as if they meant to take prisoners. These unwelcome *Firengis* were also to be known by certain strange inventions on three legs, into which they would gaze by the hour. Were they warriors, threatening devastation? Or were they magicians, spying into the future and laying a spell upon the people of Luristan? Their account of themselves the Father of Swords found far from satisfactory, claiming as they did that they proposed to build a road of iron, whereby it would be possible for a man to go from Dizful to Khorremabad in one day. For the rest, what business had the people of Dizful, too many of whom were Arabs, in Khorremabad, a city of Lurs? Let the men of Dizful remain in Dizful, and those of Khorremabad continue where they were born. As for him, his white mules needed no road of iron to carry him about his affairs.

Matthews, recalling his own thoughts as he leaned over the parapet of the terrace, spoke consolingly to the Father of Swords concerning the People of the Chain. The Father of Swords listened to him, drawing meditatively at his waterpipe. He thereupon inquired if Matthews were acquainted with another friend of the prince among the merchants of Shustar, himself a *Firengi* by birth, though recently persuaded of the truths of Islam; and not like his visitor of good omen, in the bloom of youth, but bearded and hardened in battles. bearing the scars of them on his face.

Matthews began to go over in his mind the short list of Europeans he had met on the Karun, till suddenly he bethought him of that extraordinary barge he had encountered—could it be only a couple of days ago?

"Magin Sahib?" he asked. "I know him—if he is the one who travels in the river in a *mehala* not like other *mehalas*, rowed by Lurs."

"'That is a musk which discloses itself by its scent, and not what the perfumers impose upon us,'" quoted the Father of Swords. "This man," he continued, "our friend and the friend of our friend, warned me that they of the chain are sons of oppression, destined to bring misfortune to the Lurs. Surely my soul is tightened, not knowing whom I may believe."

"Rum bounder!" said Matthews to himself, as his mind went back to the already mythic barge, and its fantastic oarsmen from these very mountains, and its antique-hunting, history-citing master from overseas, who quoted the Book of Genesis and who carried mysterious passengers with nose-jewels. But our not too articulate young man was less prompt about what he should say aloud. He began to find more in this interview than he had expected. He was tickled at his host's flowery forms of speech, and after all rather sympathized with the suspicious old ruffian. Yet it was not for him to fail in loyalty toward the "People of the Chain." Several of them he knew, as it happened, and they had delighted him with their wild yarns of surveying in Luristan. So he managed no more than to achieve an appearance of slightly offended dignity.

Considering which, out of those opaque eyes, the Father of Swords clapped those famous hands and commanded a responsive black hat to bring him his green chest. At that Matthews pricked up interested

ears indeed. The chest, however, when set down in front of the Father of Swords, proved to be nothing at all like the one out of which the Brazilian had taken his gold anklet. It was quite small and painted green, though quaintly enough provided with triple locks of beaten iron. The Father of Swords unlocked them deliberately, withdrew from an inner compartment a round tin case, and from that a roll of parchment which he pressed to his lips with infinite solemnity. He then handed it to Matthews.

He was one, our not too articulate young man, to take things as they came and not to require, even east of Suez, the spice of romance with his daily bread. His last days, moreover, had been too crowded for him to ruminate over their taste. But it was not every day that he squatted on the same rug with a scarlet-bearded old cut-throat of a mountain chief. So it was that his more or less casual lark visibly took on, from the perspective of this castle in Luristan, as he unrolled a gaudy emblazonment of eagles at the top of the parchment, a new and curious colour. For below the eagle he came upon what he darkly made out to be a species of treaty, inscribed neither in the Arabic nor in the Roman but in the Teutonic character, between the Father of Swords and a more notorious War Lord. And below that was signed, sealed, and imposingly paraphed the signature of one Julius Magin. Which was indeed a novel aspect for a Brazilian, however versatile, to reveal.

He permitted himself, did Guy Matthews, a smile.

"You do not kiss it?" observed the Father of Swords.

"In my country," Matthews began—

"But it is, may I be your sacrifice," interrupted the Father of Swords, "a letter from the Shah of the Shahs of the *Firengis*." It was evident that he was both impressed and certain of impressing his hearer. "He had promised eternal peace to me and to my people."

The Englishman in Matthews permitted him a second smile.

"The Father of Swords," he said, "speaks a word which I do not understand. I am a *Firengi*, but I have never heard of a Shah of the Shahs of the *Firengis*. In the house of Islam are there not many who rule? In Teheran, for instance, there is the young Ahmed Shah. Then among the Bakhtiaris there is an Ilkhani, at Mohamera there is the Sheikh of the Cha'b, and in the valleys of Pusht-i-Kuh none is above the Father of Swords. I do not forget, either, the Emirs of Mecca and Afghanistan, or the Sultan in Stambul. And among them what *Firengi* shall say who is the greatest? And so it is in *Firengistan*. Yet as for this paper, it is written in the tongue of a king smaller than the one whose subject I am, whose crown has been worn by few fathers. But the name at the bottom of the paper is not his. It is not even a name known to the *Firengis* when they speak among themselves of the great of their lands. Where did you see him?"

The Father of Swords stroked his scarlet beard, looking at his young visitor with more of a gleam in the dull black of his eyes than Matthews had yet noticed.

"Truly it is said: 'Fix not thy heart on what is transitory, for the Tigris will continue to flow through Baghdad after the race of Caliphs is extinct!' You make it clear to me that you are of the People of the Chain."

"If I were of the People of the Chain," protested Matthews, "there is no reason why I should hide it. The People of the Chain do not steal secretly through the valleys of Pusht-i-Kuh, telling the Lurs lies and giving them papers in the night. I am not one of the People of the Chain. But the king of the People of the Chain is also my king. And he is a great king, lord of many lands and many seas, who has no need of secret messengers, hostlers and scullions of whom no one has heard, to persuade strangers of his greatness."

"Your words do not persuade me!" cried the Father of Swords. "A wise man is like a jar in the house of the apothecary, silent but full of virtues. If the king who sent me this letter has such hostlers and such scullions, how great must be his khans and viziers! And why do the Turks trust him? Why do the other *Firengis* allow his ships in Bushir and Basra? Or why do not the People of the Chain better prove the character of their lord? But the hand of liberality is stronger than the arm of power. This king, against whom you speak, heard me draw the sigh of affliction from the bosom of uncertainty. He deigned to regard me with the eye of patronage, sending me good words and promises of peace and friendship. He will not permit the house of Islam to be troubled. From many we have heard it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Matthews. "Now I understand why you have not kept your

promises to the People of the Chain!" And he rubbed his thumb against his forefinger, in the gesture of the East that signifies the payment of money.

"Why not?" demanded the Father of Swords, angrily. "The duty of a king is munificence. Or why should there be a way to pass through my mountains? Has it ever been said of the Lur that he stepped back before a stranger? That is for the Shah in Tehran, who has become the servant of the Russian! Let the People of the Chain learn that my neck does not know how to bow! And what guest are you to sprinkle my sore with the salt of harsh words? A boy, who comes here no one knows why, on hired horses, with only one follower to attend him!"

Matthews flushed.

"Salman Taki Khan," he retorted, "it is true that I come to you humbly, and without a beard. And your beard is already white, and you can call out thirty thousand men to follow you. Yet a piece of gold will make you believe a lie. And I swear to you that whether I give you back this paper to put in your chest, or whether I spit on it and tear it in pieces and throw it to the wind of that valley, it is one."

To which the Father of Swords made emphatic enough rejoinder by snatching the parchment away, rising to his feet, and striding out of the room without a word.

IV

THE festivities in honour of the Shah's coronation took place at Bala Bala with due solemnity. Among the black tents there was much plucking of plaintive strings, there was more stuffing of mutton and *pilau*, and after dark many little rockets, improvised out of gunpowder and baked clay, traced brief arabesques of gold against the black of the underlying gorges. The castle celebrated in the same simple way. The stuffing, to be sure, was more prolonged and recondite, while dancers imported from Dizful swayed and snapped their fingers, singing for the pleasure of the Father of Swords. The eyes of that old man of the mountain remained opaque as ever, save when he rebuked the almoner who sat at meat with him for indecorously quoting the lines of Sadi, when he says: "Such was this delicate crescent of the moon, and fascination of the holy, this form of an angel, and decoration of a peacock, that let them once behold her, and continence must cease to exist in the constitutions of the chaste."

This rebuke might have been called forth by the presence of another guest of the board. Be that as it may, the eyes of the Father of Swords glimmered perceptibly when they rested on the unannounced visitor for whom he fished out, with his own henna'ed fingers, the fattest morsels of mutton and the juciest sweets. I hasten to add that the newcomer was not the one whose earlier arrival and interview with the Father of Swords has already been recorded. He was, nevertheless, a personage not unknown to this record, whether as Senhor Magin of Brazil or as the emissary of the Shah of the Shahs of *Firengistan*. For not only had he felt impelled to bid good-bye a second time to his friend Adolf Ganz, prince among the merchants of Shustar. He had even postponed his voyage down the Karun long enough to make one more journey overland to Bala Bala. And he heard there, not without interest, the story of the short visit and the sudden flight of the young Englishman he had accidentally met on the river.

As for Matthews, he celebrated the coronation at Dizful, in bed. And by the time he had slept off his fag, Bala Bala and the Father of Swords and the green chest and the ingenious Magin looked to him more than ever like figures of myth. He was too little of the timber out of which journalists, romancers, or diplomats are made to take them very seriously. The world he lived in, moreover, was too solid to be shaken by any such flimsy device as the one of which he had happened to catch a glimpse. What had been real to him was that he, Guy Matthews, had been suspected of playing a part in story-book intrigues, and had been treated rudely by an old barbarian of whom he expected the proverbial hospitality of the East. His affair had therefore been to show Mr. Scarlet Beard that if a Lur could turn his back, an Englishman could do likewise. He now saw, to be sure, that he himself had not been altogether the pattern of courtesy. But the old man of the mountain had got what was coming to him. And Matthews regretted very little, after all, missing what he had gone to see. For Dizful, peering at him through the arches of the bridge, reminded that there was still something to see.

It must be said of him, however, that he showed no impatience to see the neighbour-

ing ruins of Susa. He was not one, this young man who was out for a bit of a lark, to sentimentalize about antiquity or the charm of the unspoiled. Yet even such young men are capable of finding the rumness of strange towns a passable enough lark, to say nothing of the general unexpectedness of life. And Dizful turned out to be quite as unexpected, in its way, as Bala Bala. Matthews found that out before he had been three days in the place, when a sudden roar set all the loose little panes tinkling in Shir Ali Khan's garden windows.

Abbas explained that this was merely a cannon shot, announcing the new moon of Ramazan. That loud call of the faith evidently made Dizful a rummer place than it normally was. Matthews soon got used to the daily repetitions of the sound, rumbling off at sunset and before dawn into the silence of the plains. But the recurrent explosion became for him the voice of the particular rumness of that fanatical old border town—of fierce suns, terrific smells, snapping dogs, and scowling people. When the stranger without the gate crossed his bridge of a morning for a stroll in the town, he felt like a discoverer of some lost desert city. He threaded alleys of blinding light, he explored dim thatched bazaars, he studied tiled doorways in blank mud walls, he investigated quaint water-mills by the river, and scarce a soul did he see, unless a stork in its nest on top of a tall *badgir* or a naked dervish lying in a scrap of shade asleep under a lion skin. It was as if Dizful drowsed sullenly in that July blaze brewing something, like a geyser, and burst out with it at the end of the unendurable day.

The brew of the night, however, was a different mixture, quite the rummest compound of its kind Matthews had ever tasted. The bang of the sunset gun instantly brought the deserted city back to life. Lights began to twinkle—in tea houses, along the river, among the indigo plantations—streets filled with ghostly costumes and jostling camels, and everywhere voices would celebrate the happy return of dusk so strangely and piercingly that they made Matthews think of "battles far away." This was most so when he listened to them, out of sight of unfriendly eyes, from his own garden. Above the extraordinary rumour that drifted to him through the arches of the bridge he heard the wailing of pipes, raucous blasts of cow horns, the thumping of drums; while dogs barked incessantly, and all night long the caravans of Mesopotamia jingled to and fro. Then the cannon would thunder out its climax, and the city would fall anew under the spell of the sun.

The moon of those Arabian nights was nearing its first quarter and Matthews was waiting for it to become bright enough for him to fulfill his true duty as a sight-seer by riding to the mounds of Susa, when Dizful treated him to fresh discoveries as to what an unspoiled town may contain. It contained, Abbas informed Matthews with some mystery after one of his prolonged visits to the bazaar, another *Firengi*. This *Firengi's* servant, moreover, had given Abbas explicit directions as to the whereabouts of the *Firengi's* house, in order that Abbas might give due warning, as is the custom of the country, of a call from Matthews. Whereat Matthews made the surprizing announcement that he had not come to Dizful to call on *Firengis*. The chief charm of Dizful for him, as a matter of fact, was that there he felt himself free of the social obligations under which he had lain rather longer than he liked. But if Abbas was able to resign himself to this new proof of the eccentricity of his masters, the unknown *Firengi* apparently was not. At all events, Matthews soon made another discovery as to the possibilities of Dizful. An evening or two later, as he loitered on the bridge watching a string of loaded camels, a respectable-looking old gentleman in a black *aba* addressed him in French. French in Dizful! And it appeared that this remarkable Elamite was a Jew, who had picked up in Baghdad the idiom of Paris! He went on to describe himself as the "agent" of a distinguished foreign resident, who, the linguistic old gentleman gave Matthews to understand, languished for a sight of the new-comer, and was unable to understand why he had not already been favoured with a call. His pain was the deeper because the newcomer had recently enjoyed the hospitality of this distinguished foreign resident on a little yacht in the river.

"The unmitigated bounder!" exclaimed Matthews, unable to deliver himself in French of that sentiment, and turning upon the stupefied old gentleman a rude Anglo-Saxon back. "He has cheek enough for anything."

He had enough, at any rate, to knock the next afternoon, unannounced, on Matthew's gate, to follow Matthew's servant

into the house without waiting to hear whether Matthews would receive him to present himself at the door of the dim underground *Serdaf* where Matthews lounged in his pyjamas till it should be cool enough to go out, to make Matthews the most ceremonious of bows, and to give that young man a half-amused, half-annoyed, consciousness of being put at his ease. The advantage of position, Matthews had good reason to feel, was with himself. He knew more about the bounder than the bounder thought, and it was not he who had knocked at the bounder's gate. Yet the sound of that knock, pealing muffled through the hot silence, had been distinctly welcome. Nor could our incipient connoisseur of rum towns pretend that the sight of Magin bowing in the doorway was wholly unwelcome, so long had he been stewing there in the sun by himself. What annoyed him, what amused him, what in spite of himself impressed him, was to see how the bounder ignored advantages of position. Matthews had forgotten, too, what an imposing individual the bounder really was. And measuring his tall figure, listening to his deep voice, looking at his light eyes and his two sinister scars and the big shaved dome of a head which he this time uncovered, our cool enough young man wondered whether there might be something more than fantastic about this navigator of strange waters. It was rather odd, at all events, how he kept bobbing up, and what a power he had of quickening —what? A school-boyish sense of the romantic? Or mere vulgar curiosity? For he suddenly found himself aware, Guy Matthews, that what he knew about his visitor was less than what he desired to know.

The visitor made no haste, however, to volunteer any information. Nor did he make of Matthews any but the most perfunctory inquiries.

"And Monsieur— What was his name? Your Frenchman?" he continued.

"Gaston. He's not my Frenchman, though," replied Matthews. "He went back long ago."

"Oh!" uttered Magin. He declined the refreshments which Abbas at that point produced, even to the cigarette Matthews offered him. He merely glanced at the make. Then he examined, with a flicker of amusement in his eyes, the bare white-washed room. A runnel of water trickled across it in a stone channel that widened in the center into a shallow pool. "A bit of a lark, eh? I remember that *mot* of yours, Mr. Matthews. To sit steaming, or perhaps I should say dreaming, in a sort of Turkish bath in the bottom of Elam while over there in Europe——"

"Is there anything new?" asked Matthews, recognizing his caller's habit of finishing a sentence with a gesture. "Archdukes and that sort of thing don't seem to matter much in Dixful. I have even lost track of the date."

"I would not have thought an Englishman so—*dolce far niente,*" said Magin. "It is perhaps because we archæologists feed on dates! I happen to recollect, though, that we first met on the eighteenth of July. And to-day, if you would like to know, is Saturday, the first of August, 1914." The flicker of amusement in his eyes became something more inscrutable. "But there is a telegraph even in Elam," he went on. "A little news trickles out of it now and then. Don't you ever catch, perhaps, some echo of the trickle?"

"That's not my idea of a lark," laughed Matthews.

Magin regarded him a moment.

"Well," he conceded, "Europe does take on a new perspective from the point of view of Susa. I see you are a philosopher, sitting amidst the ruins of empires and wisely preferring the trickle of your fountain to the trickle of the telegraph. If Austria falls to pieces, if Serbia reaches the Adriatic, what is that to us? Nothing but a story that in Elam has been told too often to have any novelty! Eh?"

"Why," asked Matthews, quickly, "is that on already?"

Magin looked at him again a moment before answering.

"Not yet! But why," he added, "do you say already?"

His voice had a curious rumble in the dim stone room. Matthews wondered whether it were because the acoustic properties of a *serdab* in Dizful differ from those of a galley on the Karun, or whether there really were something new about him.

"Why, it's bound to come sooner or later, isn't it? If it's true that all the way from Nish to Ragusa those chaps speak the same language and belong to the same race, one can hardly blame them for wanting to do what the Italians and the Germans have already done. And, as a philosopher sitting amidst the ruins of empires, wouldn't you say yourself that Austria has bitten off rather more than she can chew?"

"Very likely I should." Magin took a

cigar out of his pocket, snipped off the end with a patent cutter, lighted it, and regarded the smoke with a growing look of amusement. "But, he went on, "as a philosopher sitting amidst the ruins of empires, I would hardly confine that observation to Austria-Hungary. For instance, I have heard"—and his look of amusement verged on a smile—"of an island in the Atlantic Ocean not much larger than the land of Elam, an island of rains and fogs whose people, feeling the need of a little more sunlight perhaps, or of pin-money and elbow-room, sailed away and conquered for themselves two entire continents, as well as a good part of a third. I have also heard that the inhabitants of this island, not content with killing and enslaving so many defenseless fellow-creatures, or with picking up any lesser island, cape, or bay that happened to suit their fancy, took it upon themselves to govern several hundred million unwilling individuals of all colours and religions in other parts of the world. And, having thus procured both sunlight and elbow-room, those enterprising islanders assumed a virtuous air and pushed the high cries—as our friend Gaston would say—if any of their neighbours ever showed the slightest symptom of following their very successful example. Have you ever heard of such an island? And would you not say—as a philosopher sitting amidst the ruins of empires!—that it had also bitten off rather more than it could chew?"

Matthews, facing the question and the now open smile, felt that he wanted to be cool, but that he did not altogether succeed.

"I dare say that two or three hundred years ago we did things we wouldn't do now. Times have changed in all sorts of ways. But we never set out like a Cæsar or a Napoleon or a Bismarck to invent an empire. It all came about quite naturally. Anybody else could have done the same. But nobody else thought of it—at the time. We simply got there first."

"Ah?" Magin smiled more broadly. "It seems to me that I have heard of another island, not so far from here, which is no more than a pin-point, to be sure, but which happens to be the key of the Persian Gulf. I have also heard that the Portuguese got there first, as you put it. But you crushed Portugal, you crushed Spain, you crushed Holland, you crushed France—or you meant to. And I must say it looks to me as if you would not mind crushing Germany. Why do you go on building ships, building ships, building ships, always two to Germany's one? Simply that you and your friends may go on eating up Asia and Africa—and perhaps Germany too!"

Matthews noticed that the elder man ended, at any rate, not quite so coolly as he began.

"Nonsense! The thing's so simple it isn't worth repeating. We have to have more ships than anybody else because our empire is bigger than anybody else's—and more scattered. As for eating, it strikes me that Germany has done more of that lately than anyone. However, if you know so much about islands, you must also know how we happened to go into India—or Egypt. In the beginning it was pure accident. And you know very well that if we left them to-morrow there would be the devil to pay. Do we get a penny out of them?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Magin. "You administer them purely on altruistic principles, for their own good and that of the world at large—like the oil-wells of the Karun!"

"Well, since you put it that way," laughed Matthews in turn, "perhaps we do!"

Magin shrugged his shoulders.

"Extraordinary people! Do you really think the rest of the world so stupid? Or is it that the fog of your island has got into your brains? You always talk about truth as if it were a patented British invention, yet no one is less willing to call a spade a spade. Look at Cairo, where you pretend to keep nothing but a consul-general, but where the ruler of the country can't turn over in bed without his permission. A consul-general! Look at your novels! Look at what you yourself are saying to me!"

Matthews lighted a pipe over it.

"In a way, of course, you are right," he said. "But I am not sure that we are altogether wrong. Spades exist, but there's no inherent virtue in talking about them. In fact it's often better not to mention them at all. There's something very funny about words, you know. They so often turn out to mean more than you expected."

At that Magin regarded his companion with a new interest.

"I would not have thought you knew that, at your age! But after all, if you will allow me to say so, it is a woman's point of view. A man ought to say things out—and stick by them. He is less likely to get into trouble afterward. For example it would have been not only more honest but

more advantageous for your country if you had openly annexed Egypt in the beginning. Now where are you? You continually have to explain, and to watch very sharply lest some other consul-general tell the Khedive to turn over in bed. And since you and the Russians intend to eat up Persia, why on earth don't you do it frankly, instead of trying not to frighten the Persians, and talking vaguely about spheres of influence, neutral zones, and what not? I'm afraid the truth is that you're getting old and fat. What?" He glanced over his cigar at Matthews, who was regarding the trickle of the water beside them. "Those Russians, they are younger," he went on. "They have still to be reckoned with. And they aren't so squeamish, either in novels or in life. Look at what they have done in their 'sphere.' They have roads, they have Cossacks, they have the Shah under their thumb. And whenever they choose they shut the Baghdad trail against your caravans—yours, with whom they have an understanding! A famous understanding! You don't even understand how to make the most of your own sphere. You have had the Karun in your hands for three hundred years, and what have you done with it? Why, in heaven's name, didn't you blast out that rock at Ahwaz long ago? Why haven't you made a proper road to Isfahan? Why don't you build that railroad to Khorremabad that you are always talking about, and finish it before the Germans get to Baghdad? Ah! If they had been here in your place you would have seen!"

"It strikes me," retorted Matthews, with less coolness than he yet had shown, "that you are here already—from what the Father of the Swords told me." And he looked straight at the man who had told him that an Englishman couldn't call a spade a spade. But he saw anew how the man could ignore an advantage of position.

Magin returned the look—frankly, humorously, quizzically. Then he said:

"You remind me, by the way, of a question I came to ask you. Would you object to telling me what you are up to here?"

"What am I up to?" queried Matthews in astonishment. The cheek of the bounder was really beyond everything! "What do you mean?"

Magin smiled.

"I am not an Englishman. I mean what I say."

"No you're not!" Matthews threw back at him. "No Englishman would try to pass himself off for a Brazilian."

Magin smiled again.

"Nor would a German jump too hastily at conclusions. If I told you I was from Brazil, I spoke the truth. I was born there, as were many Englishmen I know. That makes them very little less English, though it has perhaps made me more German. Who knows? As a philosopher sitting with you amidst the ruins of empires I am at least inclined to believe that we take our mother country more seriously than you do yours! But to return to our point: what are you doing here?"

"I'm attending to my business. Which seems to me more than you are doing, Mr. Magin."

Matthews noticed, from the reverberation of the room, that his voice must have been unnecessarily loud. He busied himself with the bowl of his pipe. As for Magin, he got up and began walking to and fro, drawing at his cigar. The red of it showed how much darker the room had been growing. It increased, too, the curious effect of his eyes. They looked like two empty holes in a mask.

"Eh, too bad!" sighed the visitor at last. "You disappoint me. Do you know? You are, of course, much younger than I; but you made me hope that you were perhaps—how shall I put it?—a spirit of the first class. I hoped that without padding, without rancour, like true philosophers, we might exchange our points of view. However— Since it suits you to stand on your dignity, I must say that I am very distinctly attending to my business. And I am obliged to add that it does not help my business, Mr. Matthews, to have you sitting so mysteriously in Dizful—and refusing to call on me, but occasionally calling on nomad chiefs. I confess that you don't look to me like a spy. Spies are generally older men than you, more cooked, as Gaston would say, more fluent in languages. It does not seem to me, either, that even an English spy would go about his affairs quite as you have done. Still, I regret to have to repeat that I dislike your idea of a lark. And not only because you upset nomad chiefs. You upset other people as well. You might even end by upsetting yourself."

"Who the devil are you?" demanded Matthews, hotly. "The Emperor of Elam?"

"Ha! I see you are acquainted with the excellent Adolf Ganz!" laughed Magin.

"No," he went on in another tone. "His viceroy, perhaps. But as I was saying, it does not suit me to have you stopping here. I can see, however, that you have reason to be surprized, possibly annoyed, at my telling you so. I am willing to be reasonable about it. How much do you want—for the expenses of your going away?"

Matthews could hardly believe his ears. He got up in turn.

"What in hell do you mean by that?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Matthews," answered the other slowly, "that my knowledge of your language does not permit me to make myself clear to you. Perhaps you will understand me better if I quote from yourself. I got here first. Did you ever put your foot into this country until two weeks ago? Did your countrymen ever trouble themselves about it, even after Layard showed them the way? No! They expressly left it outside of their famous 'sphere,' in that famous neutral zone. And all these centuries it has been lying here in the sun, asleep, forgotten, deserted, lost, given over to nomads and to lions—until I came. I am the first European since Alexander the Great who has seen what it might be. It is not so impossible that I might open again those choked-up canals which once made these burnt plains a paradise. In those mountains I have found—what I have found. What right have you to interfere with me, who are only out for a lark? Or what right have your countrymen? They have already, as you so gracefully express it, bitten off so much more than they can chew! The Gulf, the Karun, the oil-wells—they are yours. Take them. But Baghdad is ours: if not to-day, then to-morrow. And if you will exercise that logical process of which your British mind appears to be not altogether destitute, you can hardly help seeing that this part of your famous neutral zone, if not the whole of it, falls into the sphere of Baghdad. You know, too, that we do things more thoroughly than you. Therefore I must very respectfully but very firmly ask you, at your very earliest convenience, to leave Dizful. I am quite willing to believe, however, that your interference with my arrangements was accidental. And I dislike to put you to any unnecessary trouble. So I shall be happy to compensate you, in marks, *tomans*, or pounds sterling, for any disappointment you may feel in bringing this particular lark to an end. Do you now understand me? How much do you want?"

He perceived, Guy Matthews, that his lark had indeed taken an unexpected turn. He was destined, far sooner than he dreamed, to be asked of life, and to answer, questions even more direct than this. But until now life had chosen to confront him with no problem more pressing than one of cricket or hunting. He was therefore troubled by an unwonted confusion of feelings. For he felt that his ordinary vocabulary—made up of such substantives as lark, cheek, and bounder, and the comprehensive adjective rum—fell short of coping with this extraordinary speech. He even felt that he might possibly have answered in a different way, but for that unspeakable offer of money. And the rumble of Magin's bass in the dark stone room somehow threw a light on the melancholy land without, somehow gave him a dim sense that he did not answer for himself alone—that he answered for the tradition of Layard and Rawlinson and Morier and Sherley, of Clive and Kitchener, of Drake and Raleigh and Nelson, of all the adventurous young men of that beloved foggy island at which this pseudo-Brazilian jeered.

"When I first met you in the river, Mr. Magin," he said quietly, "I confess I did not realize how much of the spoils of Susa you were carrying away in your chests. And I didn't take your gold anklet as a bribe, though I didn't take you for too much of a gentleman in offering it to me. But all I have to say now is that I shall stay in Dizful as long as I please—and that you had better clear out of this house unless you want me to kick you out."

"Heroics, eh? You obstinate little fool! I could choke you with one hand!"

"You'd better try!" retorted Matthews.

He started in spite of himself when a muffled boom suddenly answered him, jarring even the sunken walls of the room. Then he remembered that voice of the drowsing city, bursting out with the pent-up brew of the day.

"Ah!" exclaimed Magin strangely—"The cannon speaks at last! You will hear, beside your fountain, what it has to say. That, at any rate, you will perhaps understand—you and the people of your island." He stopped a moment. "But," he went on, "if some fasting dervish knocks you on the head with his mace, or sticks his knife into your back, don't say I didn't warn you!"

And the echo of his receding stamp in the corridor drowned for a moment the trickle of the invisible water.

V

THE destiny of some men lies coiled within them, invisible as the blood of their hearts or the stuff of their will, working darkly, day by day and year after year, for their glory or for their destruction. The destiny of other men is an accident, a god from the machine or an enemy in ambush. Such was the destiny of Guy Matthews, as it was of how many other unsuspecting young men of his time. It would have been inconceivable to him, as he stood in his dark stone room listening to Magin's receding stamp, that anything could make him do what Magin demanded. Yet something did—the last drop of the acrid essence Dizful had been brewing for him.

The letter that accomplished this miracle came to him by the hand of a Bakhtiari from Meidan-i-Naft. It said very little. It said so little, and that little so briefly, that Matthews, still preoccupied with his own quarrel, at first saw no reason why a stupid war on the Continent, and the consequent impossibility of telegraphing home except by way of India, should affect the oil-works, or why his friends should put him in the position of showing Magin the white feather. But as he turned over the Bakhtiari's scrap of paper the meaning of it grew, in the light of the very circumstances that made him hesitate, so portentously that he sent Abbas for horses. And before the Ramazan gun boomed again he was well on his way back to Meidan-i-Naft.

There was something unreal to him about that night ride eastward across the dusty moonlit plain. He never forgot that night. The unexpectedness of it was only a part of the unreality. What pulled him up short was a new quality in the general unexpectedness of life. Life had always been, like the trip from which he was returning, more or less of a lark. Whereas it suddenly appeared that life might, perhaps, be very little of a lark. So far as he had ever pictured life to himself he had seen it as an extension of his ordered English countryside, beset by no hazard more searching than a hawthorne hedge. But the plain across which he rode gave him a new picture of it, lighted romantically enough by the moon, yet offering a rider magnificent chances to break his neck in some invisible nullah, if not to be waylaid by marauding Lurs or lions. It even began to come to this not too articulate young man that romance and reality might be the same thing, romance being what happens to the other fellow and reality being what happens to you. He looked up at the moon of war that had been heralded to him by cannon and tried to imagine what, under that same moon far away in Europe, was happening to the other fellow. For it was entirely on the cards that it might also happen to him, Guy Matthews, who had gone up the Ab-i-Diz for a lark! That experience had an extraordinary air of having happened to someone else, as he went back in his mind to his cruise on the river, his meeting with the barge, his first glimpse of Dizful, the interlude of Bala Bala, the return to Dizful, the cannon, Magin. Magin! He was extraordinary enough, in all conscience, as Matthews tried to piece together, under his romantic-realistic moon, the various unrelated fragments his memory produced of that individual, connoisseur of Greek kylixes and Lur nose-jewels, quoter of Scripture and secret agent.

The bounder must have known, as he sat smoking his cigar and ironizing on the ruins of empires, that the safe and settled little world to which they both belonged was already in a blaze. Of course he had known it—and he had said nothing about it! But not least extraordinary was the way the bounder, whom after all Matthews had only seen twice, seemed to colour the whole adventure. In fact, he had been the first speck in the blue, the forerunner—if Matthews had only seen it—of the more epic adventure into which he was so quickly to be caught.

At Shustar he broke his journey. There were still thirty miles to do, and fresh horses were to be hired—of some fasting *charvadar* who would never consent in Ramazan, Matthews very well knew, to start for Meidan-i-Naft under the terrific August sun. But he was not ungrateful for a chance to rest. He discovered in himself, too, a sudden interest in the trickle of the telegraph. And he was anxious to pick up what news he could from the few Europeans in the town. Moreover, he needed to see Ganz about the replenishing of his money-bag; for not the lightest item of the traveler's pack in Persia is his load of silver *krans*.

At the telegraph office Matthews ran into Ganz himself. The Swiss was a short fair faded man, not too neat about his white clothes, with a pensive mustache and an ambiguous blue eye that lighted at sight of the young Englishman. The light, however, was not one to illuminate Matthews's darkness in the matter of news.

What news trickled out of the local wire was very meager indeed. The Austrians were shelling Belgrade, the Germans, the Russians, and the French had gone in. That was all. No, not quite all; for the bank-rate in England had suddenly jumped sky-high—higher, at any rate, than it had ever jumped before. And even Shustar felt the distant commotion, in that the bazaar had already seen fit to put up the price of sugar and petroleum. Not that Shustar showed any outward sign of commotion as the two threaded their way toward Ganz's house. The deserted streets reminded Matthews strangely of Dizful. What was stranger was to find how they reminded him of a chapter that is closed. He hardly noticed the blank walls, the archways of brick and tile, the tall *badgirs*, even the filth and smells. But strangest was it to listen to the hot silence, to look up at the brilliant stripe of blue between the adobe walls, while over there—!

The portentous uncertainty of what might be over there made his answers to Ganz's questions about his journey curt and abstracted. He gave no explanation of his failure to see the celebration at Bala Bala and the ruins of Susa, which Ganz supposed to be the chief objects of his excursion. Yet he found himself looking with a new eye at the anomalous exile whom the Father of Swords called the prince among the merchants of Shustar, noting the faded untidy air as he had never noted it before, wondering why a man should bury himself in such a hole as this. Was one now, he speculated, to look at everybody all over again? He was not the kind of man, Ganz, to interest the Guy Matthews who had gone to Dizful. But it was the Guy Matthews who came back from Dizful who didn't like Ganz's name or Ganz's good enough accent. Nevertheless he yielded to Ganz's insistence, when they reached the office and the money-bag had been restored to its normal portliness, that the traveler should step into the house to rest and cool off.

"Do come!" urged the Swiss. "I so seldom see a civilized being. And I have a new piano!" he threw in as an added inducement. "Do you play?"

He had no parlour tricks, he told Ganz, and he told himself that he wanted to get on. But Ganz had been very decent to him, after all. And he began to perceive that he himself was extremely tired. So he followed Ganz through the cloister of the pool to the court where the great basin glittered in the sun, below the pillared portico.

"Who is that?" exclaimed Ganz suddenly. "What a tone, eh? And what a touch!"

Matthews heard from Ganz's private quarters a welling of music so different from the pipes and cowhorns of Dizful that it gave him a sudden stab of homesickness.

"I say," he said, brightening, "could it be any of the fellows from Meidan-i-Naft?"

The ambiguous blue eye brightened too. "Perhaps! It is the river music from *Rheingold*. But listen," Ganz added with a smile. "There are sharks among the Rhine maidens!"

They went on, up the steps of the portico, to the door which Ganz opened softly, stepping aside for his visitor to pass in. The room was so dark, after the blinding light of the court, that Matthews saw nothing at first. He stepped forward eagerly, feeling his way among Ganz's tables and chairs toward the end of the room from which the music came. They gave him, the cluttering tables and chairs, after the empty rooms he had been living in, a sharper renewal of his stab. And even a piano—! It made him think of Kipling and the *Song of the Banjo:*

> "I am memory and torment—I am Town!
> I am all that ever went with evening dress!"

But what mute inglorious Paderewski of the restricted circle he had moved in for the past months was capable of such parlour tricks as this? Then, suddenly, he saw. He saw, swaying back and forth against the dark background of the piano, a domed shaven head that made him stop short—that head full of so many astounding things! He saw, traveling swiftly up and down the keys, rising above them to an extravagant height and pouncing down upon them again, those predatory hands that had pounced on the spoils of Susa! They began, in a moment, to flutter lightly over the upper end of the keyboard. It was extraordinary what a ripple poured as if out of those hands. Magin himself bent over to listen to the ripple, partly showing his face as he turned his ear to the keys. He showed, too, in the lessening gloom, a smile Matthews had never seen before, more extraordinary than anything. Yet even as Matthews watched it, in his stupefaction, the smile changed, broadened, hardened. And Magin, sitting up straight again with

his back to the room, began to execute a series of crashing chords.

After several minutes he stopped and swung around on the piano-stool. Ganz clapped his hands, shouting "*Bis! Bis!*" At that Magin rose, bowed elaborately, and kissed his hands right and left. He ended by pulling up a table-cover near him, gazing intently under the table.

"Have you lost something?" inquired Ganz.

"I seem," answered Magin, "to have lost half my audience. What has become of our elusive English friend? Am I so unfortunate as to have been unable to satisfy his refined ear? Or can it be that his emotions were too much for him?"

"He was in a hurry," explained Ganz. "He is just back from Dizful, you know."

"Ah?" uttered Magin. "He is a very curious young man. He is always in a hurry. He was in a hurry the first time I had the pleasure of meeting him. He was in such a hurry at Bala Bala that he didn't wait to see the celebration which you told me he went to see. He also left Dizful in a surprizing hurry, from what I hear. I happen to know that the telegraph had nothing to do with it. I can only conclude that some one frightened him away. Where do you suppose he hurries to? And do you think he will arrive in time?"

Ganz opened his mouth; but if he intended to say something, he decided instead to draw his hand across his spare jaw. However, he did speak after all.

"I notice that you at least do not hurry, Majesty! Do you fiddle while Rome burns?"

"Ha!" laughed Magin. "It is not Rome that burns! And I notice, Mr. Ganz, that you seem to be of a forgetful as well as of an inquiring disposition. I would have been in Mohamera long ago if it had not been for your Son of Papa, with his interest in unspoiled towns. I will thank you to issue no more letters to the Father of Swords without remembering me. Do you wish to enrich the already overstocked British Museum at my expense? But I do not mind revealing to you that I am now really on my way to Mohamera."

"H'm," let out Ganz slowly. "My dear fellow, haven't you heard that there is a war in Europe?"

"I must confess, my good Ganz, that I have. But what has Europe to do with Mohamera?"

"God knows," said Ganz. "I should think however, since you are so far from the Gulf, that you would prefer the route of Baghdad—now that French and Russian cruisers are seeking whom they may devour."

"You forget, Mr. Ganz, that I am so fortunate as to possess a number of valuable objects of virtue. I would think twice before attempting to carry those objects of virtue through the country of our excellent friends the Beni Lam Arabs!"

Ganz laughed.

"Your objects of virtue could very well be left with me. What if the English should go into the war?"

"The English? Go into the war? Never fear! This is not their affair. And if it were, what could they do? Sail their famous ships up the Rhine and the Elbe? Besides, that treacherous memory of yours seems to fail you again. This is Persia, not England."

"Perhaps," answered Ganz. "But the English are very funny people. There is a rumour, you know, of pourparlers. What if you were to sail down to the Gulf and some little midshipman were to fire a shot across your bow?"

"Ah, bah! I am a neutral! And Britannia is a fat old woman! Also a rich one, who doesn't put her hand into her pocket to please her neighbours. Besides, I have a little affair with the Sheikh of Mohamera—objects of virtue, indigo, who knows what? As you know, I am a versatile man." And swinging around on his stool, Magin began to play again.

"But even fat old women sometimes know how to bite," objected Ganz.

"Not when their teeth have dropped out," Magin threw over his shoulder—"or when strong young men plug their jaws!"

VI

Two days later, or not quite three days later, the galley and the motor-boat whose accidental encounter brought about the events of this narrative met again. This second meeting took place in the Karun, as before, but at a point some fifty or sixty miles below Bund-i-Kir. And now the moon, not the sun, cast its paler glitter between the high dark banks of the stream.

It was a keen-eared young Lur who first heard afar the pant of the mysterious jinni. Before he or his companions descried the motor-boat, however, Gaston, rounding a sharp curve above the island of Umm-un-Nakhl, caught sight of the sweeps of the barge flashing in the moonlight. The unexpected view of that flash was not dis-

agreeable to Gaston. For, as Gaston put it to himself, he was sad—despite the efforts of his friend, the telegraph operator at Ahwaz, to cheer him up. It is true that the operator, who was Irish and a man of heart, had accorded him but a limited amount of cheer, together with hard words not a few. Recalling them, Gaston picked up a knife that lay on the seat beside him—an odd curved knife of the country, in a leather sheath. There is no reason why I should conceal the fact that this knife was a gift from Gaston's Bakhtiari henchman, who had presented it to Gaston, with immense solemnity, on hearing that there was a war in *Firengistan* and that the young men of the oil works were going to it. What had become of that type of a Bakhtiari, Gaston wondered? Then, spying the flash of those remembered oars, he bethought him of the seigneur of a Brazilian whose hospitable yacht, he had reason to know, was not destitute of cheer.

When he was near enough the barge to make out the shadow of the high beak on the moonlit water he cut off the motor. The sweeps forthwith ceased to flash. Gaston then called out the customary salutation. It was answered, as before, by the deep voice of the Brazilian. He stood at the rail of the barge as the motor-boat glided alongside.

"Ah, *mon vieux*, you are alone this time?" said Magin genially. "Where are the others?"

"I do not figure to myself," answered Gaston, "that you derange yourself to inquire for my sacred devil of a Bakhtiari, who has taken the key of the fields. As for Monsieur Guy, the Englishman you saw the other time, whose name does not pronounce itself, he has gone to the war. I just took him and three others to Ahwaz, where they meet more of their friends and all go together on the steamer to Mohamera."

"Really! And did you hear any news at Ahwaz?"

"The latest is that England has declared war."

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed Magin. His voice was extraordinarily loud and deep in the stillness of the river. It impressed Gaston, who sat looking up at the dark figure in front of the ghostly Lurs. What types, with their black hats of a theater! He hoped the absence of M'sieu Guy and the Brazilian's evident surprize would not cloud the latter's hospitality. He was accordingly gratified to hear the Brazilian say, after a moment: "And they tell us that madness is not catching! But we, at least, have not lost our heads. Eh? To prove it, Monsieur Gaston, will you not come aboard a moment, if you are not in too much of a hurry, and drink a little glass with me?"

Gaston needed no urging. In a trice he had lashed his boat to the barge and was on the deck. The agreeable Brazilian was not too much of a seigneur to shake his hand in welcome, or to lead him into the cabin where a young Lur was in the act of lighting candles.

"It is so hot, and so many strange beasts fly about this river," Magin explained, "that I usually prefer to travel without a light. But we must see the way to our mouths! What will you have? Beer? Bordeaux? Champagne?"

Gaston considered this serious question with attention.

"Since Monsieur has the goodness to inquire, if Monsieur has any of that *fine champagne* I tasted before——"

"Ah yes! Certainly." And he gave a rapid order to the Lur. Then he stood silent, his eyes fixed on the reed portiere. Gaston was more impressed than ever as he stood too, *beret* in hand, looking around the little saloon, so oddly, yet so comfortably fitted out with rugs and skins. Presently the Lur reappeared through the reed portière, which aroused the Brazilian from his abstraction. He filled the two glasses himself, waving his attendant out of the cabin, and handed one to Gaston. The other he raised in the air, bowing to his guest. "To the victor!" he said. "And sit down, won't you? There is more than one glass in that bottle."

Gaston was enchanted to sit down and to sip another cognac.

"But, Monsieur," he exclaimed, looking about again, "you travel like an emperor!"

"Ho!" laughed Magin, with a quick glance at Gaston. "I am well enough here. But there is one difficulty." He looked at his glass, holding it up to the light. "I travel too slowly."

Gaston smiled.

"In Persia, who cares?"

"Well, it happens that at this moment I do. I have affairs at Mohamera. And in this tub it will take me three days more at the best—without considering that I shall have to wait till daylight to get through the rocks at Ahwaz." He lowered his glass and looked back at Gaston. "Tell me: Why shouldn't you take me down, ahead of my tub? Eh? Or to Sablah, if Moha-

mera is too far? It would not delay you so much, after all. You can tell them any story you like at Sheleilieh. Otherwise I am sure we can make a satisfactory arrangement." He put his hand suggestively into his pocket.

Gaston considered it between sips. It really was not much to do for this uncle of America who had been so amiable. And others had suddenly become so much less amiable than their wont. Moreover, that Bakhtiari—he might repent when he heard the motor again. At any rate one could say that one had waited for him. And the Brazilian would no doubt show a gratitude so handsome that one could afford to be a little independent. If those on the steamer asked any questions when the motor-boat passed, surely the Brazilian, who was more of a seigneur than any employee of an oil company, would know how to answer.

"*Allons!* Why not?" he said aloud.

"Bravo!" cried the Brazilian, withdrawing his hand from his pocket. "Take that as part of my ticket. And excuse me a moment while I make arrangements."

He disappeared through the reed portière, leaving Gaston to admire five shining napoleons. It gave him an odd sensation to see, after so long, those coins of his country. When Magin finally came back, it was through the inner door.

"Tell me: how much can you carry?" he asked. "I have four boxes I would like to take with me, besides a few small things. These fools might wreck themselves at Ahwaz and lose everything in the river. It would annoy me very much—after all the trouble I have had to collect my objects of virtue! Besides, the tub will get through more easily without them. Come in and see."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Gaston, scratching his head, when he saw. "My boat won't get through more easily with them, especially at night." He looked curiously around the cozy stateroom.

"But it will take them, eh? If necessary, we can land them at Ahwaz and have them carried around the rapids."

The thing took some manœuvring; but the Lurs, with the help of much fluent profanity from their master, finally accomplished it without sinking the motor-boat. Gaston, sitting at the wheel to guard his precious engine against some clumsiness of the black-hatted mountaineers, looked on with humorous astonishment at this turn of affairs. He was destined, it appeared, to be disappointed in his hope of cheer. That cognac was really very good—if only one had had more of it. Still, one at least had company now; and he was not the man to be insensible to the fine champagne of the unexpected. Nor was he unconscious that of many baroque scenes at which he had assisted, this was not the least baroque.

When the fourth chest had gingerly been lowered into place, Magin vanished again. Presently he reappeared, followed by his majordomo, to whom he gave instructions in a low voice. Then he stepped into the stern of the boat. The majordomo, taking two portmanteaux and a rug from the Lurs behind him, handed them down to Gaston. Having disposed of them, Gaston stood up, his eyes on the Lurs who crowded the rail.

"Well, my friend," said Magin gaily, "for whom are you waiting? We shall yet have opportunities to admire the romantic scenery of the Karun!"

"Ah! Monsieur takes no—other object of virtue with him?"

"Have you so much room?" laughed Magin. "It is a good thing there is no wind to-night. Go ahead."

Gaston cast off, backed a few feet, reversed, and described a wide arc around the stern of the barge. It made a singular picture in the moonlight, with its black-curved beak and its spectral crew. They shifted to the other rail as the motor-boat came about, watching silently.

"To your oars!" shouted Magin at them. "Row, sons of burnt fathers! Will you have me wait a month for you at Mohamera?"

They scattered to their places, and Gaston caught the renewed flash of the sweeps as he turned to steer for the bend. It was a good thing, he told himself, that there was no wind to-night. The gunwale was nearer the water than he or the boat cared for. She made nothing like her usual speed. However, he said nothing. Neither did Magin—until the dark shadow of Umm-un-Nakhl divided the glitter in front of them.

"Take the narrower channel," he ordered then. And when they were in it he added: "Stop, will you, and steer in there, under the shadow of the shore? I think we would better fortify ourselves for the work of the night. I at least did not forget the cognac, among my other objects of virtue."

They fortified themselves accordingly, the Brazilian producing cigars as well. He certainly was an original, thought Gaston,

now hopeful of experiencing actual cheer. That originality proved itself anew when, after a much longer period of refreshment than would suit most gentlemen in a hurry, the familiar flash became visible in the river behind them.

"Now be quiet," commanded the extraordinary uncle of America. "What ever happens we mustn't let them hear us. If they take this channel, we will slip down, and run part way up the other. We shall give them a little surprize."

Nearer and nearer came the flash, which suddenly went out behind the island. A recurrent splash succeeded it, and a wild melancholy singing. The singing and the recurrent splash grew louder, filled the silence of the river, grew softer; and presently the receding oars flashed again, below the island. But not until the last glint was lost in the shimmer of the water, the last sound had died out of the summer night, did the Brazilian begin to unfold his surprize.

"*Que diable allait-on faire dans cette galère!*" he exclaimed. "It's the first time I ever knew them to do the right thing! Let us drink one more little glass to the good fortune of their voyage. And here, by the way, is another part of my ticket." He handed Gaston five more napoleons. "But now, my friend, we have some work. I see we shall never get anywhere with all this load. Let us therefore consign our objects of virtue to the safe keeping of the river. He will guard them better than anybody. Is it deep enough here?"

It was deep enough. But what an affair, getting those heavy chests overboard! The last one nearly pulled Magin in with it. One of the clamps caught in his clothes, threw him against the side of the boat, and jerked something after it into the water. He sat down, swearing softly to himself, to catch his breath and investigate the damage.

"It was only my revolver," he announced. "And we have no need of that, since we are not going to the war! Now, my good Gaston, I have changed my mind. We shall not go down the river, after all. We will go up."

Gaston, this time, stared at him.

"Up? But, Monsieur, the barge——"

"What is my barge to you, dear Gaston? Besides, it is no longer mine. It now belongs to the Sheikh of Mohamera—with whatever objects of virtue it still contains. He has long teased me for it. And none of them can read the note they are carrying to him! Didn't I tell you I was going to give them a little surprize? Well, there it is. I am not a man, you see, to be tied to objects of virtue. Which reminds me: where are my portmanteaux?"

"Here, on the tank."

"Fi! And you a chauffeur! Give them to me. I will arrange myself a little. As for you, turn around and see how quickly you can carry me to the charming resort of Bund-i-Kir—where Antigonus fought Eumenes and the Silver Shields for the spoils of Susa, and won them. Did you ever hear, Gaston, of that interesting incident?"

"Monsieur is too strong for me" replied Gaston, cryptically. He took off his cap, wiped his face, and sat down at the wheel.

"If a man is not strong, what is he?" rejoined Magin. "But you will not find this cigar too strong," he added amicably.

Gaston did not. What he found strong was the originality of his passenger—and the way that cognac failed, in spite of its friendly warmth, to cheer him. For he kept thinking of that absurd Bakhtiari, and of the telegraph operator, and of M'sieu Guy, and the others, as he sped northward on the silent moonlit river.

"This is very well, eh, Gaston?" uttered the Brazilian at last. "We march better without our objects of virtue." Gaston felt that he smiled as he lay smoking on his rug in the bottom of the boat. "But tell me," he went on presently. "How is it, if I may ask, that you didn't happen to go in the steamer too, with your Monsieur Guy? You do not look to me either old or incapable."

There it was, the same question, which really seemed to need no answer at first, but which somehow became harder to answer every time! Why was it? And how could it spoil so good a cognac?

"How is it?" repeated Gaston. "It is, Monsieur, that France is a great lady who does not derange herself for a simple vagabond like Gaston, or about whose liaisons or quarrels it is not for Gaston to concern himself. This great lady has naturally not asked my opinion about this quarrel. But if she had, I would have told her that it is very stupid for everybody in Europe to begin shooting at everybody else. Why? Simply because it pleases *ces messieurs* the Austrians to treat *ces messieurs* the Serbs *de haut en bas!* What have I to do with that? Besides, this great lady is very far away, and by the time I arrive she will have arranged her affair. In the

meantime there are many others, younger and more capable than I, whose express business it is to arrange such affairs. Will one *piou-piou* more or less change the result of the battle? Of course not! And if I should lose my hand or my head, who would buy me another? Not France! I have seen a little what France does in such cases. My own father left his leg at Gravelotte, together with his job and my mother's peace. I have seen what happened to her, and how it is that I am a vagabond —about whom France has never troubled herself." He shouted it over his shoulder, above the noise of the motor, with an increasing loudness. "Also," he went on, "I have duties not so far away as France. Up there, at Sheleilieh, there will perhaps be next month a little Gaston. If I go away, who will feed him? I have not the courage of Monsieur, who separates himself so easily from objects of virtue. *Voilà!*"

Magin said nothing for a moment. Then:

"Courage, yes! One needs a little courage in this curious world." There was a pause, as the boat cut around a dark curve. "But do not think, my poor Gaston, that it is I who blame you. On the contrary, I find you very reasonable—more reasonable than many ministers of state. If others in Europe had been able to express themselves like you, Gaston, Monsieur Guy and his friends would not have run away so suddenly. It takes courage, too, not to run after them." He made a sound, as if changing his position, and presently he began to sing softly to himself.

"Monsieur would make a fortune in the *café-chantant*," commented Gaston. He began to feel, at last, after the favourable reception of his speech, a little cheered. He felt cooler, too, in this quiet rushing moonlight of the river. "What is it that Monsieur sings? It seems to me that I have heard that air."

"Very likely you have, Gaston, It is a little song of sentiment, sung by all the sentimental young ladies of the world. He who wrote it, however, was far from sentimental. He was a fellow countryman of mine—and of the late Abraham!—who loved your country so much that he lived in it and died in it." And Magin sang again, more loudly, the first words of the song:

> "Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
> Dass ich so traurig bin;
> Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
> Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn."

Gaston listened with admiration, astonishment, and perplexity. It suddenly came back to him how this original Brazilian had sworn when the chest caught his clothes.

"But, Monsieur, I thought— Are you, then, a German?"

Magin, after a second, laughed.

"But, Gaston, am I then an enemy?"

Gaston examined him in the moonlight.

"Well," he answered slow, "if your country and mine are at war——"

"What has that to do with us, as you just now so truly said? You have found that your country's quarrel was not cause enough for you to leave Persia, and so have I. *Voilà tout!*" He examined Gaston in turn. "But I thought you knew all the time. Such is fame! I flattered myself that your Monsieur Guy would leave no one untold. Whereas he has left us the pleasure of a situation more piquant, after all, than I supposed. We enjoy the magnificent moonlight of the South, we admire a historic river under its most successful aspect, and we do not exalt ourselves because our countrymen, many hundreds of miles away, have lost their heads." He smiled over the piquancy of the situation. "Strength is good," he went on in his impressive bass, "and courage is better. But reason, as you so justly say, is best of all. For which reason," he added, "allow me to recommend to you, my dear Gaston, that you look a little where you are steering."

Gaston looked. But he discovered that his moment of cheer had been all too brief. A piquant situation, indeed! The piquancy of that situation somehow complicated everything more darkly than before. If there were reasons why he should not go away with the others, as they had all taken it for granted that he would do, was that a reason why he, Gaston, whose father had lost a leg at Gravelotte, should do this masquerading German a service? All the German's amiability and originality did not change that. Perhaps, indeed, that explained the originality and amiability.

The German, at any rate, did not seem to trouble himself about it. When Gaston next looked over his shoulder, Magin was lying flat on his back in the bottom of the boat, with his hands under his head and his eyes closed. And so he continued to lie, silent and apparently asleep, while his troubled companion, *beret* on ear and hand on wheel, steered through the waning moonlight of the Karun.

VII

THE moon was but a ghost of itself, and a faint rose was beginning to tinge the pallour of the sky behind the Bakhtiari mountains, when the motor began to miss fire. Gaston, stifling an exclamation, cut it off, unscrewed the cap of the tank, and measured the gasoline. Then he stepped softly forward to the place in the bow where he kept his reserve tins. Magin, roused by the stopping of the boat, sat up, stretching.

"*Tiens!*" he exclaimed. "Here we are!" He looked about at the high clay banks enclosing the tawny basin of the four rivers. In front of him the konar trees of Bund-i-Kir showed their dark green. At the right, on top of the bluff of the Eastern shore, a solitary peasant stood white against the sky. Near him a couple of oxen on an inclined plane worked the rude mechanism that drew up water to the fields. The creak of the pulleys and the splash of the dripping goatskins only made more intense the early morning silence. "Do you remember, Gaston?" asked Magin. "It was here we first had the good fortune to meet—not quite three weeks ago."

"I remember," answered Gaston, keeping his eye on the mouth of the tank he was filling, "that I was the one who wished you peace, Monsieur. And that no one asked who you were, or where you were going."

Magin yawned.

"Well, you seem to have satisfied yourself now on those important points. I might add, however, for your further information, that I think I shall not go to Bund-i-Kir, which looks too peaceful to disturb at this matinal hour, but there—to the Western shore of the Ab-i-Shuteit. And that reminds me. I still have to pay you the rest of my ticket."

He reached forward and laid a little pile of gold on Gaston's seat. Gaston, watching out of the corner of his eye as he poured gasoline, saw that there were more than five napoleons in that pile. There were at least ten.

"What would you say, Monsieur," he asked slowly, emptying his tin, "if I were to take you instead to Sheleilieh—where there are still a few of the English?"

"I would say, my good Gaston, that you had more courage than I thought. By the way," he went on casually, "what is this?"

He reached forward again toward Gaston's seat, where lay the Bakhtiari's present. Gaston dropped his tin and made a snatch at it. But Magin was too quick for him. He retreated to his place at the stern of the boat, where he drew the knife out of its sheath.

"Sharp, too!" he commented, with a smile at Gaston. "And my revolver is gone!"

Gaston, very pale, stepped to his seat.

"That Monsieur, was given me by my Bakhtiari brother-in-law—to take to the war. When he found I had not the courage to go, he ran away from me."

"But you thought there might be more than one way to make war, eh? Well, I at least am not an Apache. Perhaps the sharks will know what to do with it." The blade glittered in the brightening air and splashed out of sight. And Magin, folding his arms, smiled again at Gaston. "Another object of virtue for the safe custody of the Karun!"

"But not all!" cried Gaston thickly, seizing the little pile of gold beside him and flinging it after the knife.

Magin's smile broadened.

"Have you not forgotten something, Gaston?"

"But certainly not, Monsieur," he replied, putting his hand into his pocket. The next moment a second shower of gold caught the light. And where the little circles of ripples widened in the river, a sharp fin suddenly cut the muddy water.

"Oho! Mr. Shark loses no time!" cried Magin. He stopped smiling, and turned back to Gaston. "But we do. Allow me to say, my friend, that you prove yourself really too romantic. This is no doubt an excellent comedy which we are playing for the benefit of that gentleman on the bluff. But even he begins to get tired of it. See? He starts to say his morning prayer. So be so good as to show a little of the reason which you know how to show, and start for shore. But first you might do well to screw on the cap of your tank—if you do not mind a little friendly advice."

Gaston looked around absent-mindedly, and took up the nickel cap. But he suddenly turned back to Magin.

"You speak too much about friends, Monsieur. I am not your friend. I am your enemy. And I shall not take you there, to the Ab-i-Shuteit. I shall take you into the Ab-i-Gerger—to Sheleilieh and the English."

Magin considered him, with a flicker in his lighted eyes.

"You might perhaps have done it if you had not forgotten about your gasoline. And you may yet. We shall see. But it seems to me, my—enemy!—that you make a miscalculation. Let us suppose that you

take me to Sheleilieh. It is highly improbable, because you no longer have your knife to assist you. I, it is true, no longer have my revolver to assist me; but I have two arms, longer and I fancy stronger than yours. However, let us make the supposition. And let us make the equally improbable supposition that I fall into the hands of the English. What can they do to me? The worst they can do is to give me free lodging and nourishment till the end of the war! Whereas you, Gaston—you do not seem to have reflected that life will not be so simple for you, after this. There is a very unpleasant little word by which they name citizens who do not respond to their country's call to arms. In other words, Mr. Deserter, you have taken the road which, in war time, ends between a firing-squad and a stone wall."

Gaston, evidently, had not reflected on that. He stared at his nickel cap, turning it around in his fingers.

"You see?" continued Magin. "Well then, what about that little Gaston? I do not know what has suddenly made you so much less reasonable than you were last night; but I, at least, have not changed. And I see no reason why that little Gaston should be left between two horns of a dilemma. In fact I see excellent reasons not only why you should take me that short distance to the shore, but why you should accompany me to Dizful. There I am at home. I am, more than any one else, emperor. And I need a man like you. I am going to have a car, I am going to have a boat, I am going to have a place in the sun. There will be many changes in that country after the war. You will see. It is not so far, either, from here. It is evident that your heart, like mine, is in this part of the world. So come with me. Eh, Gaston?"

"Heart!" repeated Gaston, with a bitter smile. "It is you who speak of the heart, and of— But you do not speak of the little surprize with which you might some day regale me, Mr. Enemy! Nor do you say what you fear—that I might take it into my head to go fishing at Umm-un-Nakh!!"

"Ah bah!" exclaimed Magin impatiently. "However, you are right. I am not like you. I do not betray my country for a little savage with a jewel in her nose! It is because of that small difference between us, Gaston, between your people and my people, that you will see such changes here after the war. But you will not see them unless you accept my offer. After all, what else can you do?" He left Gaston to take it in as he twirled his metal cap. "There is the sun already," Magin added presently. "We shall have a hot journey."

Gaston looked over his shoulder at the quivering rim of gold that surged up behind the Bakhtiari mountains. How sharp and purple they were, against what a deepening blue! On the bluff the white-clad peasant stood with his back to the light, his hands folded in front of him, his head bowed.

"You look tired, Gaston," said Magin pleasantly. "Will you have this cigar?"

"No thank you," replied Gaston. He felt in his own pockets, however, first for a cigarette and then for a match. He was indeed tired, so tired that he no longer remembered which pocket to fumble in or what he held in his hand as he fumbled. Ah, that sacred tank! Then he suddenly smiled again, looking at Magin. "There is something else I can do!"

"What?" asked Magin as he lay at ease in the stern, enjoying the first perfume of his cigar. "You can't go back to France, now, and I should hardly advise you to go back to Sheleilieh. At least until after the war. Then you will find no more English there to ask you troublesome questions!"

Gaston lighted his cigarette. And, keeping his eyes on Magin, he slowly moved his hand, in which were both the nickel cap and the still burning match, toward the mouth of the tank.

"This!" he answered.

Magin watched him. He did not catch the connection at first. He saw it quickly enough, however. In his pale translucent eyes there was something very like a flare.

"Look out—or we shall go together after all!"

"We shall go together, after all," repeated Gaston. "And here is your place in the sun!"

Magin still watched, as the little flame flickered through the windless air. But he did not move.

"It will go out! And you have not the courage, Apache!"

"You will see, Prussian!" The match stopped, at last, above the open hole. But the hand that held it trembled a little, and so did the strange low voice that said: "This at least I can do—for that great lady, far away. . . ."

VIII

THE peasant on the bluff, prostrated toward Mecca with his forehead in the dust, was startled out of his prayer by a

roar in the basin below him. There where the trim white jinn-boat of the *Firengi* had been was now a blazing mass of wreckage, out of which burst fierce cracklings, hissings, cries, sounds not to be named.

As he stared at it the wreckage fell apart, began to disappear in a cloud of smoke and steam that lengthened toward the southern gateway of the basin. And in the turbid water, cut by swift sharks' fins, he saw a sudden streak of scarlet, vivider than any fire or sunrise. The sounds ceased, the dyed waters paled, the smoke melted after the steam, the current caught the last charred fragments of wreckage and drew them out of sight.

The peasant watched it all in silence, as if waiting for some new sorcery of the *Firengi*, from his high bank of the Karun—that snow-born river bound for distant palms, that had seen so many generations of the faces of men, so many of the barks to which men trust their hearts, their hopes, their treasures, as it wound, century after century, from the mountains to the sea.

Then, at last, the peasant folded his hands anew and bowed his head toward Mecca.

The Artist

May 1st, 1663

Up betimes and my father with me, and he and I all the morning and Will Stankes private, in my wife's closet above, settling our matters concerning the Brompton estate, etc., and I find that there will be, after all debts paid within £100, £50 per annum clear coming towards my father's maintenance, besides £25 per annum annuities to my Uncle Thomas and Aunt Perkins.

Of which though I was in my mind glad, yet thought it not fit to let my father know it thoroughly, but after he had gone out to visit my Uncle Thomas and brought him to dinner with him, and after dinner I got my father, brother Tom and myself together, I did make the business worse to them, and did promise £20 out of my own purse to make it £50 a year to my father, propounding that Stortlow may be sold to pay £200 for his satisfaction therein and the rest to go towards payment of debts and legacies.

The truth is I am fearful lest my father should die before debts are paid, and then the land goes to Tom and the burden of paying all debts will fall upon the rest of the land. Not that I would do my brother any real hurt.

I advised my father to good husbandry and to living within the compass of £50 a year, and all in such kind words as not only made them but myself to weep, and I hope it will have a good effect. SAMUEL PEPYS.

"BULLDOGGING" IN ANCIENT GREECE

The well-mounted troupe of bull-fighters from Thessaly, armed against the beasts with no weapons but their hands, spur their horses to run alongside the galloping bull, bent on throwing round its neck the noose of their arms. At the same time pulling it towards the ground by thus hanging themselves at the end of its neck and weighing down its head, they roll over even such a powerful brute. PHILIPPUS.

So They Say

Dr. George A. Dorsey:
Anthropologist, anatomist, archaeologist, editor, publicist, novelist, and author of a "best-seller" work in psychology

"I can truthfully say that I learned about men from poker."

St. John Ervine:
English dramatist and novelist

"We English are a more individual people than the Americans. . . . We can not be stunned into accepting things because they are incessantly repeated to us."

Yusuke Tsurumi:
Japanese writer, whose faith combines "the mixing influences of Christianity, Buddhism, Shintoism, and Confucianism"

"A dominant note of an Oriental mind is that it is intuitive. It leaps right into the heart of a thing and does not reason it out. We believe in that climactive leap which comes once in life."

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.:
Capitalist, and founder of Vanderbilt Newspapers

"Wealth is the foundation stone upon which society is builded. Why this great endeavour to masquerade the principle?"

A Hardened Commuter:
On the 8:46 train to town

"Yes, the 7:19 is my regular train—but I don't often catch it."

Miss Doris Stevens:
Vice-president of the National Woman's Party

"A husband and wife naturally support each other."

Dr. Frederic Damrau:

"The bald head is the medical battlefield on which the doctor must inevitably meet his Waterloo."

Bishop William T. Manning:
Protestant Episcopal Church, New York

"In not a few cases the real reason for the divorce is a desire to marry some one else."

Henry Hurwitz:
Editor, "The Menorah Journal"

"The last century saw many of the finest minds and spirits in Europe and America turn their backs on Judaism."

Aristide Briand:
Premier of France

"At Locarno the German Chancellor and I spoke European. It is the new language which all the world must learn—but it is still a question whether the German people will understand this language."

J. McKeen Cattell:
Psychologist, editor, author

"If each of us, from the moron to the Federal President, were selected for the work he can do best . . . and the best training given him, the productivity of the nation would be more than doubled."

Miss Helen L. Cass:
Merchandising writer

"Buying is the touchstone, the magic hope we all have that existence will be wonderful when we have a Patou dress, a geranium lipstick and a whiskered Airedale puppy."

HENRY FORD:
Business genius

"Every time you let a man give you less than full value for the wage you pay him, you help to lower his wage, and to make it harder for him to earn a living."

POULTNEY BIGELOW:
Whose reminiscences of a meeting with H. G. Wells, brought a blast from the Englishman

"I never have sued, and never intend to sue, H. G. Wells. I wouldn't know how to spend $50,000."
"Just think of this agitation over coal and its high cost. I bought a wood lot for $75 and have fuel for the rest of my life"

KAREL CAPEK:
Novelist and dramatist of Czecho-Slovakia

"The sole perfection which modern civilization attains is a mechanical one; machines are splendid and flawless, but the life which serves them or is served by them is neither superb nor brilliant."

AN ANONYMOUS POET:
Writing in Strasburg of the new monument to Clause, the chef who invented Paté de foie gras in 1767

"Master Cook Clause had divined by the intuition of genius what *Foie Gras* could become in an artist's hand. But it was necessary to give the new dish a soul. Clause found it in the perfume of Périgord truffles."

DANIEL GREGORY MASON:
Musical composer, lecturer, author

"Art has always been the creation of individuals; wherever overcome by the herd pressure, individual independence fails, art dies."

GAYLORD M. FULLER:
in "American Mercury"

"The Hearst papers formerly provided papers for those who move their lips when they read; the new 'tabloids' are suited to those who can not read at all."

FRED HANDSCHY:
Editor of University of Chicago "Circle"

"It's all right for co-eds to smoke, but they ought to provide their own supplies."

GEORGE E. ROBERTS:
Vice-president, National City Bank; former Director of U. S. Mint

"We have clung too long to the economic absurdity that large corporations are bad for the community just because they are large."

JESSE L. LASKY:
Motion-picture magnate, bewailing the low estate of our literature and drama

"The tendency of the modern novel, play and newspaper is not uplifting. More than half of the plays produced aren't fit for presentation. More than half of the novels are not fit to read. We in the motion-picture industry are forced to depend to a great extent on these plays and novels for our scenarios. It makes the problem very difficult."

DR. FRANZ BOAS:
Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University

"Nationality is irrelevant. All nations are mongrel."

SIDNEY HOWARD:
Playwright—just after bad luck descended upon his play "Lucky Sam McCarver"

"The only difference I can discern between my play and several masterpieces is one of artistic merit."

JOSEPH SZIGETI:
Hungarian violinist

"In art there is no kindness. Art must be cruel to its disciples. The artist must be cruel to himself. It is always better to be undernourished than overfed, to be hard rather than too soft."

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY:

"Every clerical meeting harps upon the fact of our sparser congregations. There are many reasons for that—bicycles, golf, motors, Sunday newspapers—but personally I put among the first causes the fact that our average Church of England sermons have not kept pace with educational advance."

Henry L. Mencken:
Editor of "American Mercury".

"Opera in English is, in the main, just about as sensible as baseball in Italian."

Rt. Rev. William Farrell
of St. Mary's Cathedral, Wichita, Kansas

"It is very seldom that the Pope gives a decision, even in spiritual matters. Catholics do not have to accept the decisions of the Pope in private matters."

Albert Edward Wiggam:
Lecturer and author

"If there are half-a-dozen or a dozen people that you can't get along with, it's your fault."

Clarence Darrow:
Criminal lawyer—apropos of wages for wives

"Twelve fool men on a jury and a fool judge on the bench will give a woman anything she asks. As for money, let her ask a Court for it. Courts are notoriously generous with other people's money."

W. J. Roome, F.R.G.S.:
Secretary, British and Foreign Bible Society

"Never bully wild men or wild animals. Just say, 'Good morning,' and pass on."

Henry H. Curran:
Ex-Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island

"Just exactly what is 'moral turpitude'? Does anybody know? You can make your own choice, from murder all the way down to a glass of beer."

Hugh Fullerton:
Sports writer

"More games are won by trickery in modern sport than by any other means. The idea that the game is the thing, that it is better to lose with honour than to win by trickery, is commencing to be old-fashioned in American life."

George W. Kirchwey:
Dean of Columbia Law School

"After everything has been suppressed from which any one can get any harm, the world will be safe for morons. But dumb as they are, they won't want to live in it. It won't be a world fit for any one to live in. But it will be a grand prison."

William B. Ward:
to the lawyers drawing plans for his "philanthropic" bakeries merger

"You men don't seem to understand that I have so much money I don't want any more. I want to give it away and do it in such fashion that I won't be eternally talked about."

Baroness Dombrowski:
Munich painter of animals

"Every American who fails to appreciate what he has should be sent over to Europe. Then he would never criticize his country again."

Benito Mussolini:
Italian Dictator

"Democracy, notwithstanding the significance of the word, is a régime of luxury compatible with countries possessing great present and future resources."

Hugh Walpole:
English novelist

"I think my credo is that I believe one of the first necessities for a human being is an absolute tolerance of the religious discoveries of every other human being."

Arthur Bodanzky:
Musical conductor

"It must be admitted that New Yorkers, in fact Americans everywhere, can not always distinguish between good and bad music, but they do appreciate good execution."

MAX STEUER:
Criminal lawyer, defending a sensational divorce case

"That which not so long ago would stamp a woman as a courtesan, or cause society to treat her as a social outcast, is now widely accepted as entirely conventional, perfectly permissible, and not at all improper or a violation of marital obligations."

AMBROSE MCEVOY, A. R. A.:
English painter

"Sargent's eyesight was a mathematical instrument. He could get a half-dozen whites into a painting, all of them obvious whites, yet each with its nuance of light and colour."

CHARLES A. VOSBURGH:
Principal, Jamaica, N. Y., High School

"I don't believe you can expect children who see their parents continuously doing something against the law, to have any great amount of respect for the rules of their school."

HENRI COSSEVON:
Swiss garden expert

"A person who works in a garden could never become a Bolshevist."

THOMAS A. EDISON:
The Grand Old Man of American use of Science in every-day life

"I am interested in everything except dancing. Ford is interested in dancing; his dancing theory is nice, but I don't think he'll put it over."

LEON TROTZKY:
Rehabilitated in Soviet Councils

"I believe that capitalism is expiring, and that America's financial greatness will eventually spell her downfall."

FREDERICK ANSON:
in "Fortnightly Review"

"Chinese law is nearly all under the category of unwritten law."

DR. MARION NELSON WALDROP:
Central M. E. Church, S., of Kansas City, Mo.

"The old-time log cabin produced some of the greatest men the world has known. I don't know what apartments will do. Sometime they'll be raising children in incubators."

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE:
Dean of Barnard College

"It is notable that the two experiments in new types of Government now being tried in the world—the Soviet régime in Russia and the Fascisti in Italy—are both suppressing freedom of speech."

FEODOR CHALIAPIN:
Russian basso

"Why do Americans dislike sitting in the gallery? That's where the heart-throbs are."

HENRY MILLER:
Actor and manager

"I don't like the talk of the stage corrupting public morals. Our plays are still an improvement over the public's behaviour."

PAUL GUILLAUME:
French authority on Negro art

"People who know realize that Adam was black and Eve was black, and that our primitives started the arts just as they started everything else."

MARY GARDEN:
Grand opera star

"American business men go to the opera because they have to."

POPE PIUS XI:
Encyclical delivered at the Consistory of December, 1925

"In ordering that Christ should be worshipped as King by the universal Catholic body, we are at one and the same time providing for the necessities of these times and applying the principal remedy for the disease which is affecting human society. We are speaking of the disease of our age, laicism."

The Cross

By HENRI BARBUSSE

Henri Barbusse

Translated by Wilson O. Clough

IT WAS by a lucky surprise stroke that we penetrated to the village of Karakou (or some such name). It contained only women, children and old men. All of the warriors of the Lolobes (something like that these apes were called, though I don't guarantee anything) had left for the hunt, it happened, that night.

Thanks to the thick twilight as well as to the fact that one of our men had quietly overcome an old fellow with a wrinkled face like a worn-out waxed shoe, who, crouched near the enclosure, thought he was guarding the village, we crept without arousing suspicion right to the edge of the central square.

Hidden behind the huts, we loaded and steadied our rifles, in order to pick off all those shadows which suspected nothing, some sitting on stones or on the earth, others coming and going.

In front of me, on a bench against a wall, two blacks were motionless and silent, close to one another, and as I sighted the one on the right, I wondered what it was that could not be said . . .

The signal! From everywhere at once the thunder of our rifles broke out. It did not last long; all those inky silhouettes were dispatched *ad patres* in two minutes; one would have said that they had burrowed into the soil, or that they had flown away and been dissipated like smoke.

As a matter of fact, we afterward did away with the few survivors, men and women (somewhat roughly, I admit), who had escaped our salvo, buried in their huts like rats. This excess, very natural and human in war country, could be excused by the joy of victory and the fact that we were drunk—having discovered in the head hut a cask of cheap rum sold to these particular Lolobes by some wretch of an English trader. As for myself, I must say in my defense that I have kept only an extremely confused recollection of what happened at the time. There was, however, one incident: the two savages opposite me when I was placing my rifle and picking out one of them. I saw them again; I almost fell over them. At the foot of the bench where, a moment before, they had been so drolly silent together, they now made but a single corpse. They were a negro and a negress, distorted and clinging together like two hands—two lovers! The thing, in spite of myself, haunted my brain, so much so that during that historic evening I could not keep from joking about it several times.

Then my memory capsized; the orgy, our cries, our dances, our grimaces and our gestures, and suddenly, a sharp pain in my head . . . I fell . . . then nothing.

I did not regain consciousness until six weeks later, at the hospital Saint-Louis; one morning I opened my eyes amid white furnishings and an odour of iodoform.

They informed me then, by small doses, what had happened; our colonel had imprudently lingered in the conquered village, and had gone to sleep on the spot. And so the Lolobes, on their return, had massacred all our men, everyone, to the last man.

"And I?" I exclaimed.

They explained that chance had saved me—the ruin of a hut whose *débris* had stunned me but hidden me. The next day, the main body of the expedition had retaken and razed the village, killed the last of the Lolobes and had pulled me out by the feet from the protecting ruins.

But there was something further—the governor had come close to my bed to tell me himself that I was named a chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

My comrades all killed, I decorated! I slept that day in an indescribable emotion and an unmixed joy.

I was not long in getting well; I was in such a hurry to return to my village with the

cross I had won! I built up dreams in which I saw the expressions on all the faces —father, mother, neighbours. My former friends, who had remained poor scum of the earth, would not dare to speak to me; the foreman of the factory would be on good terms with me. Who knew but that the rich Mademoiselle Mounier, even, in spite of her age, would consent to marry me!

The day so eagerly awaited arrived. On a morning of July I descended from the train at Villeneuve, my leg dragging and my head high, with my old great coat and my new cross.

What a reception, gentlemen! The station was filled with music, and there was a row of girls from the little ones at first communion age up to the married ones, with flags and bouquets. A man tightly wrapped in his small frock-coat and red as a cow, addressed me when I was still on the platform, and Monsieur the Count de Vilvert, who owned the château and was in hunting costume, smiled at me. People crowded, pushed, saying, "There he is!" as they might say, "Long live the King!" and among the crowds my relatives beamed, unrecognizable in their Sunday best.

They dragged me off to dine at the *mairie*. There were speeches before and after. Throughout it all they talked of nothing but me. They called me the "glorious survivor of Karakou," the "hero of the Senegal." They told me of my exploit in twenty different ways, with a certain fashion of mingling with it at the same time things about *la France* and civilization.

Toward evening, after the dinner had drawn to an end, and they had calmed down, a reporter approached my chair and asked me to tell him myself for his paper the fine things I had done.

"*Eh bien*," said I, "It was this way—I—I was——"

But I found nothing to add to this preamble, and could only stare at him, my mouth open. My arms, which gesticulated vaguely, dropped.

"I don't know any more," I had to admit.

"Well answered!" yelped the dandy. "This brave man does not even deign to recall his prowess!"

I smiled; everyone rose from the table. There was still a procession to the very limits of the village, palavers, toasts offered by Barbat *père*. Then, after a monster embrace, they dispersed. And at last I found myself alone, in the twilight, near the factories.

Well, I took the path that circled the church to return home. Even though night had fallen, my dazzled eyes blinked, and my feet were terribly heavy. My head felt empty and hollow, and yet something tormented me.

Yes, in my poor brain there bored like a nail the ridiculous question of the newspaper man, "What glorious deed have you done?" Yes, what indeed, what? Evidently, I had done something extraordinary as proved by the cross, but what? I stopped suddenly in the middle of the dark road and stood there, fixed as a milestone, seeking an answer, and sighing at not finding any.

Could it be that with all their champagne and all their complicated arguments they had jumbled my ideas? Was I like those in the novels who forgot a bit of their lives? I had completely forgotten my brilliant action, and it seemed to me to be no longer of any importance.

Disturbed, I started on home, as before . . .

Then, at a turn, I saw, in the shadows, on a farmer's bench, two figures seated close to one another. They must have been holding hands, they said nothing; but they appeared to surrender themselves to this mutual silence as to some important occupation. One could see nothing of them in the evening mists except that they had human form and that they exchanged better than words.

"Ah," exclaimed I, stopping short again.

And suddenly, my eyes fixed on this dark corner of the village, I saw another village, now empty, wiped from the earth with all its inhabitants, especially the two humble black creatures who had trembled together before me, revealing to me only their human form and their clinging silence. And that black couple, because of the simple contours of the night, exactly resembled the two shadows here.

These shadows, those negroes . . . it was truly absurd to see any connection. But I saw it. When one has drunk too much, he becomes half-childish and simple-minded. And I must have been pretty drunk, for this droll resemblance, which should have made me laugh made me weep; and I raised my hand to my cross, I lifted it from my breast, and I hid it quickly in the bottom of my pocket, like some stolen thing.

The Maypole of Merry Mount

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

With Hawthorne

BRIGHT were the days at Merry Mount, when the Maypole was the banner staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire. Midsummer eve had come, bringing deep verdure to the forest, and roses in her lap, of a more vivid hue than the tender buds of Spring. But May, or her mirthful spirit, dwelt all the year round at Merry Mount, sporting with the Summer months, and revelling with Autumn, and basking in the glow of Winter's fireside. Through a world of toil and care she flitted with a dream-like smile, and came hither to find a home among the lightsome hearts of Merry Mount.

Never had the Maypole been so gayly decked as at sunset on midsummer eve. This venerated emblem was a pine-tree, which had preserved the slender grace of youth, while it equalled the loftiest height of the old wood monarchs. From its top streamed a silken banner coloured like the rainbow. Down nearly to the ground, the pole was dressed with birchen boughs, and others of the liveliest green, and some with silvery leaves, fastened by ribbons that fluttered in fantastic knots of twenty different colours, but no sad ones. Garden flowers and blossoms of the wilderness laughed gladly forth amid the verdure so fresh and dewy, that they must have grown by magic on that happy pine-tree. Where this green and flowery splendour terminated the shaft of the Maypole was stained with the seven brilliant hues of the banner at its top. On the lowest green bough hung an abundant wreath of roses, some that had been gathered in the sunniest spots of the forest, and others, of still richer blush, which the colonists had reared from English seed. O people of the Golden Age, the chief of your husbandry was to raise flowers!

But what was the wild throng that stood hand in hand about the Maypole? It could not be, that the fauns and nymphs, when driven from their classic groves and homes of ancient fable, had sought refuge, as all the persecuted did, in the fresh woods of the West. These were Gothic monsters, though perhaps of Grecian ancestry. On the shoulders of a comely youth uprose the head and branching antlers of a stag; a second human in all other points, had the grim visage of a wolf; a third, still with the trunk and limbs of a mortal man, showed the beard and horns of a venerable he-goat. There was the likeness of a bear erect, brute in all but his hind legs, which were adorned with pink silk stockings. And here again, almost as wondrous, stood a real bear of the dark forest, lending each of his fore-paws to the grasp of a human hand, and as ready for the dance as any in that circle. His inferior nature rose half-way, to meet his companions as they stooped. Other faces wore the similitude of man or woman, but distorted or extravagant, with red noses pendulous before their mouths, which seemed of awful depth, and stretched from ear to ear in an eternal fit of laughter. Here might be seen the Salvage Man, well known in heraldry, hairy as a baboon, and girdled with green leaves. By his side, a nobler figure, but still a counterfeit, appeared an Indian hunter, with feathery crest and wampum belt. Many of this strange company wore fools-caps, and had little bells appended to their garments, tinkling with a silvery sound, responsive to the inaudible music of their gleesome spirits. Some youths and maidens were of soberer garb, yet well maintained their places in the irregular throng, by the expression of wild revelry upon their features. Such were the colonists of Merry Mount as they stood in the broad smile of sunset, round their venerated Maypole

Had a wanderer, bewildered in the melancholy forest, heard their mirth, and stolen a half-affrighted glance, he might have

fancied them the crew of Comus, some already transformed to brutes, some midway between man and beast, and the others rioting in the flow of tipsy jollity that foreran the change. But a band of Puritans. who watched the scene, invisible themselves, compared the masques to those devils and ruined souls with whom their superstition peopled the black wilderness.

Within the ring of monsters appeared the two airiest forms that had ever trodden on any more solid footing than a purple and golden cloud. One was a youth in glistening apparel, with a scarf of the rainbow pattern crosswise on his breast. His right hand held a gilded staff, the ensign of high dignity among the revellers, and his left grasped the slender fingers of a fair maiden, not less gayly decorated than himself. Bright roses glowed in contrast with the dark and glossy curls of each, and were scattered round their feet, or had sprung up spontaneously there. Behind this lightsome couple, so close to the Maypole that its bough shaded his jovial face, stood the figure of an English priest, canonically dressed, yet decked with flowers, in heathen fashion, and wearing a chaplet of the native vine-leaves. By the riot of his rolling eye, and the pagan decorations of his holy garb, he seemed the wildest monster there, and the very Comus of the crew.

"Votaries of the Maypole," cried the flower-decked priest, "merrily, all day long, have the woods echoed to your mirth. But be this your merriest hour, my hearts! Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high-priest of Merry Mount, am presently to join in holy matrimony. Up with your nimble spirits, ye morris dancers, green men, and glee maidens, bears and wolves, and horned gentlemen! Come; a chorus now, rich with the old mirth of Merry England, and the wilder glee of this fresh forest; and then a dance, to show the youthful pair what life is made of and how airily they should go through it. All ye that love the Mayople, lend your voices to the nuptial song of the Lord and Lady of May!"

This wedlock was more serious than most affairs of Merry Mount, where jest and delusion, trick and fantasy, kept up a continual carnival. The Lord and Lady of the May, though their titles must be laid down at sunset, were really and truly to be partners for the dance of life, beginning the measure that same bright eve. The wreath of roses, that hung from the lowest green bough of the Maypole, had been twined for them, and would be thrown over both their heads, in symbol of their flowery union. When the priest had spoken, therefore, a riotous uproar burst from the rout of monstrous figures.

"Begin you the stave, reverend sir," cried they all; "and never did the woods ring to such a merry peal, as we of the Maypole shall send up!"

Immediately a prelude of pipe, cithern, and viol, touched with practised minstrelsy, began to play from a neighbouring thicket, in such a mirthful cadence that the boughs of the Maypole quivered to the sound. But the May Lord, he of the gilded staff, chancing to look into his Lady's eyes, was wonder-struck at the almost pensive glance that met his own.

"Edith, sweet Lady of the May," whispered he, reproachfully, "is yon wreath of roses a garland to hang above our graves, that you look so sad? O Edith, this is our golden time! Tarnish it not by any pensive shadow of the mind; for it may be that nothing of futurity will be brighter than the mere remembrance of what is now passing."

"That was the very thought that saddened me! How came it in your mind too?" said Edith, in a still lower tone than he; for it was high treason to be sad at Merry Mount. "Therefore do I sigh amid this festive music. And besides, dear Edgar, I struggle as with a dream, and fancy that these shapes of our jovial friends are visionary, and their mirth unreal, and that we are no true Lord and Lady of the May. What is the mystery in my heart?"

Just then, as if a spell had loosened them, down came a little shower of withering rose-leaves from the Maypole. Alas, for the young lovers! No sooner had their hearts glowed with real passion, than they were sensible of something vague and unsubstantial in their former pleasures, and felt a dreary presentiment of inevitable change. From the moment that they truly loved, they had subjected themselves to earth's doom of care and sorrow, and troubled joy, and had no more a home at Merry Mount. That was Edith's mystery. Now leave we the priest to marry them, and the masquers to sport round the Maypole, till the last sunbeam be withdrawn from its summit, and the shadows of the forest mingle gloomily in the dance. Meanwhile, we may discover who these gay people were.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the Old World and its inhabitants became

mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the West; some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires; and one stern band to pray. But none of these motives had much weight with the colonists of Merry Mount. Their leaders were men who had sported so long with life, that when Thought and Wisdom came, even these unwelcome guests were led astray by the crowd of vanities which they should have put to flight. Erring Thought and perverted Wisdom were made to put on masques, and play the fool. The men of whom we speak, after losing the heart's fresh gayety, imagined a wild philosophy of pleasure, and came hither to act out their latest day-dream. They gathered followers from all that giddy tribe, whose whole life is like the festal days of soberer men. In their train were minstrels, not unknown in London streets; wandering players, whose theaters had been the halls of noblemen; mummers, rope-dancers, and mountebanks, who would long be missed at wakes, church ales, and fairs; in a word, mirth-makers of every sort, such as abounded in that age, but now began to be discountenanced by the rapid growth of Puritanism. Light had their footsteps been on land, and as lightly they came across the sea. Many had been maddened by their previous troubles into a gay despair; others were as madly gay in the flush of youth, like the May Lord and his Lady; but whatever might be the quality of their mirth, old and young were gay at Merry Mount. The young deemed themselves happy. The elder spirits, if they knew that mirth was but the counterfeit of happiness, yet followed the false shadow wilfully, because at least her garments glittered brightest. Sworn triflers of a lifetime, they would not venture among the sober truths of life, not even to be truly blest.

All the hereditary pastimes of Old England were transplanted hither. The King of Christmas was duly crowned, and the Lord of Misrule bore potent sway. On the eve of Saint John, they felled whole acres of the forest to make bonfires, and danced by the blaze all night, crowned with garlands, and throwing flowers into the flame. At harvest-time, though their crop was of the smallest, they made an image with the sheaves of Indian corn, and wreathed it with autumnal garlands, and bore it home triumphantly. But what chiefly characterized the colonists of Merry Mount was their veneration for the Maypole. It has made their true history a poet's tale. Spring decked the hallowed emblem with young blossoms and fresh green boughs; Summer brought roses of the deepest blush, and the perfected foliage of the forest; Autumn enriched it with that red and yellow gorgeousness, which converts each wildwood leaf into a painted flower; and Winter silvered it with sleet, and hung it round with icicles, till it flashed in the cold sunshine, itself a frozen sunbeam. Thus each alternate season did homage to the Maypole, and paid it a tribute of its own richest splendor. Its votaries danced round it, once, at least, in every month; sometimes they called it their religion, or their altar; but always, it was the banner staff of Merry Mount.

Unfortunately, there were men in the New World of a sterner faith than these Maypole worshippers. Not far from Merry Mount was a settlement of Puritans, most dismal wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, and then wrought in the forest or the cornfield till evening made it prayer-time again. Their weapons were always at hand, to shoot down the straggling savage. When they met in conclave, it was never to keep up the old English mirth, but to hear sermons three hours long, or to proclaim bounties on the heads of wolves and the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast-days, and their chief pastime the singing of psalms. Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; or if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed the Puritan Maypole.

A party of these grim Puritans, toiling through the difficult woods, each with a horse-load of iron armour to burden his footsteps, would sometimes draw near the sunny precincts of Merry Mount. There were the silken colonists, sporting round their Maypole; perhaps teaching a bear to dance, or striving to communicate their mirth to the grave Indian; or masquerading in the skins of deer and wolves, which they had hunted for that especial purpose. Often, the whole colony were playing at blind-man's-buff, magistrates and all with their eyes bandaged, except a single scape-goat, whom the blinded sinners pursued by the tinkling of the bells at his garments. Once, it is said, they were seen following a flower-decked corpse, with merriment and festive music, to his grave. But did the dead man laugh? In their quietest times,

they sang ballads and told tales, for the edification of their pious visitors; or perplexed them with juggling tricks; or grinned at them through horse-collars; and when sport itself grew wearisome, they made game of their own stupidity, and began a yawning match. At the very least of these enormities, the men of iron shook their heads and frowned so darkly, that the revelers looked up, imagining that a momentary cloud had overcast the sunshine, which was to be perpetual there. On the other hand, the Puritans affirmed, that, when a psalm was pealing from their place of worship, the echo which the forest sent them back seemed often like the chorus of a jolly catch, closing with a roar of laughter. Who but the fiend, and his bond slaves, the crew of Merry Mount, had thus disturbed them? In due time, a feud arose, stern and bitter on one side, and as serious on the other as anything could be among such light spirits as had sworn allegiance to the Maypole. The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel. Should the grizzly saints establish their jurisdiction over the gay sinners, then would their spirits darken all the clime, and make it a land of clouded visages, of hard toil, of sermon and psalm forever. But should the banner staff of Merry Mount be fortunate, sunshine would break upon the hills, and flowers would beautify the forest, and late posterity do homage to the Maypole.

After these authentic passages from history, we return to the nuptials of the Lord and Lady of the May. Alas! we have delayed too long, and must darken our tale too suddenly. As we glance again at the Maypole, a solitary sunbeam is fading from the summit, and leaves only a faint, golden tinge, blended with the hues of the rainbow banner. Even that dim light is now withdrawn, relinquishing the whole domain of Merry Mount to the evening gloom, which has rushed so instantaneously from the black surrounding woods. But some of these black shadows have rushed forth in human shape.

Yes, with the setting sun, the last day of mirth had passed from Merry Mount. The ring of gay masquers was disordered and broken; the stag lowered his antlers in dismay; the wolf grew weaker than a lamb; the bells of the morris dancers tinkled with tremulous affright. The Puritans had played a characteristic part in the Maypole mummeries. Their darksome figures were intermixed with the wild shapes of their foes, and made the scene a picture of the moment, when waking thoughts start up amid the scattered fantasies of a dream. The leader of the hostile party stood in the center of the circle, while the rout of monsters cowered around him, like evil spirits in the presence of a dread magician. No fantastic foolery could look him in the face. So stern was the energy of his aspect, that the whole man, visage, frame, and soul, seemed wrought of iron, gifted with life and thought, yet all of one substance with his headpiece and breastplate. It was the Puritan of Puritans; it was Endicott himself!

"Stand off, priest of Baal!" said he, with a grim frown, and laying no reverent hand upon the surplice. "I know thee, Blackstone! Thou art the man, who couldst not abide the rule even of thine own corrupted church, and hast come hither to preach iniquity, and to give example of it in thy life. But now shall it be seen that the Lord hath sanctified this wilderness for his peculiar people. Woe unto them that would defile it! And first, for this flower-decked abomination, the altar of thy worship!"

And with his keen sword Endicott assaulted the hallowed Maypole. Nor long did it resist his arm. It groaned with a dismal sound; it showered leaves and rosebuds upon the remorseless enthusiast; and finally, with all its green boughs, and ribbons, and flowers, symbolic of departed pleasures, down fell the banner staff of Merry Mount. As it sank, tradition says, the evening sky grew darker, and the woods threw forth a more somber shadow.

"There," cried Endicott, looking triumphantly on his work,—"there lies the only Maypole in New England! The thought is strong within me, that, by its fall, is shadowed forth the fate of light and idle mirth-makers, amongst us and our posterity. Amen, saith John Endicott."

"Amen!" echoed his followers.

But the votaries of the Maypole gave one groan for their idol. At the sound, the Puritan leader glanced at the crew of Comus, each a figure of broad mirth, yet, at this moment, strangely expressive of sorrow and dismay.

"Valiant captain," quoth Peter Palfrey, the Ancient of the band, "what order shall be taken with the prisoners?"

"I thought not to repent me of cutting down a Maypole," replied Endicott, "yet now I could find in my heart to plant it again, and give each of these bestial pagans one other dance round their idol. It would

have served rarely for a whipping-post!"

"But there are pine-trees enow," suggested the lieutenant.

"True, good Ancient," said the leader. "Wherefore, bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found. Further penalties, such as branding and cropping of ears, shall be thought of hereafter."

"How many stripes for the priest?" inquired Ancient Palfrey.

"None as yet," answered Endicott, bending his iron frown upon the culprit. "It must be for the Great and General Court to determine whether stripes and long imprisonment, and other grievous penalty, may atone for his transgressions. Let him look to himself! For such as violate our civil order, it may be permitted us to show mercy. But woe to the wretch that troubleth our religion!"

"And this dancing bear," resumed the officer. "Must he share the stripes of his fellows?"

"Shoot him through the head!" said the energetic Puritan. "I suspect witchcraft in the beast."

"Here be a couple of shining ones," continued Peter Palfrey, pointing his weapon at the Lord and Lady of the May. "They seem to be of high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes."

Endicott rested on his sword, and closely surveyed the dress and aspect of the hapless pair. There they stood, pale, downcast, and apprehensive. Yet there was an air of mutual support, and of pure affection, seeking aid and giving it, that showed them to be man and wife, with the sanction of a priest upon their love. The youth, in the peril of the moment, had dropped his gilded staff, and thrown his arm about the Lady of the May, who leaned against his breast, too lightly to burden him, but with weight enough to express that their destinies were linked together, for good or evil. They looked first at each other, and then into the grim captain's face. There they stood, in the first hour of wedlock, while the idle pleasures, of which their companions were the emblems, had given place to the sternest cares of life, personified by the dark Puritans. But never had their youthful beauty seemed so pure and high, as when its glow was chastened by adversity.

"Youth," said Endicott, "ye stand in an evil case, thou and thy maiden wife. Make ready presently; for I am minded that ye shall both have a token to remember your wedding-day!"

"Stern man," cried the May Lord, "how can I move thee? Were the means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat! Do with me as thou wilt, but let Edith go untouched!"

"Not so," replied the immitigable zealot. "We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex, which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy silken bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, besides his own?"

"Be it death," said Edith, "and lay it all on me!"

Truly, as Endicott had said, the poor lovers stood in a woeful case. Their foes were triumphant, their friends captive and abased, their home desolate, the benighted wilderness around them, and a rigorous destiny, in the shape of the Puritan leader, their only guide. Yet the deepening twilight could not altogether conceal that the iron man was softened; he smiled at the fair spectacle of early love; he almost sighed for the inevitable blight of early hopes.

"The troubles of life have come hastily on this young couple," observed Endicott. "We will see how they comport themselves under their present trials, ere we burden them with greater. If, among the spoil, there be any garments of a more decent fashion, let them be put upon this May Lord and his Lady, instead of their glistening vanities. Look to it, some of you."

"And shall not the youth's hair be cut?" asked Peter Palfrey, looking with abhorrence at the love-lock and long glossy curls of the young man.

"Crop it forthwith, and that in the true pumpkin-shell fashion," answered the captain. "Then bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth, which may make him valiant to fight, and sober to toil, and pious to pray; and in the maiden, that may fit her to become a mother in our Israel, bringing up babes in better nurture than her own hath been. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our lifetime of a moment, who misspend it in dancing round a Maypole!"

And Endicott, the severest Puritan of all who laid the rock foundation of New England, lifted the wreath of roses from the

ruin of the Maypole, and threw it, with his own gauntleted hand, over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May. It was a deed of prophecy. As the moral gloom of the world overpowers all systematic gayety, even so was their home of wild mirth made desolate amid the sad forest. They returned to it no more. But, as their flowery garland was wreathed of the brightest roses that had grown there, so, in the tie that united them, were intertwined all the purest and best of their early joys. They went heavenward, supporting each other along the difficult path which it was their lot to tread, and never wasted one regretful thought on the vanities of Merry Mount.

What Hast Thou Done?

By SHIKANDAR KHAN TUGLUQ

Translated by Achmed Abdullah

[*The writer was in the late eighteenth century "Hirkarra-Bashee," or chief of the Intelligence Department to Shah Shuja, Amir of the Afghans. Through his father he was a Sayyid, a direct descendant of Mohammed.*]

In the hour of my death, the Prophet—on whom Peace!—will ask me:
"What hast thou done, thou, my descendant?
What hast thou done that is lasting and splendid?
What are thy claims to my blood and seed?
By what right dost thou clamour at the door of Paradise!"

And I shall reply:
"Peace on thee, O Prophet of the one God!
I have lied and I have cheated.
I have taken the name of God in vain.
Twice I killed for passion, three times for cruelty.
I have sinned the many sins.
Useless was my life, and stinking as hasheesh dregs.
But love came to me, O Prophet of the one God.
And I gave my all to her whom I loved."

And I shall say:
"For dearer she was to me than my salvation,
Dearer than my honour,
Dearer than my ambition and my endeavour,
Dearer than my ancient race and the pride of my clan,
Dearer than the sunlight and the light of the moon,
Dearer than the spring flowers and the breezes of spring,
Dearer than the summer gold and the ripeness of summer,
Dearer than thou, O Prophet of God—on whom Peace!
And I gave to her my all—which was little."

In the hour of my death, the Prophet—on whom Peace!—will ask me:
"What hast thou done, thou, Shikandar Khan Tugluq, my descendant?"

And I shall answer:
"I have loved her even as thou—Peace on thee!—didst love Ayesha!
And I am of thy blood and of Ayesha's blood!"

And the Prophet—Peace on Him and the Blessings of the one God!—
Will open wide the golden gates of Paradise
in the hour of my death
and will say:
"Enter, Shikandar Khan Tugluq, worthy of my seed!"

"You Are Old, Father William"

By LEWIS CARROLL

Drawings by Sir John Tenniel

"YOU are old, father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason for that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

Remembered from the Play

"The Beaten Track"

Dafyd Evans y Bedau (*the grave-digger*)—Do we know what drives us, or anything but that we are driven? *By J. O. Francis, London, 1925; New York, 1926.*

"The Butter and Egg Man"

Peter Jones—I mean—even if the play isn't awfully good, that isn't supposed to matter so much in New York, is it? *By George S. Kaufman, New York, 1925.*

"The Right Age to Marry"

Lomas Ramsden—I am talking from experience.
Mrs. Carlisle—You are married?
Lomas—Other people's experience. *I* never chanced it.

Lomas—There is lots of pleasure in the world, but if it knows that you're looking for it, it'll hide so's you can't never find it.

By H. F. Maltby, London, 1925; New York, 1926.

"Masque of Venice"

Annunziata—Love was made for him who knows how to make love.

By George Dunning Gribble, New York, 1926.

"The Monkey Talks"

Sam Wick—Do you even know what love is?
Dora—No.
Sam Wick—Very well then, don't talk about it without knowing. Wait.
Dora—For what?
Sam Wick—I don't know.

By René Fauchois. Adopted by Gladys Unger, New York, 1926.

"Nirvana"

Janet Milgrim—If you and I are the products of civilization, it ought to be stopped.

Miss Prendergast—No good comes of thinking. I am a simple person, and I *believe* in a few simple things. *By John Howard Lawson, New York, 1926.*

"Musical Clown"

Fruzsina—If you know that I am already betrothed, then why do you ask me to marry you?

Pehely—It isn't such a simple thing to explain. But if you will listen to me, I'll try to tell you. . . . There are people in this world who are not quite complete. People who live only when others live. Now, I am a person like that. From the very first moment I knew that you could never be mine . . . . And still . . . And now that I ask you again to marry me, I just want to be an imaginary bridegroom. So that when I meet you somewhere, some time, and you will be so beautiful, and nice, and elegant, then I will say to myself: "How pretty my little wife is to-day!"

By Lajos Vilahy, Budapest, 1925.

The Three-hundred-year-old-young Prima Donna

Albert Gregor—Why did you come for "The Makropoulos Secret?"

Emilia Marty—Because I was afraid of death—but now I am afraid of life.

"The Makropoulos Secret," by Karel Capek, Prague, 1924; New York, 1926.

"Love on the Steppes"

Young Gypsy—See, in the blue vault of the sky
The moon floats in its wilful course,
And as it passes, silver light
It sheds on all the world below.
Who can compel her to a path,
Or can command her "Halt" or "Rest"?
Who can dictate to loving hearts:
"You must love one, and never change"?

Adapted from Pushkin's "The Gypsies" by V. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, (Seldes), 1925.

"Home as Yesterday"

Mimi—No, life imposes duties on us. . . . Some evade them, and others accept them, that's all. *"La Casa di Prima," by Guido Contini, Milan, 1923.*

"The Goat Song"

Physician—Puny man, you who measure all creation in your image, what is there that you do not consider monstrous and deformed? . . . But who can curb the pranks of Nature? The universe itself, eternally a child, plays, plays, plays. God and Satan have no hand in the game.

Stanja—Then tell me, mouth that is still alive, why if we were made for one another, it was not to be?

Juvan—Because everything eternal fears fulfilment.

By Franz Werfel, Vienna, 1920; New York, 1926.

"Judas"

Judas—Thinkst thou it is for that? . . . It is not for his strength that I respect Simon Peter, for he, too, is a simpleton. But he knows it and admits it. His soul is greater than his brain.

Judas—The thoughts of men are in their brains like spiders in their holes, and their words are like the web outside. You see the web, but the thoughts in the brain you cannot see. And each has his own, profound and invisible; and that is his torment.

By Fulvio Ratti, Milan, 1925.

Nymphs

By IVAN TURGENIEV

Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood

I WAS standing in front of a chain of beautiful mountains spread out in a semi-circle; the young, verdant forest clothed them from summit to base. The southern sky hung transparently blue above us; on high the sun beamed radiantly; below, half hidden in the grass, nimble brooks were babbling.

And there recurred to my mind an ancient legend about how, in the first century after the birth of Christ, a Grecian ship was sailing over the Ægean Sea.

It was midday . . . The weather was calm. And suddenly, high up, over the head of the helmsman, some one uttered distinctly: "When thou shalt sail past the islands, cry in a loud voice, 'Great Pan is dead!' "

The helmsman was amazed . . . and frightened. But when the ship ran past the islands he called out: "Great Pan is dead!"

And thereupon, immediately, in answer to his shout, along the whole length of the shore (for the island was uninhabited,) there resounded loud sobbing groans, prolonged wailing cries: "He is dead! Great Pan is dead!"

This legend recurred to my mind . . . and a strange thought flashed across my brain. —"What if I were to shout that call?"

But in view of the exultation which surrounded me I could not think of death, and with all the force at my command I shouted: "He is risen! Great Pan is risen!"

And instantly,—oh, marvel!—in reply to my exclamation, along the whole wide semi-circle of verdant mountains there rolled a vigorous laughter, there arose a joyous chattering and splashing. "He is risen! Pan is risen!" rustled youthful voices. —Everything there in front of me suddenly broke into laughter more brilliant than the sun on high, more sportive than the brooks which were babbling beneath the grass. The hurried tramp of light footsteps became audible; athwart the green grove flitted the marble whiteness of waving tunics, the vivid pink of naked bodies . . . It was nymphs, nymphs, nymphs, dryads, bacchantes, running down from the heights into the plain . . .

They made their appearance simultaneously along all the borders of the forest. Curls fluttered on divine heads, graceful arms uplifted garlands and cymbals, and laughter, sparkling, Olympian laughter, rippled and rolled among them . . .

In front floats a goddess. She is taller and handsomer than all the rest;—on her shoulders is a quiver; in her hands is a bow; upon her curls, caught high, is the silvery sickle of the moon . . .

Diana, is it thou?

But suddenly the goddess halted . . . and immediately, following her example, all the nymphs came to a halt also. The ringing laughter died away. I saw how the face of the goddess, suddenly rendered dumb, became covered with a deathly pallor; I saw how her feet grew petrified, how inexpressible terror parted her lips, strained wide her eyes, which were fixed on the remote distance . . . What had she descried? Where was she gazing?

I turned in the direction in which she was gazing . . .

At the very edge of the sky, beyond the low line of the fields, a golden cross was blazing like a spark of fire on the white belfry of the Christian church . . . The goddess had caught sight of that cross.

I heard behind me a long, uneven sigh, like the throbbing of a broken harp-string, —and when I turned round again, no trace of the nymphs remained . . . The broad forest gleamed green as before, and only in spots, athwart the close network of the branches, could tufts of something white be seen melting away. Whether these were the tunics of the nymphs, or a vapour was rising up from the bottom of the valley, I know not.

But how I regretted the vanished goddesses!

The Deserter

By RAFAEL DELGADO

Translated by H. C. Schweikert

I

AT TEN o'clock in the morning the sun was scorching, burning, in the valley. It was raining fire in the sandy ravine of the nearby river; the light mist was beginning to spread its veil over the plain, and the mountains were enveloped in vapour. The light breeze failed to stir the foliage. The locusts hummed in the thickets and the wood-pecker was hammering the hard trunk of a cotton-tree. On the diamond sands of the river-bank the sunlight flashed, while in the picturesque clearing a swarm of butterflies of a thousand colours were seeking coolness and moisture in the puddles.

The forest of breadfruit-trees, of wild fig-trees, of noisy banana-trees, and of flowering lindens invited repose, while the orchids perfumed the air with the odours of the morning.

In the shady coffee field, cool and moist, everything was noise and tumult, with the rustling of leaves; there were garden-beds, the last defences of the sierra; and the sky of the coast was peopled with clouds against which were sketched moving belts of buzzards flying in delta formation. Nearer to the coffee fields were loud banana trees, whispering cornfields, large clumps of cedars, breadfruit-trees, and yol-oxochiles, full of sound in the light morning breeze, musical, harmonious. There the crickets chirped, tipsy from the light, and one could hear the busy woodpecker striking repeated blows with his sharp bill

A spherical mango tree with gigantic limbs was all bird-calls and flapping of wings. At its foot were two houses made of reed-grass, with pyramidal grass roofs. One was small, used as a barn and a kitchen; the other, larger, comfortable and roomy, was the home of the honest family of Uncle Juan.

Outside the cock was crowing—a yellow cock with gray wings, very proud among his forty beautiful odalisques; the imprisoned brooding-hens clucked angrily; the egg-layers cackled with maternal joy; and the little chicks peeped, the most recent of the summer's nestlings. On the stone porch Ali, affectionate old Ali, dreaming of his late master, growled, and from time to time wagged his tail in order to drive the flies away.

From its perch on a forked pole a parrot with a very yellow head was chattering unceasingly—"Little parrot, dog, dog—Are you married?—Ha, ha, ha!—What a joke!"

The young men were out on the plain—in the cornfield, in the coffee patch, or in the pasture. The two girls, Lucia with the black eyes, and Mercedes with the elegant figure, were very busy in the kitchen. Smoke rose from the roof of the house, the air smelt of green wood burning, and the beating of pan-cake batter sounded brisk and lively as though saying, "Come, it is high time!"

Señora Luisa was at work on the porch, sitting in an armchair, her spectacles moist. Near her the cat was asleep.

The unfortunate woman, formerly so strong and brave, now felt weak and timid. Three long years of weeping night and day had not sufficed to calm her grief. Weeks and months passed, but in vain. She could not forget Uncle Juan, her poor old man, as she used to call him. Never for a moment could she forget that horrible night, stormy and bloody, in which some outlaws had murdered the honest farmer on Jobo hill as he was coming back from town.

"What's the use," she thought, "that plenty reigns in this house? What's the use of the coffee-trees bending double with the weight of their fruit, the cornfields promising a rich yield, and the herd of cattle being the envy of all who see it? What's the use of all this, and what's it worth, if he who ought above all else to enjoy it, who worked so much and so hard to bring it about, is no longer living?"

The good old woman stuck the needle into the calico, took off her glasses, and wiped the tears from her cheeks with the tip of a large blue handkerchief. She sighed, crossed herself, and prayed softly, softly.

II

THE deserter had come from the fields with Antonio. The poor man was a labourer, and was eager to help the boys, in that way paying for the hospitality he received. He took care of the cattle when the boys went to town, he split wood, shelled corn, turned the water-wheel and the hand-mills. After evening prayers and supper he read. He could read and write very well. Señora Luisa liked him very much. The deserter—so they all called him—repaid the old woman's affection by reading to her the Lives of the Saints out of an old moth-eaten volume of the *Christian Year*.

He hid from everybody, fearful of being recognized and denounced to the authorities. But there he was safe, protected by those people so generous and simple that they looked upon him with pity and treated him as though he were of their house and family. Lucia and Mercedes were considerate of him. The boys brought him from the city cigars, cigarettes and Catalonian liquors for his lunch. Antonio presented him with a blue flannel blouse; Pedro with a pair of new trousers; and Señora Luisa with horsehide boots, for the poor man was almost barefooted.

The boys had found him one morning in the coffee patch, tired out, sick, nearly dead from hunger. They woke him up, put him on a horse, and brought him home.

He told them about the wars and battles, which entertained and amused the boys; he related his experiences with the savage Indians, and their horrible customs, which frightened the widow, who could not understand why men should kill each other in that way when the fields were crying out for them to come and cultivate them, offering handsome rewards for the work.

The deserter said that he was from Sonora; that he had been carried off by the military conscription; that he had been happy and prosperous with his wife and children, the one a little girl barely able to crawl on all fours, and the other a boy, very much alive, who already was making letters so beautiful that shortly he would surpass his teacher. He told them, too, that he was a deserter because he had become tired of the slavery and the hazards of the service, adding that if he were found he would be shot without fail.

When he spoke of that, Señora Luisa, much affected, told him that on the ranch he was safe; that they would conceal him; that he should want for nothing; that whenever he so wished, or found it agreeable to go away she would give him a horse and money for the trip, not much, but such as she could afford.

The unfortunate man was grateful, and with his eyes full of tears he promised that he would make himself useful to his protectors.

III

THE young men had not yet returned from the fields. Señora Luisa was going about her work and the girls were preparing breakfast. Strange voices were heard on the foot-path. Five men appeared, each armed with a carbine. It was the Deputy Justice and his men.

"Good morning, mother. How is everything? And the girls, and Antonio and Pedro?"

"They are well, thanks be to God. And your family?"

"In good health, mother."

"Draw up the bench and sit down. And what brings you here?"

"Ah, mother! Affairs!"

"You've come to take away my sons?"

"No."

"And yet you come armed, with the patrol!"

"No, mother. Official business."

"The boys will soon be through harvest—and on the widow's birthday they are going to have a holiday. You'll bring everybody to have a good time. I don't like the fandango, but the things they will have! Let them have a good time! It belongs to them at their age. Only my husband will not enjoy himself! You remember how my old man used to enjoy himself, at his years and everything? He was just a boy!"

"True, mother. But cheer up, for not even a leaf in the cornfield stirs except by the will of our Lord. It is not for us to inquire the reasons for these misfortunes."

"What brought you here, Pablo?"

"Ah, mother, an order from the judge. It is," and he drew from a pocket in his trousers a paper folded four times, "it's about a man who is hiding here."

Señora Luisa trembled, surprised.

"A man?"

"Yes, a man who is a criminal. Can it be that you have him concealed here—without knowing who he is—without suspecting!"

"Well, who is he?"

"They say—the judge says that he is clever——"

"To tell you the truth," replied the old woman, filled with fear, suppressing a horrible foreboding, but controlling her emotion, "to tell you the truth, we had here—there was a poor deserter—he came and begged our hospitality, and we gave it. You know, God commands us to succour the hungry and shelter the wayfarer. But the poor fellow is gone—he is gone! Last week, on Sunday. So you have came too late—So much the better! Poor man! Conscription takes them, and then when they desert they want to shoot them!"

"Yes, mother, that's very true, but the man who was here is not one of them; he is not a deserter of the kind you imagine—to you."

"Well, then, what is he?"

"I, mother, don't like to tell you the truth, but the deserter—well, he isn't one. In court they told me that he was——"

"Stop! For the sake of our Holy Mother!"

"That he is, indeed, one of those who—one of those who did you a bad turn, mother, one of those, in fact, who knifed my poor friend, your husband."

"Is that true?" exclaimed the old woman, pale as a corpse. The Deputy nodded in the affirmative.

"No! I don't believe it—they must have told slanderous lies."

The widow said this, feigning calmness, but in her eyes flashed the fire of vengeance, and unconsciously she turned her angry look toward the coffee patch where the murderer then was.

"Yes, mother. Yes, the others of the gang have already fallen into the hands of justice, and they confessed, confessed everything. They will most certainly be shot."

"Well, if he is, let him!" replied Señora Luisa, shrugging her shoulders. "Let him! He is pardoned. Thanks to the Holy Virgin that he is gone! But I don't believe it, I don't believe it. There must have been false witnesses. That man didn't have the face of a murderer, my friend. If you had but seen him, friend Pablo! If you could have seen him as he read the Lives of the Saints! Search the house, if you wish. If he were here, if he were here I would myself deliver him up to you, yes, I myself, in order that he might pay for his crime. That's what those rascals deserve—that they be hanged on the gallows!"

The Deputy and his companions left. A little while after, the boys returned. The deserter, fearful of being discovered, or of what they might do to him, remained hidden in the coffee patch.

IV

THE widow and the girls were talking on the porch with Pedro and Antonio, the latter a brave and lusty farmer. He carried a *machete* in his belt. Right now he was listening to the old woman with wholehearted interest.

"But who denounced him?"

"Who knows? Maybe the mayor of Xochicuahitl."

"Well then, mother," said the young man, with a frank and resolute air, throwing his hat aside, "he must go at once. We'll give him the sorrel. No, better give him the gray. He's old, but still gets along pretty well. All he needs is the spurs. Not even that! Talk to him and you'll see the dust fly. I'll give him my pistol and something besides, though it be for only a few days."

"As you like; whatever you wish, but do it quickly!"

"Then you, Pedro, go on to the other side of the ravine. I'll send him to you there. Give him the horse, together with the old saddle. Tell him that we make him a present of the whole outfit. Tell him, too, that he is to write to us, letting us know how he is. And he must not let himself be caught. You, Lucia, gather up his things and make them into a bundle. Place in it twenty pesos and my blanket. Do it quickly. I'm going to bring him here to say good-bye."

"No, Antonio, not that! I don't want to see him here," replied the old woman, troubled and nervous because of her conscience.

"Why?"

"Suppose the Deputy should return?"

"You're right. I'll send him over yonder."

V

WHEN Antonio returned the widow and her daughters were on the porch, waiting

to see the fugitive when he would cross the narrow rickety bridge.

"He is going away in tears! He didn't want to go at all," Antonio told them. "He charged me with many messages to you—that you were not to forget him, that he'll send a letter when he arrives home, that if they catch him and shoot him you are to pray for his soul."

"Poor fellow," murmured the girls, weeping. Señora Luisa was silent. But she could not contain herself any longer, so she called her son aside and said to him.

"Do you know who that man is?"

"No."

"One of the men who killed your father!"

The brave woman said no more and covered her face with her hands.

Antonio quickly went into the house and returned at once with a rifle.

At that moment the "deserter," with the bundle on his shoulder, had just come to the bridge. Before starting across he turned round to wave a greeting to those whom he saw watching him from the house and shouted,

"*Adios! Adios!*"

Antonio made ready his rifle and aimed.

When Señora Luisa heard the rattle of the gun she turned toward the avenger.

"Don't shoot, son," she cried with sublime energy, "God is watching you!"

The young man lowered the rifle, threw it aside scornfully, and remained mute, fixing his eyes on the ground. Then, without moving his lips, he stepped gently forward to the widow and threw his arms around her.

Lucia and Mercedes looked on in astonishment.

The deserter crossed the bridge, went up the hill, and was lost in the underbrush.

The parrot was chattering on his perch.

"Ha, ha, ha! What a joke!"

The Cosmic Egg

ANONYMOUS

UPON a rock yet uncreate,
Amid a chaos inchoate,
An uncreated being sate;
Beneath him, rock,
Above him, cloud.
And the cloud was rock,
And the rock was cloud.
The rock then growing soft and warm,
The cloud began to take a form,
A form chaotic, vast, and vague,
Which issued in the cosmic egg.
Then the Being uncreate
On the egg did incubate,
And thus became the incubator;
And of the egg did allegate,
And thus become the alligator;
And the incubator was potentate,
But the alligator was potentator.

What Religions Have Promised

In the other world of Swedenborg, those poor Greenlanders will also find comfort, who once, when the Danish missionaries wished to convert them, put the question if there were any seals in the Christian heaven? Upon receiving an answer in the negative, they mournfully replied that then the Christian heaven would not suit Greenlanders, as they could not exist without seals.

HEINE.

THE EGYPTIAN HEAVEN

The deceased sails over the Lake of Hetep—Peace,—in a boat which he brought from the house of Shu, and comes to the city of Hetep under the favour of the God of the region, who is called Hetep. He then says:

"My mouth is strong, I am equipped with words of power to use as weapons against the Spirits; let them not have dominion over me. Let me be rewarded with thy fields, O thou god Hetep. That which is thy wish do, O lord of the winds. May I become a spirit therein, may I drink therein, may I plough therein, may I make love therein, may my words be powerful therein, may I never be in a state of servitude therein, and may I be in authority therein. . . . Let me live with the god Hetep, clothed, and not despoiled by the 'lords of the north,' and may the lords of divine things bring food unto me. May he make me to go forward and may I come forth; may he bring my power to me there, may I receive it, and may my equipment be from the god Hetep. May I gain dominion over the great and mighty word which is in my body in this my place, and by it I shall have memory and not forget." *"The Book of Gates"—inscribed on the alabaster sarcophagus of King Seti VIII, about B. C. 1375* (WALLIS BUDGE).

"Rise up, Teta, and lift up they legs, O most mighty one, to go and seat thyself among the gods. . . . Thou hast received thy spiritual body and none shall set bounds to thy foot in heaven and none shall repulse thee on earth. . . . Thou hast received thy bread which decayeth never, and thy beer which goeth bad never."

Inscription on Pyramid of Saqqarah (WALLIS BUDGE).

THE HINDU IDEAL OF "ONENESS WITH BRAHMAN"

The wise, possessed of this evenness of mind, abandoning the fruits of their actions, freed for ever from the fetters of birth, go to that state which is beyond all evil. . . .

The self-controlled man, moving among objects with senses under restraint, and free from attraction and aversion, attains to tranquillity.

In tranquillity, all sorrow is destroyed. For the intellect of him who is tranquil-minded, is soon established in firmness.

No knowledge of the Self has the unsteady. Nor has he meditation. To the unmeditative there is no peace. And how can one without peace have happiness?. . . .

That man who lives devoid of longing, abandoning all desires, without the sense of "I" and "mine," he attains to peace.

This is to have one's being in Brahman, O son of Pritha. None, attaining to this, becomes deluded. Being established therein, even at the end of life, a man attains to oneness with Brahman. . . .

He, who at the time of death, meditating on Me alone, goes forth, leaving the body, attains My Being: there is no doubt of this. . . .

Reaching the highest perfection, and having attained Me, the great-souled ones are no more subject to re-birth,—the home of pain and ephemeral. . . .

But persons who have no faith in this knowledge of the Self, regarding the physical body itself as the Self, return, O scorcher of foes, without attaining Me, to the path of re-birth fraught with death. *"Srimad-Bhagavad-Gita"* (SWAMI SWARUPANANDA).

The Eternal Lights of the Zoroastrian Paradise

The soul of the pure man goes the first step and arrives in the Paradise Humata; the soul of the pure man takes the second step and arrives at the Paradise Hukhta; it goes the third step and arrives at the Paradise Hvarsta; the soul of the pure man takes the fourth step and arrives at the Eternal Lights. To it speaks a pure one deceased before, asking it: How art thou, O pure deceased, come away from the fleshly dwellings, from the earthly possessions, from the corporeal world, hither, to the invisible, from the perishable world hither, to the imperishable, has it happened to thee— to whom be Hail!—long?

Then speaks Ahura-Mazda: Ask not him whom thou askest, for he is come on the fearful, terrible, trembling way, the separation of body and soul. Bring him hither of the food, of the full fatness, that is the food for a youth who thinks, speaks, and does good, who is devoted to the good law after death, that is the food for the woman who especially thinks good, speaks good, does good, the following, obedient, pure, after death.

"*Khordah-Avesta*" (Arthur Henry Bleeck).

Nirvana, the Buddhist's "End of Woe"

On a certain occasion the Exalted One was staying near Savatthi in Anathapindika's Park at Jeta Grove. Now on that occasion the Exalted One was instructing, stirring, firing, and gladdening the brethren with a pious talk about Nibbana, and those brethren understood its meaning, paid attention to it, grasped with their minds the whole teaching, listened to the teaching with ready ears.

Then on that occasion the Exalted One, seeing the application of it, uttered these solemn words:

"There is, brethren, a condition wherein there is neither earth, nor water, nor fire, nor air, nor the sphere of infinite space, nor the sphere of infinite consciousness, nor the sphere of the void, nor the sphere of neither perception nor non-perception: where there is no 'this world' and no 'world beyond': where there is no moon and no sun. That condition, brethren, do I call neither a coming nor a going, nor a standing still nor a falling away nor a rising up: but it is without fixity, without mobility, without basis. THAT IS THE END OF WOE:

Hard to behold the SELFLESS, so 'tis called.
Not easy is it to perceive the Truth.
But craving is pierced through by one who knows:
He who sees all clings not to anything."

And again, on that occasion, the Exalted One uttered these solemn words:

"In him who depends on others, there is wavering. In him who is independent, there is no wavering. Where there is no wavering, there is tranquillity. Where there is tranquillity, there is no passionate delight. Where there is no passionate delight, there is no coming and going in rebirth. Where there is no coming and going in rebirth, there is no falling from one state to another. Where there is no falling from one state to another there is no 'here,' no 'beyond,' no 'here-and-yonder.' THAT IS THE END OF WOE."

"*The Udana, or Ecstatic Utterances*" (F. L. Woodward).

The Greek Elysian Fields

"But thou, Menelaus, son of Zeus, art not ordained to die and meet thy fate in Argos, the pasture-land of horses, but the deathless gods will convey thee to the Elysian plain and the world's end, where is Rhadamanthus of the fair hair, where life is easiest for men. No snow is there, nor yet great storm, nor any rain; but always ocean sendeth forth the breeze of the shrill West to blow cool on men: yea, for thou hast Helen to wife, and thereby they deem thee to be son of Zeus." Homer (Lang).

Plato's Philosophy of Rebirth

And now let us ask the reason why the soul loses her wings!

The wing is the coporeal element which is most akin to the divine, and which by nature tends to soar aloft and carry that which gravitates downwards into the upper region, which

is the habitation of the gods. The divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like; and by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon evil and foulness and the opposite of good, wastes and falls away. Zeus, the mighty lord, holding the reins of a winged chariot, leads the way in heaven, ordering all and taking care of all. . . . They see many blessed sights in the inner heaven, and there are many ways to and fro, along which the blessed gods are passing, everyone doing his own work; he may follow who will and can, for jealousy has no place in the celestial choir. But when they go to banquet and festival, then they move up the steep to the top of the vault of heaven. . . .

But of the heaven which is above the heavens, what earthly poet ever did or ever will sing worthily? It is such as I will describe; for I must dare to speak the truth, when truth is my theme. There abides the very being with which true knowledge is concerned; the colourless, formless, intangible essence, visible only to mind, who is the pilot of the soul. The divine intelligence, being nurtured upon mind and pure knowledge, and the intelligence of every soul which is capable of receiving the food proper to it, rejoices at beholding reality, and once more gazing upon truth, is replenished and made glad, until the revolution of the worlds brings her round again to the same place. In the revolution she beholds justice, and temperance, and knowledge absolute, not in the form of generation or of relation, which men call existence, but knowledge absolute in existence absolute, and beholding the other true existences in like manner, and feasting upon them, she passes down into the interior of the heavens and returns home; and there the charioteer, putting up his horses at the stall, gives them ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink. Such is the life of the gods. . . .

But the other souls receive judgment when they have completed their first life, and after the judgment they go, some of them to the houses of correction which are under the earth, and are punished; others to some place in heaven whither they are lightly borne by justice, and there they live in a manner worthy of the life which they led here when in the form of men. And at the end of the first thousand years the good souls and also the evil souls both come to draw lots and choose their second life, and they may take any which they please. The soul of a man may pass into the life of a beast, or from the beast return again into the man. But the soul which has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form. . . .

And the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher, or artist, or some musical and loving nature; that which has seen truth in the second degree shall be some righteous king or warrior chief; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician, or economist, or trader; the fourth shall be a lover of gymnastic toils, or a physician; the fifth shall lead the life of a prophet or hierophant; to the sixth the character of a poet or some other imitative artist will be assigned; to the seventh the life of an artisan or husbandman; to the eighth that of a sophist or demagogue; to the ninth that of a tyrant; —all these are states of probation, in which he who does righteously improves, and he who does unrighteously, deteriorates his lot. . . . *Plato's "Phædrus"* (JOWETT).

THE HEBREW PARADISE

[*The word "Paradise" occurs only three times in the Old Testament, and its meaning there is park or garden. There seems hardly an allusion to anything except the earthly Garden of Eden. There are references to the Mountain of God, but one may search in vain for a description of the final abode of the righteous—a conception highly elaborated in the Talmud and the New Testament. But the Book of Enoch (not accepted as canonical except by Abyssinnian and Sclavonic Christians) is the record of a man whom God took up alive to Heaven, and who describes what he saw there—eight other mortals having been similarly honoured, accorded to the Haggadah. Joshua even obtained permission from the angel of death to visit the home of the blessed and inspect the place assigned to himself. In the Midrash (exegesis) Konen all these fragments of information were much later first put together and elaborated. Here is the picture of what the devout believer may look forward to. Another compilation states that Paradise is surrounded by three walls of fire, and has a tall music pillar which plays beautiful songs automatically.*]

The Gan 'Eden at the east measures 800,000 years (at ten miles a day, or 3,650 a year). There are five chambers for various classes of the righteous. The first is built of cedar with a ceiling of transparent crystal. This is the habitation of non-Jews who become true and

devoted converts to Judaism. They are headed by Obadiah the prophet and Onkelos the proselyte, who teach them the Law.

The second is built of cedar, with a ceiling of fine silver. This is the habitation of the penitents, headed by Manasset, King of Israel, who teaches them the Law.

The third chamber is built of silver and gold, ornamented with pearls. It is very spacious, and contains the best of heaven and earth, with spices, fragrance and sweet odours. In the center of this chamber stands the Tree of Life, 500 years high. Under its shadow rest Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the tribes, those of the Egyptian exodus, and those who died in the wilderness, headed by Moses and Aaron. There also are David and Solomon, crowned, and Chileab, as if living, attending on his father, David. Every generation of Israel is represented, except that of Absalom and his confederates. Moses teaches them the Law, and Aaron gives instruction to the priests. The Tree of Life is like a ladder on which the souls of the righteous may ascend and descend. In a conclave above are seated the Patriarchs, the Ten Martyrs, and those who sacrificed their lives for the cause of His Sacred Name. These souls descend daily to the Gan 'Eden to join their families and tribes, where they lounge on soft cathedras studded with jewels. Everyone, according to his excellence, is received in audience to praise and thank the Ever-living God; and all enjoy the brilliant light of the Shekinah. The flaming sword, changing from intense heat to icy cold and from ice to glowing coals, guards the entrance against living mortals. The size of the sword is ten years. The souls on entering paradise are bathed in 248 rivulets of balsam and attar.

The fourth chamber is made of olive-wood, and is inhabited by those who have suffered for their religion. Olives typify bitterness in taste and brilliance in light, (olive-oil) symbolizing persecution and its reward.

The fifth chamber is built of precious stones, gold, and silver, surrounded by myrrh and aloes. In front of the chamber runs the River Gihon, on whose banks are planted shrubs affording perfume and aromatic incense. There are couches of gold and silver and fine drapery. This chamber is inhabited by the Messiah of David, Elijah, and the Messiah of Ephraim. In the center are: a canopy made of the cedars of Lebanon, in the style of the Tabernacle, with posts and vessels of silver; and a settee of Lebanon wood, with pillars of silver and a seat of gold, the covering thereof of purple. Within rests the Messiah, son of David, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," suffering, and waiting to release Israel from the Exile. Elijah comforts and encourages him to be patient. Every Monday and Thursday, and Sabbath and on holy days, the Patriarchs, Moses, Aaron and others, call on the Messiah and condole with him, in the hope of the fast-approaching end.

Midrash Konen (G. A. B.).

The Reception

Paradise has two diamond gates, and there are 600,000 attending angels with shining faces. Immediately on the arrival of the righteous, they divest him of his shroud and clothe him with eight garments made of clouds of honour. They put a double crown of fine gold and jewels on his head, and place eight myrtles in his hand. The angels salute him, saying, "Go, eat thy bread with joy," and lead him along valleys of water in which grow 800 species of roses and myrtles.

Each of the righteous has a canopy as is befitting his excellence. Connected with each canopy are four rivulets, of milk, wine, balsam, and honey. Over each canopy grows a golden vine, studded with thirty pearls, each glittering like Venus. Under the canopy is a table of onyx set with diamonds and pearls.

Sixty angels guard every righteous one and ask him to partake of the honey as compensation for his study of the Law, which is likened to honey, and to drink the wine, which has been preserved in its grapes ever since the six days of Creation, the Law being likened to spiced wine.

The most uncomely of the righteous becomes as beautiful as Joseph and as R. Johanan. Exiguous silver pomegranates reflect the sun, which is always shining, for "the path of the just is as the shining light."

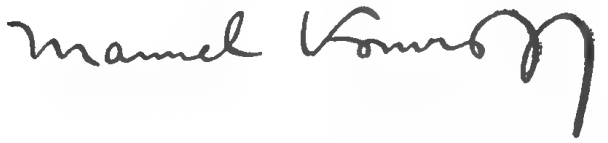
There are three stages through which the newcomer has to pass: the section of the children, which he enters as a child; the section of the young; and the section of the old. In each section he enjoys himself as befits his state and age.

Attributed to R. Joshua ben Levi.

(*To be continued*)

The Grace of Lambs

By MANUEL KOMROFF



I

IN SPITE of his vice, one could see that he was a man of education and refinement. Of all the people whom I met in China, his scope of vision was the greatest.

It was in a Shanghai hotel that I first saw him, as he passed from the kitchen through the dining-room and eyed me carefully over his bent spectacles. His white coat was badly soiled, one pocket ripped open, and his eyes seemed to look through you rather than at you. Presently he returned and stood before my table.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I'd like to talk to you. . . . You look like a scholar and a gentleman. It's hard to find gentlemen in China—all business men and engineers. I wouldn't talk to them myself . . . nothing to say to them." Quite evidently he had been drinking.

"Been in China long?" I inquired.

"Not long—only eight years. . . . But that's long enough. Four years teaching, three years research, and one year doing nothing—just nothing but drinking. They brought me over from England and then sacked me. I drink too much. That's well and good; but I never missed a class, and not one of them knows my subjects. Told me himself—the Chancellor—that the only reason they kept me as long as they did was because my name and titles looked good in their catalogue—not another Doctor of Science in China, and besides that I am a Fellow of the Royal Society, and I have my B.A., M.A., and Sc.D. . . . Looked good on the catalogue, but what good is it to me if I must eat in the kitchen with the coolie help?"

"Eat in the kitchen?"

"Yes, that's it. You see, I've plenty of money," and he drew from the pocket of his white coat a large roll of bills, "but what good is money? The hotel-manager won't let me eat here because I'm always full and like to abuse his guests. Only in the mornings, about this time, does he even let me pass through this way . . . and this is my fourth hotel in Shanghai. They're all the same. You're the first gentleman I have seen and I'd like to talk to you. Clark is my name—William Clark; came out here to teach the Chinese boys all about mathematics."

"You are not the William Clark who wrote the work on line-geometry?"

"You know it?" he replied, and his parched face brightened.

I told him that we used it in school and that I had often cursed the very day he was born.

"Curse it—that's right! I do it myself. . . . What good is life? If a man spends ten years on a work, as I did on my 'Mysticism of Numbers,' and only six copies were ever sold—ten years—six copies, and my royalties were six shillings. Ten years! But what's the difference? It was a beautiful subject: full of mystery. Modern mathematics is saturated with mystery. Ever read the works of Cantor, and Weierstrass? Two great mathematical detectives . . . they rid the world of some horrible fallacies. But what thanks do they get? They should have come to China to eat in the kitchen. Ha! Ha!"

He came into my room a few days later and invited me to go with him to the native walled city and see a slice of the unknown. We passed through the French settlement, entered the gate of the city, and rode on and on until the streets became too narrow for the rickshaw and we were obliged to continue on foot. Soon we arrived at a small temple and, passing

through the yard, reached a low doorway. Dr. Clark struck the door with his stick, which presently was opened by an old man who seemed quite indifferent to our coming. One side of the room that we entered was entirely open, without a wall, only separated from the small garden by a low carved teakwood railing. In the center stood a table with a marble top.

Presently two dark-skinned Chinese priests entered.

"Mango trick—can do?" asked Dr. Clark in pidgin English.

"Can do—can do." And one of them held out his hand, into which my mathematical friend laid a fifty-cent piece.

They brought an empty flower-pot which we both examined before placing on the table, also a box of sandy earth which Clark himself helped pour into the pot. The priest then drew from his belt a tiny seed, so small that it looked very much like the head of a match. This he pressed into the sandy earth. Now a pail of water was brought, and we both had our fingers in it before it was poured into the flower-pot. It darkened the earth and nothing more. But the priest already had his fan in his hand and started urging a gentle breeze across the surface of the pot. We bent over it and watched closely.

Presently a tiny yellow sprout arose and as it grew higher, it turned green and divided itself into many stems—leaves unfolded themselves and seemed to grow in sudden jerks; buds formed and opened and in a full minute the whole thing was a little miniature tree about a foot and a half in height. But hardly had we time to admire it when the petals dropped and the two green, plum-shaped mangoes sprang out from the stalk and ripened into a liquid orange.

The priest continued fanning. "All lite!" he said. "Can eat."

We plucked the fruit from the plant and tasted one. It was rich, ripe, and juicy. And from that moment on neither of us spoke until we reached the bar of our hotel. We ordered whisky-sodas and just sat and looked at each other. Before us on the table lay the other mango, which we brought with us. It remained full and ripe.

"So that's the mango trick I have heard so much about," I ventured to break the silence.

"Call it a trick if you like," said Dr. Clark, "but it's more than that. It contains the essence of all things. It contains the germ of our two worlds, the world of life and death that we know, and the world of the unknown. Ever read the works of the two great English mathematicians—Bertrand Russell and Whitehead? I can't say that they mention this particular problem, but they touch very near to it. Mathematics is not quite as exact a science as our little teachers would have us believe. Its fundamentals are based upon absurdities. Myths! Sometimes by some irony of chance we have reached correct solutions to problems founded upon absurdities—illogically reasoned. It is only by error that any conclusions at all have ever been reached.

"It is only through vision that any progress can be made," he continued, gazing into the distance. "But what are men doing? They come to China for trade, for business, for money, for greater power. And what is power? . . . Power is bad. Has one of them come here to gain that magical strength, that spirit that lies close to the gate of wisdom, found only in China . . . that simple essence of life that grows the mango tree and gives off light? Do they come to China for this? And what do they say when they see it? They call it a trick or a hypnotic vision, and to-morrow they forget it. They forget it because they want to forget it. They must forget it or give up their ugly materialism, their quest for sham power; for without the ugly and the sordid they would perish. They call it a trick and at the same time they forget that the same trick lurks after them; follows them to the ends of the earth; tracks them into their very homes. The same trick is the trick of death . . . and that is why I drink; and remain content to eat in the kitchen with the coolie help."

"Do you think life and death the same thing?" I ventured to ask.

"That I don't say; but what I do feel is this . . . that there is a world that we know—it is small and petty; and there is a world that we don't know, a world that is only touched in moments of fancy, in gestures of madness, in flights of vision. Most people are tied to the one; but as for me, I am no longer interested in existing from meal to meal—I am absorbed by the great unknown."

About two weeks later he knocked at my door to return a borrowed book. "Yes, I am leaving, or rather I am asked by the hotel to. . . . I must have raised another scene last night, but it is just as well—I

am going to live with the natives. I think I am beginning to understand them and they will understand me. . . . As for the white men, I understand them less and less every day, and that is why I abuse them when . . . it is just as well. . . . And when my money runs out, then perhaps I shall know the secret, the great secret of immaterialism—the secret of the great unknown. Good-bye."

II

Six months later, to escape the heat of the city, I took one of the large river steamers up the famous Yangtze-kiang as far as Hankow. This is as far as large steamers go, but it is possible to hire a junk and a crew, as some missionaries must, for further navigation. It is through the waters of the Yangtze-kiang that one may hope to reach the lofty steppes of Tibet. But the journey is slow and expensive. We had to content ourselves with the tales told by those who came from this distant land of mystery. But how many have ever returned at all? At Hankow we saw the old university, the seat of learning of ancient China, and its marvelous library.

"If I ever get the chance," I promised my host, "I am coming back to make extracts and translations with native help, of several of your Chinese classics which deal with the theory and philosophy of art."

"Art?" he asked in amazement. "Why art?"

"Because I feel that the Chinese have touched life's essence deeper and truer in their art . . . at least to Western eyes," I quickly added.

"Do you think that Chinese philosophy could embrace our Western problems?"

"No; but I do think that two thousand years of Chinese culture would not have produced a Europe such as we had in 1914."

In this channel our discussion ran for days, and I am indebted to my host for much valuable information that the many years in China had gained for him.

One morning, as I was looking at a Chinese picture that I had bought, and trying, with the aid of Professor Giles's book, to estimate its age, the servant came into the room and announced:

"China boy stand yard-side. Mango tree can do."

"There you have it," I said to my host. "Explain that if you can."

"Well, let's see what the fakirs can do," he replied.

In the yard we found two poor-looking coolies in rags. One had a swollen knee around which was bound what looked like a silk necktie. I looked closer and discovered a label bearing the words: "Liberty, London."

"Where did you get this?" I inquired.

"Master—he give."

"Where is your master?"

"Master wait street-side. Mango tree can do."

We announced that we were ready to be entertained, and in a minute they returned with their master. Our servant had already placed an old tomato-can and a jug of water on the steps.

The master appeared, no better dressed than his aids, only his hair was lighter, as though it were burnt brown by the sun. He carefully avoided looking at us and immediately began his performance by scraping up the gravel of the path with the tomato-can.

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "Don't you speak English? Are you not Dr. Clark?"

He dropped the can and looked up over his glasses.

"What have you done!" I cried. "You have thrown away your life for a trick."

He shook his head.

"You have become a begging conjurer! You have traded your science for . . ." Words failed me.

He still shook his head.

"You will not understand," he said finally. "Not because you can't understand, but because you don't want to. And why should I explain? . . . I am not here to explain, I am here to do my little act. If you will pay us we will continue. If not, then well and good. I know very well that you have seen this before, but you have not seen it done as I can do it. I have completed it with an addition that has turned it from a trick into a miracle . . . yes, a miracle. There is a miracle in every man, and every man can in his life perform at least one miracle . . . but few do, that is their tragedy. . . . Shall I continue?"

He performed the act with marvelous skill but in the same manner in which I had seen it done before, only instead of fanning the surface of the pot he blew across it with his warm breath. One large mango ripened before my eyes.

"Now," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "now pluck it, and eat it if you can!"

I took the mango from the tree but

before I had time to bring it to my mouth I felt a strange, creeping movement in my hand. The mango was already rotten! I let the putrid thing fall to the ground; my fingers were stained with its rot.

"That's my addition," the master exclaimed. "The addition of death. When man plucks the fruit of life, it rots in his hand. The forces of nature are greater than the powers of man. The proud orders of death are stronger than the fickleness of life. Time in man is petty to the time of the eternal, but the space of man . . . what is space? His space is only his capacity. Have you a capacity for the meager or for the eternal? Do you acquire things that are everlasting, or do you scratch from the world's slimy surface a few petty odds and ends which you call property? Will you carry an ounce of it with you beyond your grave?"

Had I not known him so well I might have been offended at his schoolroom voice. But I quickly replied, "You still demand to be paid for your services."

"Well, yes," he admitted. "But that is because I cannot yet do without food. Some day I may be able to cast it away as I have thrown worldly goods into the rubbish-heap where they belong. . . . We are on our way to Tibet. My two boys are natives of Tibet and are as anxious to return as I am to get there. Only the other day we met four more who were going the same way and we have already, with the help of the Buddhist priests, secured our boat. We are now stocking it with provisions for the journey and, anxious to do my share, I am showing one of the feats. But it is only a means to an end."

"Could you teach us the mango trick?" inquired my host.

He shook his head sadly.

"One hundred dollars," pressed my business friend, "if you show us your secret."

"There is no secret that can be passed from one man to another. It can only be acquired through suffering and pain. Wisdom cannot be sold or bought. It is a merchandise that has no traffic.

"In the past six months," continued the master of the mango, "I have learned more than during all my previous years. I think I have reached the first step to wisdom. But I am still an infant compared to the sages of Tibet who are able to raise themselves bodily from the ground. . . . I am still an infant, but I am absorbed by the mystery of existence and the first step I have already reached. We have no secrets. . . . We are not fakirs. . . . I will gladly tell anyone the philosophy that grows and rots a mango. It is so simple and yet difficult to accomplish. It can be summed up in a few words—the words of the ancient Chinese:—'Lambs have the grace to suckle kneeling.'"

His manner was filled with contempt. He turned for the gate, and as he passed through repeated the words, as though talking to himself—"Lambs have the grace to . . ."

His Grange, or Private Wealth

By ROBERT HERRICK

Though Clock
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
A Cock
I have to sing how day drawes on.
I have
A maid (my *Prew*) by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent.
A Hen
I keep, which creeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A Goose
I have, which with a jealous care,
Lets loose
Her tongue to tell what danger's neare.

A Lamb
I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
Whose Dam
An Orphan left him (lately dead).
A Cat
I keep, that playes about my House,
Grown fat
With eating many a miching Mouse.
To these
A *Trasy*[1] I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rurall privacie:
Which are
But toyes to give my heart some ease:
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

[1] Spaniel

Amaryllis the Lovely

An Idyll by THEOCRITUS

COURTING *Amaryllis with song I go, while my she-goats feed on the hill, and Tityrus herds them. Ah, Tityrus, my dearly beloved, feed thou the goats, and to the well-side lead them, Tityrus, and 'ware the yellow Libyan he-goat, lest he butt thee with his horns.*

Ah, lovely Amaryllis, why no more, as of old, dost thou glance through this cavern after me, nor callest me, thy sweetheart, to thy side. Can it be that thou hatest me? Do I seem snub-nosed, now thou hast seen me near, maiden, and underhung? Thou wilt make me strangle myself!

Lo, ten apples I bring thee, plucked from that very place where thou didst bid me pluck them, and others to-morrow I will bring thee.

Ah, regard my heart's deep sorrow! ah, would I were that humming bee, and to thy cave might come dipping beneath the fern that hides thee, and the ivy leaves!

Now know I Love, and a cruel God is he. Surely he sucked the lioness's dug, and in the wild wood his mother reared him, whose fire is scorching me, and bites even to the bone.

Ah, lovely as thou art to look upon, ah heart of stone, ah dark-browed maiden, embrace me, thy true goatherd, that I may kiss thee, and even in empty kisses there is a sweet delight!

Soon wilt thou make me rend the wreath in pieces small, the wreath of ivy, dear Amaryllis, that I keep for thee, with rose-buds twined, and fragrant parsley. Ah me, what anguish! Wretched that I am, whither shall I turn! Thou dost not hear my prayer!

I will cast off my coat of skins, and into yonder waves I will spring, where the fisher Olpis watches for the tunny shoals, and even if I die not, surely thy pleasure will have been done.

I learned the truth of old, when, amid thoughts of thee, I asked, "Loves she, loves she not?" and the poppy petal clung not, and gave no crackling sound, but withered on my smooth forearm, even so.

And she too spoke sooth, even Agroeo, she that divineth with a sieve, and of late was binding sheaves behind the reapers, who said that I had set all my heart on thee, but that thou didst nothing regard me.

Truly I keep for thee the white goat with the twin kids that Mermnon's daughter too, the brown-skinned Erithacis, prays me to give her; and give her them I will, since thou dost flout me.

My right eyelid throbs, is it a sign that I am to see her? Here will I lean me against this pine tree, and sing, and then perchance she will regard me, for she is not all of adamant.

Lo, Hippomenes when he was eager to marry the famous maiden, took apples in his hand, and so accomplished his course; and Atalanta saw, and madly longed, and leaped into the deep waters of desire. Melampus too, the soothsayer, brought the herd of oxen from Othrys to Pylos, and thus in the arms of Bias was laid the lovely mother of wise Alphesiboea.

And was it not thus that Adonis, as he pastured his sheep upon the hills, led beautiful Cytherea to such heights of frenzy, that not even in his death doth she unclasp him from her bosom? Blessed, methinks, is the lot of him that sleeps, and tosses not, nor turns, even Endymion; and, dearest maiden, blessed I call Iason, whom such things befell, as ye that be profane shall never come to know.

My head aches, but thou carest not. I will sing no more, but dead will I lie where I fall, and here may the wolves devour me.

Sweet as honey in the mouth may my death be to thee.

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER XXXII

ALONE in his cell, Chanlouineau, after Marie-Anne's departure, abandoned himself to the most frightful despair.

He had just given more life to the woman he loved so fervently.

For had he not, in the hope of obtaining an interview with her, perilled his honour by simulating the most ignoble fear? While doing so, he thought only of the success of his ruse. But now he knew only too well what those who had witnessed his apparent weakness would say of him.

"This Chanlouineau is only a miserable coward after all," he fancied he could hear them saying among themselves. "We have seen him on his knees, begging for mercy, and promising to betray his accomplices."

The thought that his memory would be tarnished with charges of cowardice and treason drove him nearly mad.

He actually longed for death, since it would give him an opportunity to retrieve his honour.

"They shall see, then," he cried, wrathfully, "if I turn pale and tremble before the soldiers."

He was in this state of mind when the door opened to admit the Marquis de Courtornieu, who, after seeing Mlle. Lacheneur leave the prison, came to Chanlouineau to ascertain the result of her visit.

"Well, my good fellow—" began the marquis, in his most condescending manner.

"Leave?" cried Chanlouineau, in a fury of passion. "Leave, or——"

Without waiting to hear the end of the sentence the marquis made his escape, greatly surprised and not a little dismayed by this sudden change.

"What a dangerous and blood-thirsty rascal!" he remarked to the guard. "It would, perhaps, be advisable to put him in a strait-jacket!"

Ah! there was no necessity for that. The heroic peasant had thrown himself upon his straw pallet, oppressed with feverish anxiety.

Would Marie-Anne know how to make the best use of the weapon which he had placed in her hands?

If he hoped so, it was because she would have as her counsellor and guide a man in whose judgment he had the most implicit confidence—Abbé Midon.

"Martial will be afraid of the letter," he said to himself, again and again; "certainly he will be afraid."

In this Chanlouineau was entirely mistaken. His discernment and intelligence were certainly above his station, but he was not sufficiently acute to read a character like that of the young Marquis de Sairmeuse.

The document which he had written in a moment of *abandon* and blindness, was almost without influence in determining his course.

He pretended to be greatly alarmed, in order to frighten his father; but in reality he considered the threat puerile.

Marie-Anne would have obtained the same assistance from him if she had not possessed this letter.

Other influences had decided him: the difficulties and dangers of the undertaking, the risks to be incurred, the prejudices to be braved.

To save the life of Baron d'Escorval—an enemy— to wrest him from the execution on the very steps of the scaffold, as it were, seemed to him a delightful enterprise. And to assure the happiness of the woman he adored by saving the life of an enemy, even after his suit had been refused, seemed a chivalrous act worthy of him.

Besides, what an opportunity it afforded for the exercise of his *sang-froid*, his diplomatic talent, and the *finesse* upon which he prided himself!

It was necessary to make his father his dupe. That was an easy task.

It was necessary to impose upon the

credulity of the Marquis de Courtornieu. This was a difficult task, yet he succeeded.

But poor Chanlouineau could not conceive of such contradictions, and he was consumed with anxiety.

Willingly would he have consented to be put to the torture before receiving his death-blow, if he might have been allowed to follow Marie-Anne in her undertakings.

What was she doing? How could he ascertain?

A dozen times during the evening he called his guards, under every possible pretext, and tried to compel them to talk with him. He knew very well that these men could be no better informed on the subject than he was himself, that he could place no confidence in their reports—but that made no difference.

The drums beat for the evening roll-call, then for the extinguishment of lights—after that, silence.

Standing at the window of his cell, Chanlouineau concentrated all his faculties in a superhuman effort of attention.

It seemed to him, if the baron regained his liberty, he would be warned of it by some sign. Those whom he had saved owed him, he thought, this slight token of gratitude.

A little after two o'clock he heard sounds that made him tremble. There was a great bustle in the corridors; guards running to and fro, and calling each other, a rattling of keys, and the opening and shutting of doors.

The passage was suddenly illuminated; he looked out, and by the uncertain light of the lanterns, he thought he saw Lacheneur, as pale as a ghost, pass the cell, led by some soldiers.

Lacheneur! Could this be possible? He doubted his own eyesight. He thought it must be a vision born of the fever burning in his brain.

Later, he heard a despairing cry. But was it surprising that one should hear such a sound in a prison, where twenty men condemned to death were suffering the agony of that terrible night which precedes the day of execution?

At last, the gray light of early dawn came creeping in through the prison-bars. Chanlouineau was in despair.

"The letter was useless!" he murmured.

Poor generous peasant! His heart would have leaped for joy could he have cast a glance on the court-yard of the citadel.

More than an hour had passed after the sounding of the *reveille*, when two countrywomen, who were carrying their butter and eggs to market, presented themselves at the gate of the fortress.

They declared that while passing through the fields at the base of the precipitous cliff upon which the citadel was built, they had discovered a rope dangling from the side of the rock. A rope! Then one of the condemned prisoners must have escaped. The guards hastened to Baron d'Escorval's room—it was empty.

The baron had fled, taking with him the man who had been left to guard him—Corporal Bavois, of the grenadiers.

The amazement was as intense as the indignation, but the fright was still greater.

There was not a single officer who did not tremble on thinking of his responsibility; not one who did not see his hopes of advancement blighted forever.

What should they say to the formidable Duc de Sairmeuse and to the Marquis de Courtornieu, who, in spite of his calm and polished manners, was almost as much to be feared. It was necessary to warn them, however, and a sergeant was despatched with the news.

Soon they made their appearance, accompanied by Martial; all frightfully angry.

M. de Sairmeuse especially seemed beside himself.

He swore at everybody, accused everybody, threatened everybody.

He began by consigning all the keepers and guards to prison; he even talked of demanding the dismissal of all the officers.

"As for that miserable Bavois," he exclaimed, "as for that cowardly deserter, he shall be shot as soon as we capture him, and we will capture him, you may depend upon it!"

They had hoped to appease the duke's wrath a little, by informing him of Lacheneur's arrest; but he knew this already, for Chupin had ventured to awake him in the middle of the night to tell him the great news.

The baron's escape afforded the duke an opportunity to exalt Chupin's merits.

"The man who has discovered Lacheneur will know how to find this traitor d'Escorval," he remarked.

M. de Courtornieu, who was more calm, "took measures for the restoration of a great culprit to the hand of justice," as he said.

He sent couriers in every direction, ordering them to make close inquiries throughout the neighbourhood.

His commands were brief, but to the point; they were to watch the frontier, to

submit all travellers to a rigorous examination, to search the house, and to sow the description of d'Escorval broadcast through the land.

But first of all he ordered the arrest both of Abbé Midon—the Curé of Sairmeuse, and of the son of Baron d'Escorval.

Among the officers present there was one, an old lieutenant, medalled and decorated who had been deeply wounded by imputations uttered by the Duc de Sairmeuse.

He stepped forward with a gloomy air, and said that these measures were doubtless all very well, but the most pressing and urgent duty was to institute an investigation at once, which, while acquainting them with the method of escape, would probably reveal the accomplices.

On hearing the word "investigation," neither the Duc de Sairmeuse nor the Marquis de Courtornieu could repress a slight shudder.

They could not ignore the fact that their reputations were at stake, and that the merest trifle might disclose the truth. A precaution neglected, the most significant detail, a word, a gesture might ruin their ambitious hopes forever.

They trembled to think that this officer might be a man of unusual shrewdness, who had suspected their simplicity, and was impatient to verify his presumptions.

No, the old lieutenant had not the slightest suspicion. He had spoken on the impulse of the moment, merely to give vent to his displeasure. He was not even keen enough to remark the rapid glance interchanged between the marquis and the duke.

Martial noticed this look, however, and with a politeness too studied not to be ridicule, he addressed the lieutenant:

"Yes, we must institute an investigation; that suggestion is as shrewd as it is opportune," he remarked.

The old officer turned away with a muttered oath.

"That coxcomb is poking fun at me," he thought; "and he and his father and that prig deserve—but what is one to do?"

In spite of his bold remark, Martial felt that he must not incur the slightest risk.

To whom must the charge of this investigation be entrusted? To the duke and to the marquis, of course, since they were the only persons who would know just how much to conceal, and just how much to disclose.

They began their task immediately, with an *empressement* which could not fail to silence all doubts, in case any existed in the minds of their subordinates.

But who could be suspicious? The success of the plot had been all the more certain from the fact that the baron's escape seemed likely to injure the interests of the very parties who had favoured it.

Martial thought he knew the details of the escape as exactly as the fugitives themselves. He had been the author, even if they had been the actors, of the drama of the preceding night.

He was soon obliged to admit that he was mistaken in this opinion.

The investigation revealed facts which seemed incomprehensible to him.

It was evident that the Baron d'Escorval and Corporal Bavois had been compelled to accomplish two successive descents.

To do this the prisoners had realized (since they had succeeded) the necessity of having two ropes. Martial had provided them; the prisoners must have used them. And yet only one rope could be found—the one which the peasant woman had perceived hanging from the rocky platform, where it was made fast to an iron crowbar.

From the window to the platform there was no rope.

"This is most extraordinary!" murmured Martial, thoughtfully.

"Very strange!" approved M. de Courtornieu.

"How the devil could they have reached the base of the tower?"

"That is what I cannot understand."

But Martial found another cause for surprise.

On examining the rope that remained—the one which had been used in making the second descent—he discovered that it was not a single piece. Two pieces had been knotted together. The longest piece had evidently been too short.

How did this happen? Could the duke have made a mistake in the height of the cliff? or had the *abbé* measured the rope incorrectly?

But Martial had also measured it with his eye, and it had seemed to him that the rope was much longer, fully a third longer, than it now appeared.

"There must have been some accident," he remarked to his father and to the marquis; "but what?"

"Well, what does it matter?" replied the marquis, "you have the compromising letter, have you not?"

But Martial's was one of those minds that never rest when confronted by an unsolved problem.

He insisted on going to inspect the rocks at the foot of the precipice.

There they discovered large spots of blood.

"One of the fugitives must have fallen," said Martial, quickly, "and was dangerously wounded!"

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Duc de Sairmeuse, "if Baron d'Escorval has broken his neck, I shall be delighted!"

Martial's face turned crimson, and he looked searchingly at his father.

"I suppose, Monsieur, that you do not mean one word of what you are saying," Martial said, coldly. "We pledged ourselves, upon the honour of our name, to save Baron d'Escorval. If he has been killed it will be a great misfortune to us, Monsieur, a great misfortune."

When his son addressed him in his haughty and freezing tone the duke never knew how to reply. He was indignant, but his son's was the stronger nature.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed M. de Courtornieu; "if the rascal had merely been wounded we should have known it."

Such was the opinion of Chupin, who had been sent for by the duke, and who had just made his appearance.

But the old scoundrel, who was usually so loquacious and so officious, replied briefly; and, strange to say, did not offer his services.

Of his imperturbable assurance, of his wonted impudence, of his obsequious and cunning smile absolutely nothing remained.

His restless eyes, the contraction of his features, his gloomy manner, and the occasional shudder which he could not repress, all betrayed his secret perturbation.

So marked was the change that even the Duc de Sairmeuse observed it.

"What calamity has happened to you, Master Chupin?" he inquired.

"This has happened," he responded, sullenly: "when I was coming here the children of the town threw mud and stones at me, and ran after me, shouting: 'Traitor! traitor!' "

He clinched his fists; he seemed to be meditating vengeance, and he added:

"The people of Montaignac are pleased. They know that the baron has escaped, and they are rejoicing."

Alas! this joy was destined to be of short duration, for this was the day appointed for the execution of the conspirators.

It was Wednesday.

At noon the gates of the citadel were closed, and the gloom was profound and universal, when the heavy rolling of drums announced the preparations for the frightful holocaust.

Consternation and fear spread through the town; the silence of death made itself felt on every side; the streets were deserted, and the doors and shutters of every house were closed.

At last, as three o'clock sounded, the gates of the fortress were opened to give passage to fourteen doomed men, each accompanied by a priest.

Fourteen! for seized by remorse or fright at the last moment, M. de Courtornieu and the Duc de Sairmeuse had granted a reprieve to six of the prisoners, and at that very hour a courier was hastening toward Paris with six petitions for pardons, signed by the Military Commission.

Chanlouineau was not among those for whom royal clemency had been solicited.

When he left his cell, without knowing whether or not his letter had availed, he counted the condemned with poignant anxiety.

His eyes betrayed such an agony of anguish that the priest who accompanied him leaned toward him and whispered:

"For whom are you looking, my son?"

"For Baron d'Escorval."

"He escaped last night."

"Ah! now I shall die content!" exclaimed the heroic peasant.

He died as he had sworn he would die, without even changing colour—calm and proud, the name of Marie-Anne upon his lips.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Ah, well, there was one woman, a fair young girl, whose heart had not been touched by the sorrowful scene of which Montaignac had been the theater.

Mlle. Blanche de Courtornieu smiled as brightly as ever in the midst of a stricken people; and, surrounded by mourners, her lovely eyes remained dry.

The daughter of a man who, for a week, exercised the power of a dictator, she did not lift her finger to save a single one of the condemned prisoners from the executioner.

They had stopped her carriage on the public road. This was a crime which Mlle. de Courtornieu could never forget.

She also knew that she owed it to Marie-Anne's intercession that she had not been held prisoner. This she could never forgive.

So it was with the bitterest resentment that, on the morning following her arrival

in Montaignac, she recounted what she styled her "humiliations" to her father, *i. e.*, the inconceivable arrogance of that Lacheneur girl, and the frightful brutality of which the peasants had been guilty.

And when the Marquis de Courtornieu asked if she would consent to testify against Baron d'Escorval, she coldly replied:

"I think that such is my duty, and I shall fulfil it, however painful it may be."

She knew perfectly well that her deposition would be the baron's death-warrant; but she persisted in her resolve, veiling her hatred and her insensibility under the name of virtue.

But we must do her the justice to admit that her testimony was sincere.

She really believed that it was Baron d'Escorval who was with the rebels, and whose opinion Chanlouineau had asked.

This error on the part of Mlle. Blanche rose from the custom of designating Maurice by his Christian name, which prevailed in the neighbourhood.

In speaking of him everyone said "Monsieur Maurice." When they said "Monsieur d'Escorval," they referred to the baron.

After the crushing evidence against the accused had been written and signed in her fine and aristocratic handwriting, Mlle. de Courtnornieu bore herself with partly real and partly affected indifference. She would not, on any account, have had people suppose that anything relating to these plebeians—these low peasants—could possibly disturb her proud serenity. She would not so much as ask a single question on the subject.

But this superb indifference was, in great measure, assumed. In her inmost soul she was blessing this conspiracy which had caused so many tears and so much blood to flow. Had it not removed her rival from her path?

"Now," she thought, "the marquis will return to me, and I will make him forget the bold creature who has bewitched him!"

Chimeras! The charm had vanished which had once caused the love of Martial de Sairmeuse to oscillate between Mlle. de Courtornieu and the daughter of Lacheneur.

Captivated at first by the charms of Mlle. Blanche, he soon discovered the calculating ambition and the utter worldliness concealed beneath such seeming simplicity and candour. Nor was he long in discerning her intense vanity, her lack of principle, and her unbounded selfishness; and, comparing her with the noble and generous Marie-Anne, his admiration was changed into indifference, or rather repugnance.

He did return to her, however, or at least he seemed to return to her, actuated, perhaps, by that inexplicable sentiment that impels us sometimes to do that which is most distasteful to us, and by feeling of discouragement and despair, knowing that Marie-Anne was now lost to him forever.

He also said to himself that a pledge had been interchanged between the duke and the Marquis de Courtornieu; that he, too, had given his word, and that Mlle. Blanche was his betrothed.

Was it worth while to break this engagement? Would he not be compelled to marry some day? Why not fulfil the pledge that had been made? He was as willing to marry Mlle. de Courtornieu as anyone else, since he was sure that the only woman whom he had ever truly loved—the only women whom he ever could love—was never to be his.

Master of himself when near her, and sure that he would ever remain the same, it was easy to play the part of lover with that perfection and that charm which—sad as it is to say it—the real passion seldom or never attains. He was assisted by his self-love, and also by that instinct of duplicity which leads a man to contradict his thoughts by his acts.

But while he seemed to be occupied only with thoughts of his approaching marriage, his mind was full of intense anxiety concerning Baron d'Escorval.

What had become of the baron and of Bavois after their escape? What had become of those who were awaiting them on the rocks—for Martial knew all their plans—Mlle. d'Escorval and Marie-Anne, the *abbé* and Maurice, and the four officers?

There were, then, ten persons in all who had disappeared. And Martial asked himself again and again, how it could be possible for so many individuals to mysteriously disappear, leaving no trace behind them.

"It unquestionably denotes a superior ability," thought Martial. "I recognize the hand of the priest."

It was, indeed, remarkable, since the search ordered by the Duc de Sairmeuse and the marquis had been pursued with feverish activity, greatly to the terror of those who had instituted it. Still, what could they do? They had imprudently excited the zeal of their subordinates, and now they were unable to moderate it. But fortunately all efforts to discover the fugitives had proved unavailing.

One witness testified, however, that on

the morning of the escape, he met, just before daybreak, a party of about a dozen persons, men and women, who seemed to be carrying a dead body.

This circumstance, taken in connection with the broken rope and the bloodstains, made Martial tremble.

He had also been strongly impressed by another circumstance, which was revealed as the investigation progressed.

All the soldiers who were on guard that eventful night were interrogated. One of them testified as follows:

"I was on guard in the corridor communicating with the prisoner's apartment in the tower, when at about half-past two o'clock, after Lacheneur had been placed in his cell, I saw an officer approaching me. I challenged him; he gave me the countersign, and, naturally, I allowed him to pass. He went down the corridor, and entered the room adjoining that in which Monsieur d'Escorval was confined. He remained there about five minutes."

"Did you recognize this officer?" Martial eagerly inquired.

And the soldier answered: "No. He wore a large cloak, the collar of which was turned up so high that it covered his face to the very eyes."

Who could this mysterious officer have been? What was he doing in the room where the ropes had been deposited?

Martial racked his brain to discover an answer to these questions.

The Marquis de Courtornieu himself seemed much disturbed.

"How could you be ignorant that there were many sympathizers with this movement in the garrison?" he said, angrily. "You might have known that this visitor, who concealed his face so carefully, was an accomplice who had been warned by Bavois, and who came to see if he needed a helping hand."

This was a plausible explanation, still it did not satisfy Martial.

"It is very strange," he thought, "that Monsieur d'Escorval has not even deigned to let me know he is in safety. The service which I have rendered him deserves that acknowledgment, at least."

Such was his disquietude that he resolved to apply to Chupin, even though this traitor inspired him with extreme repugnance.

But it was no longer easy to obtain the services of the old spy. Since he had received the price of Lacheneur's blood—the twenty thousand francs which had so fascinated him—Chupin had deserted the house of the Duc de Sairmeuse.

He had taken up his quarters in a small inn on the outskirts of the town; and he spent his days alone in a large room on the second floor.

At night he barricaded the doors, and drank, drank, drank; and until daybreak they could hear him cursing and singing, or struggling against imaginary enemies.

Still he dared not disobey the order brought by a soldier, summoning him to the Hôtel de Sairmeuse at once.

"I wish to discover what has become of Baron d'Escorval," said Martial.

Chupin trembled, he who had formerly been bronze, and a fleeting colour dyed his cheeks.

"The Montaignac police are at your disposal," he answered sulkily. "They, perhaps, can satisfy the curiosity of Monsieur le Marquis. I do not belong to the police."

Was he in earnest, or was he endeavouring to augment the value of his services by refusing them? Martial inclined to the latter opinion.

"You shall have no reason to complain of my generosity," said he. "I will pay you well."

But on hearing the word "pay," which would have made his eyes gleam with a delight a week before, Chupin flew into a furious passion.

"So it was to tempt me again that you summoned me here!" he exclaimed. "You would do better to leave me quietly at my inn."

"What do you mean, fool?"

But Chupin did not even hear this interruption, and, with increasing fury, he continued:

"They told me that, by betraying Lacheneur, I should be doing my duty and serving the King. I betrayed him, and now I am treated as if I had committed the worst of crimes. Formerly, when I lived by stealing and poaching, they despised me, perhaps; but they did not shun me as they did the pestilence. They called me rascal, robber, and the like; but they would drink with me all the same. To-day I have twenty thousand francs, and I am treated as if I were a venomous beast. If I approach a man, he draws back; if I enter a room, those who are there leave it."

The recollection of the insults he had received made him more and more frantic with rage.

"Was the act I committed so ignoble and abominable?" he pursued. "Then why did your father propose it? The shame should fall on him. He should not have tempted a

poor man with wealth like that. If, on the contrary, I have done well, let them make laws to protect me."

Martial comprehended the necessity of reassuring his troubled mind.

"Chupin, my boy," said he, "I do not ask you to discover Monsieur d'Escorval in order to denounce him; far from it—I only desire you to ascertain if anyone at Saint-Pavin, or at Saint-Jean-de-Coche, knows of his having crossed the frontier."

On hearing the name Saint-Jean-de-Coche, Chupin's face blanched.

"Do you wish me to be murdered?" he exclaimed, remembering Balstain and his vow. "I would have you know that I value my life, now that I am rich."

And seized with a sort of panic he fled precipitately. Martial was stupefied with astonishment.

"One might really suppose that the wretch was sorry for what he had done." he thought.

If that was really the case, Chupin was not alone.

M. de Courtornieu and the Duc de Sairmeuse were secretly blaming themselves for the exaggerations in their first reports, and the manner in which they had magnified the proportions of the rebellion. They accused each other of undue haste, of neglect of the proper forms of procedure, and the injustice of the verdict rendered.

Each endeavoured to make the other responsible for the blood which had been spilled; one tried to cast the public odium upon the other.

Meanwhile, they were both doing their best to obtain a pardon for the six prisoners who had been reprieved.

They did not succeed.

One night a courier arrived at Montaignac, bearing the following laconic despatch:

"The twenty-one convicted prisoners must be executed."

That is to say, the Duc de Richelieu, and the council of ministers, headed by M. Decazes, the minister of police, had decided that the petitions for clemency must be refused.

This despatch was a terrible blow to the Duc de Sairmeuse and M. de Courtornieu. They knew, better than anyone else, how little these poor men, whose lives they had tried, too late, to save, deserved death. They knew it would soon be publicly proven that two of the six men had taken no part whatever in the conspiracy.

What was to be done?

Martial desired his father to resign his authority; but the duke had not courage to do it.

M. de Courtornieu encouraged him. He admitted that all this was very unfortunate, but declared, since the wine had been drawn, that it was necessary to drink it, and that one could not draw back now without causing a huge scandal.

The next day the dismal rolling of drums was again heard, and the six doomed men, two of whom were known to be innocent, were led outside the walls of the citadel and shot, on the same spot where, only a week before, fourteen of their comrades had fallen.

And the prime mover in the conspiracy had not yet been tried.

Confined in the cell next to that which Chanlouineau had occupied, Lacheneur had fallen into a state of gloomy despondency, which lasted during his whole term of imprisonment. He was terribly broken, both in body and in mind.

Once only did the blood mount to his pallid cheek, and that was on the morning when the Duc de Sairmeuse entered the cell to interrogate him.

"It was you who drove me to do what I did," he said. "God sees us, and judges us!"

Unhappy man! his faults had been great; his chastisement was greater.

He had sacrificed his children on the altar of his wounded pride; he had not even the consolation of pressing them to his heart and of asking their forgiveness before he died.

Alone in his cell he could not distract his mind from the thoughts of his son and of his daughter; but such was the situation in which he had placed himself that he dared not ask what had become of them.

Through a compassionate keeper, he learned that nothing had been heard of Jean, and that it was supposed Marie-Anne had gone to some foreign country with the d'Escorval family.

When summoned before the court for trial, Lacheneur was calm and dignified in manner. He attempted no defence, but responded with perfect frankness. He took all the blame upon himself, and would not give the name of one of his accomplices.

Condemned to be beheaded, he was executed on the following day. In spite of the rain, he desired to walk to the place of execution. When he reached the scaffold, he ascended the steps with a firm tread, and, of his own accord, placed his head upon the block.

A few seconds later, the rebellion of the

Fourth of March counted its twenty-first victim.

And that same evening the people everywhere were talking of the magnificent rewards which were to be bestowed upon the Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu; and it was also asserted that the nuptials of the children of these great houses were to take place before the close of the week.

CHAPTER XXXIV

That Martial de Sairmeuse was to marry Mlle. Blanche de Courtornieu did not surprise the inhabitants of Montaignac in the least.

But spreading such a report, with Lacheneur's execution fresh in the minds of everyone, could not fail to bring odium upon these men who had held absolute power, and who exercised it so mercilessly.

Heaven knows that M. de Courtornieu and the Duc de Sairmeuse were now doing their best to make the people of Montaignac forget the atrocious cruelty of which they had been guilty during their dictatorship.

Of the hundred or more who were confined in the citadel, only eighteen or twenty were tried, and they received only some very slight punishment; the others were released.

Major Carini, the leader of the conspirators in Montaignac, who had expected to lose his head, heard himself, with astonishment, sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

But there are crimes which nothing can efface or extenuate. Public opinion attributed this sudden clemency on the part of the duke and the marquis to fear.

People execrated them for their cruelty, and despised them for their apparent cowardice.

They were ignorant of this, however, and hastened forward the preparations for the nupitals of their children, without suspecting that the marriage was considered a shameless defiance of public sentiment on their part.

The 17th of April was the day which had been appointed for the ceremony, and the wedding-feast was to be held at the Château de Sairmeuse, which, at a great expense, had been transformed into a fairy palace for the occasion.

It was in the church of the little village of Sairmeuse, on the loveliest of spring days, that this marriage ceremony was performed by the *curé* who had taken the place of poor Abbé Midon.

At the close of the address to the newly wedded pair, the priest uttered these words, which he believed prophetic:

"You will be, you *must* be happy!"

Who would not have believed as he did? Where could two young people be found more richly dowered with all the attributes likely to produce happiness, *i. e.*, youth, rank, health, and riches.

But though an intense joy sparkled in the eyes of the new Marquise de Sairmeuse, there were those among the guests who observed the bridegroom's preoccupation. One might have supposed that he was making an effort to drive away some gloomy thought.

At the moment when his young wife hung upon his arm, proud and radiant, a vision of Marie-Anne rose before him, more lifelike, more potent than ever.

What had become of her that she had not been seen at the time of her father's execution? Courageous as he knew her to be, if she had made no attempt to see her father it must have been because she was ignorant of his approaching doom.

"Ah! if she had but loved me," Martial thought, "what happiness would have been mine!" But, now he was bound for life to a woman whom he did not love.

At dinner, however, he succeeded in shaking off the sadness that oppressed him, and when the guests rose to repair to the drawing-rooms, he had almost forgotten his dark forebodings.

He was rising in his turn, when a servant approached him with a mysterious air.

"Someone desires to see the marquis," whispered the valet.

"Who?"

"A young peasant who will not give his name."

"On one's wedding-day, one must grant an audience to everybody," said Martial.

And gay and smiling he descended the staircase.

In the vestibule, lined with rare and fragrant plants, stood a young man. He was very pale, and his eyes glittered with feverish brilliancy.

On recognizing him Martial could not restrain an exclamation of surprise.

"Jean Lacheneur!" he exclaimed; "imprudent man!"

The young man stepped forward.

"You believed that you were rid of me," he said, bitterly. "Instead, I return from afar. You can have your people arrest me if you choose."

Martial's face crimsoned at the insult; but he retained his composure.

"What do you desire?" he asked, coldly.

Jean drew from his pocket a folded letter.

"I am to give you this on behalf of Maurice d'Escorval."

With an eager hand, Martial broke the seal. He glanced over the letter, turned as pale as death, staggered and said only one word.

"Infamous!"

"What must I say to Maurice?" insisted Jean. "What do you intend to do?"

With a soul-shaking effort Martial had conquered his weakness. He seemed to deliberate for ten seconds, then seizing Jean's arm, he dragged him up the staircase, saying:

"Come—you shall see."

Martial's countenance had changed so much during the three minutes he had been absent that there was an exclamation of terror when he reappeared, holding an open letter in one hand and leading with the other a young peasant whom no one recognized.

"Where is my father?" he demanded, in a husky voice; "where is the Marquis de Courtornieu?"

The duke and the marquis were with Mme. Blanche in the little *salon* at the end of the main hall.

Martial hastened there, followed by a crowd of wondering guests, who, forseeing a stormy scene, were determined not to lose a syllable.

He walked directly to M. de Courtornieu, who was standing by the fireplace, and handing him the letter:

"Read!" said he, in a terrible voice.

M. de Courtornieu obeyed. He became livid; the paper trembled in his hands; his eyes fell, and he was obliged to lean against the marble mantel for support.

"I do not understand," he stammered: "no, I do not understand."

The duke and Mme. Blanche both sprang forward.

"What is it?" they asked in a breath; "what has happened?"

With a rapid movement, Martial tore the paper from the hands of the Marquis de Courtornieu, and addressing his father:

"Listen to this letter," he said, imperiously.

Three hundred people were assembled there, but the silence was so profound that the voice of the young marquis penetrated to the farthest extremity of the hall as he read:

"MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS—In exchange for a dozen lines that threatened you with ruin, you promised us, upon the honour of your name, the life of Baron d'Escorval.

"You did, indeed, bring the ropes by which he was to make his escape, but they had been previously cut, and my father was precipitated to the rocks below.

"You have forfeited your honour, Monsieur. You have soiled your name with ineffaceable opprobrium. While so much as a drop of blood remains in my veins, I will leave no means untried to punish you for your cowardice and vile treason.

"By killing me you would, it is true, escape the chastisement I am reserving for you. Consent to fight with me. Shall I await you to-morrow on the Reche? At what hour? With what weapons?

"If you are the vilest of men, you can appoint a rendezvous, and then send your *gendarmes* to arrest me. That would be an act worthy of you.

"MAURICE D'ESCORVAL."

The duke was in despair. He saw the secret of the baron's flight made public—his political prospects ruined.

"Hush!" he said, hurriedly, and in a low voice; "hush, wretched man, you will ruin us!"

But Martial seemed not even to hear him. When he had finished his reading:

"Now, what do you think?" he demanded, looking the Marquis de Courtornieu full in the face.

"I am still unable to comprehend," said the old nobleman, coldly.

Martial lifted his hand; everyone believed that he was about to strike the man who had been his father-in-law only a few hours.

"Very well! *I* comprehend!" he exclaimed. "I know now who that officer was who entered the room in which I had deposited the ropes—and I know what took him there."

He crumbled the letter between his hand and threw it in M. de Courtornieu's face, saying:

"Here is your reward—coward!"

Overwhelmed by this *dénouement*, the marquis sank into an arm-chair, and Martial, still holding Jean Lacheneur by the arm, was leaving the room, when his young wife, wild with despair, tried to detain him.

"You shall not go!" she exclaimed, intensely exasperated; "you shall not! Where are you going? To rejoin the sister of this man, whom I now recognize?"

Beside himself, Martial pushed his wife roughly aside.

"Wretch!" said he, "how dare you insult the noblest and purest of women? Ah, well—yes—I am going to find Marie-Anne. Farewell!"

And he passed on.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE ledge of rock upon which Baron d'Escorval and Corporal Bavois rested in their descent from the tower was very narrow.

In the widest place it did not measure more than a yard and a half, and its surface was uneven, cut by innumerable fissures and crevices, and sloped suddenly at the edge. To stand there in the daytime, with the wall of the tower behind one, and the precipice at one's feet, would have been considered very imprudent.

Of course, the task of lowering a man from this ledge, at dead of night, was perilous in the extreme.

Before allowing the baron to descend, honest Bavois took every possible precaution to save himself from being dragged over the verge of the precipice by the weight he would be obliged to sustain.

He placed his crowbar firmly in a crevice of the rock, then bracing his feet against the bar, he seated himself firmly, throwing his shoulders well back, and it was only when he was sure of his position that he said to the baron:

"I am here and firmly fixed, comrade; now let yourself down."

The sudden parting of the rope hurled the brave corporal rudely against the tower wall, then he was thrown forward by the rebound.

His unalterable *sang-froid* was all that saved him.

For more than a minute he hung suspended over the abyss into which the baron had just fallen, and his hands clutched at the empty air.

A hasty movement, and he would have fallen.

But he possessed a marvelous power of will, which prevented him from attempting any violent effort. Prudently, but with determined energy, he screwed his feet and his knees into the crevices of the rock, feeling with his hands for some point of support, and gradually sinking to one side, he finally succeeded in dragging himself from the verge of the precipice.

It was time, for a cramp seized him with such violence that he was obliged to sit down and rest for a moment.

That the baron had been killed by his fall, Bavois did not doubt for an instant. But this catastrophe did not produce much effect upon the old soldier, who had seen so many comrades fall by his side on the field of battle.

What did amaze him was the breaking of the rope—a rope so large that one would have supposed it capable of sustaining the weight of ten men like the baron.

As he could not, by reason of the darkness, see the severed place, Bavois felt it with his finger; and, to his inexpressible astonishment, he found it smooth. No filaments, no rough bits of hemp, as usual after a break; the surface was perfectly even.

The corporal comprehended what Maurice had comprehended below.

"The scoundrels have cut the rope!" he exclaimed, with a frightful oath.

And a recollection of what had happened three or four hours previous arose in his mind.

"This," he thought, "explains the noise which the poor baron heard in the next room! And I said to him: 'Nonsense! it is a rat!'"

Then he thought of a very simple method of verifying his conjectures. He passed the cord about the crowbar and pulled it with all his strength. It parted in three places.

This discovery appalled him.

A part of the rope had fallen with the unfortunate baron, and it was evident that the remaining fragments tied together would not be long enough to reach to the base of the rock.

From this isolated ledge it was impossible to reach the ground upon which the citadel was built.

"You are in a fine fix, Corporal," he growled.

Honest Bavois looked the situation full in the face, and saw that it was desperate.

"Well, Corporal, your jig is up!" he murmured. "At daybreak they will find that the baron's cell is empty. They will poke their heads out of the window, and they will see you here, like a stone saint upon his pedestal. Naturally, you will be captured, tried, condemned: and you will be led out to take your turn in the ditches. Ready! Aim! Fire! And that will be the end of your story."

He stopped short. A vague idea had entered his mind, which he felt might possibly be his salvation.

It came to him in touching the rope which he had used in his descent from the prison to the ledge, and which, firmly attached to the bars, hung down the side of the tower.

"If you had that rope which hangs there useless, Corporal, you could add it to these fragments, and then it would be long enough to carry you to the foot of the rock. But how shall I obtain it? It is certainly impossible to go back after it! and how can I pull it down when it is so securely fastened to the bars?"

He sought a way, found it, and pursued it,

talking to himself all the while as if there were two corporals; one prompt to conceive, the other, a trifle stupid, to whom it was necessary to explain everything in detail.

"Attention, Corporal," said he. "You are going to knot these five pieces of rope together and attach them to your waist; then you are going to climb up to that window, hand over hand. Not an easy matter! A carpeted staircase is preferable to that rope dangling there. But no matter, you are not finical, Corporal! So you climb it, and here you are in the cell again. What are you going to do? A mere nothing. You are unfastening the cord attached to the bars; you will tie it to this, and that will give you eighty feet of good strong rope. Then you will pass the rope about one of the bars that remain intact; the rope will thus be doubled; then you let yourself down again, and when you are here, you have only to untie one of the knots, and the rope is at your service. Do you understand, Corporal?"

The corporal did understand so well that in less than twenty minutes he was back again upon the narrow shelf of rock, the difficult and dangerous operation which he had planned accomplished.

Not without a prodigious effort; not without torn and bleeding hands and knees.

But he had succeeded in obtaining the rope, and now he was certain that he could make his escape from his dangerous position. He laughed gleefully, or rather with that chuckle which was habitual to him.

Anxiety, then joy, had made him forget M. d'Escorval. At the thought of him, he was smitten with remorse.

"Poor man!" he murmured. "I shall succeed in saving my miserable life, for which no one cares, but I was unable to save him. Undoubtedly, by this time his friends have carried him away."

As he uttered these words he was leaning over the abyss. He doubted the evidence of his own sense when he saw a faint light moving here and there in the depths below.

What had happened? For something very extraordinary must have happened to induce intelligent men like the baron's friends to display this light, which, if observed from the citadel, would betray their presence and ruin them.

But Corporal Bavois's moments were too precious to be wasted in idle conjectures.

"Better go down on the double-quick," he said aloud, as if to spur on his courage. "Come, my friend, spit on your hands and be off!"

As he spoke the old soldier threw himself flat on his belly and crawled slowly backward to the verge of the precipice. The spirit was strong, but the flesh shuddered. To march upon a battery had always been a mere pastime to the worthy corporal; but to face an unknown peril, to suspend one's life upon a cord, was a different matter.

Great drops of perspiration, caused by the horror of his situation, stood out upon his brow when he felt that half his body had passed the edge of the precipice, and that the slightest movement would now launch him into space.

He made this movement, murmuring:

"If there is a God who watches over honest people, let Him open His eyes this instant!"

The God of the just was watching.

Bavois arrived at the end of his dangerous journey with torn and bleeding hands, but safe.

He fell like a mass of rock; and the rudeness of the shock drew from him a groan resembling the roar of an infuriated beast.

For more than a minute he lay there upon the ground stunned and dizzy.

When he rose two men seized him roughly.

"Ah, no foolishness," he said quickly. "It is I, Bavois."

This did not cause them to relax their hold.

"How does it happen," demanded one, in a threatening tone, "that Baron d'Escorval falls and you succeed in making the descent in safety a few moments later?"

The old soldier was too shrewd not to understand the whole import of this insulting question.

The sorrow and indignation aroused within him gave him strength to free himself from the hands of his captors.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" he exclaimed, "so I pass for a traitor, do I! No, it is impossible —listen to me."

Then rapidly, but with surprising clearness, he related all the details of his escape, his despair, his perilous situation, and the almost insurmountable obstacles which he had overcome. To hear was to believe.

The men—they were, of course, the retired army officers who had been waiting for the baron—offered the honest corporal their hands, sincerely sorry that they had wounded the feelings of a man who was so worthy of their respect and gratitude.

"You will forgive us, Corporal," they said, sadly. "Misery renders men suspicious and unjust, and we are very unhappy."

"No offence," he growled. "If I had trusted poor Monsieur d'Escorval, he would be alive now."

"The baron still breathes," said one of the officers.

This was such astounding news that Bavois was utterly confounded for a moment.

"Ah! I will give my right hand, if necessary, to save him!" he exclaimed, at last.

"If it is possible to save him, he will be saved, my friend. That worthy priest whom you see there, is an excellent physician. He is examining Monsieur d'Escorval's wounds now. It was by his order that we procured and lighted this candle, which may bring our enemies upon us at any moment; but this is not a time for hesitation."

Bavois looked with all his eyes, but from where he was standing he could discover only a confused group of moving figures.

"I would like to see the poor man," he said, sadly.

"Come nearer, my good fellow; fear nothing!"

He stepped forward, and by the flickering light of the candle which Marie-Anne held, he saw a spectacle which moved him more than the horrors of the bloodiest battlefield.

The baron was lying upon the ground, his head supported on Mme. d'Escorval's knee.

His face was not disfigured; but he was pale as death itself, and his eyes were closed.

At intervals a convulsive shudder shook his frame, and a stream of blood gushed from his mouth.

His clothing was hacked—literally hacked in pieces; and it was easy to see that his body had sustained many frightful wounds.

Kneeling beside the unconscious man, Abbé Midon, with admirable dexterity, was stanching the blood and applying bandages which had been torn from the linen of those present.

Maurice and one of the officers were assisting him.

"Ah! if I had my hands on the scoundrel who cut the rope," cried the corporal, in a passion of indignation; "but patience. I shall have him yet."

"Do you know who it was?"

"Only too well!"

He said no more. The *abbé* had done all it was possible to do, and he now lifted the wounded man a little higher on Mme. d'Escorval's knee.

This change of position elicited a moan that betrayed the unfortunate baron's intense sufferings. He opened his eyes and faltered a few words—they were the first he had uttered.

"Firmin!" he murmured, "Firmin!"

It was the name of the baron's former secretary, a man who had been absolutely devoted to his master, but who had been dead for several years.

It was evident that the baron's mind was wandering. Still he had some vague idea of his dangerous situation, for in a stifled, almost inaudible voice, he added:

"Oh! how I suffer! Firmin, I will not fall into the hands of the Marquis de Courtornieu alive. You shall kill me rather—do you hear me? I command it."

This was all; then his eyes closed again, and his head fell back a dead weight. One would have supposed that he had yielded up his last sigh.

Such was the opinion of the officers; and it was with poignant anxiety they drew the *abbé* a little aside.

"Is it all over?" they asked. "Is there any hope?"

The priest sadly shook his head, and pointing to heaven:

"My hope is in God!" he said, reverently.

The hour, the place, the terrible catastrophe, the present danger, the threatening future, all combined to lend a deep solemnity to the words of the priest.

So profound was the impression that, for more than a minute, these men, familiar with peril and scenes of horror, stood in awed silence.

Maurice, who approached, followed by Corporal Bavois, brought them back to the exigencies of the present.

"Ought we not to make haste and carry away my father?" he asked. "Must we not be in Piedmont before evening?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the officers, "let us start at once."

But the priest did not move, and in a despondent voice, he said:

"To make any attempt to carry Monsieur d'Escorval across the frontier in his present condition would cost him his life."

This seemed so inevitably a death-warrant for them all, that they shuddered.

"My God! what shall we do?" faltered Maurice. "What course shall we pursue?"

Not a voice replied. It was clear that they hoped for salvation through the priest alone.

He was lost in thought, and it was some time before he spoke.

"About an hour's walk from here," he

said, at last, "beyond the Croix d'Arcy, is the hut of a peasant upon whom I can rely. His name is Poignot; and he was formerly in Monsieur Lacheneur's employ. With the assistance of his three sons, he now tills quite a large farm. We must procure a litter and carry Monsieur d'Escorval to the house of this honest peasant."

"What, Monsieur," interrupted one of the officers, "you wish us to procure a litter at this hour of the night, and in this neighbourhood?"

"It must be done."

"But, will it not awaken suspicion?"

"Most assuredly."

"The Montaignac police will follow us."

"I am certain of it."

"The baron will be recaptured?"

"No."

The *abbé* spoke in the tone of a man who, by virtue of assuming all the responsibility, feels that he has a right to be obeyed.

"When the baron has been conveyed to Poignot's house," he continued, "one of you gentlemen will take the wounded man's place upon the litter; the others will carry him, and the party will remain together until it has reached Piedmontese territory. Then you will separate and pretend to conceal yourselves, but do it in such a way that you are seen everywhere."

All present comprehended the priest's simple plan.

They were to throw the emissaries sent by the Duc de Sairmeuse and the Marquis de Courtornieu off the track; and at the very moment it was apparently proven that the baron was in the mountains, he would be safe in Poignot's house.

"One word more," added the priest. "It will be necessary to make the *cortège* which accompanies the pretended baron resemble as much as possible the little party that would be likely to attend Monsieur d'Escorval. Mademoiselle Lacheneur will accompany you; Maurice also. People know that I would not leave the baron, who is my friend; my priestly robe would attract attention; one of you must assume it. God will forgive this deception on account of its worthy motive."

It was now necessary to procure the litter; and the officers were trying to decide where they should go to obtain it, when Corporal Bavois interrupted them.

"Give yourselves no uneasiness," he remarked; "I know an inn not far from here where I can procure one."

He departed on the run, and five minutes later reappeared with a small litter, a thin mattress, and a coverlet. He had thought of everything.

The wounded man was lifted carefully and placed upon the mattress.

A long and difficult operation which, in spite of extreme caution, drew many anguished groans from the baron.

When all was ready, each officer took an end of the litter, and the little procession, headed by the *abbé*, started on its way. They were obliged to proceed slowly on account of the suffering which the least jolting inflicted upon the baron. Still they made some progress, and by daybreak they were about half way to Poignot's house.

It was then that they met some peasants going to their daily toil. Both men and women paused to look at them, and when the little *cortège* had passed they still stood gazing curiously after these people who were apparently carrying a dead body.

The priest did not seem to trouble himself in regard to these encounters; at least, he made no attempt to avoid them.

But he did seem anxious and cautious when, after a three hours' march, they came in sight of Poignot's cottage.

Fortunately there was a little grove not far from the house. The *abbé* made the party enter it, recommending the strictest prudence, while he went on in advance to confer with this man, upon whose decision the safety of the whole party depended.

As the priest approached the house, a small, thin man, with gray hair and a sunburned face emerged from the stable.

It was Father Poignot.

"What! is this you, Monsieur le Curé!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "Heavens! how pleased my wife will be. We have a great favour to ask of you——"

And then, without giving the *abbé* an opportunity to open his lips, he began to tell him his perplexities. The night of the revolt he had given shelter to a poor man who had received an ugly sword-thrust. Neither his wife nor himself knew how to dress the wound, and he dared not call in a physician.

"And this wounded man," he added, "is Jean Lacheneur, the son of my former employer."

A keen anxiety seized the priest's heart.

Would this man, who had already given an asylum to one wounded conspirator, consent to receive another?

The *abbé's* voice trembled as he made known his petition.

The farmer turned very pale and shook his

head gravely, while the priest was speaking. When the *abbé* had finished:

"Do you know, sir," he asked, coldly, "that I incur a great risk by converting my house into a hospital for these rebels?"

The *abbé* dared not answer.

"They told me," Father Poignot continued, "that I was a coward, because I would not take part in the revolt. Such was not my opinion. Now I choose to shelter these wounded men—I shelter them. In my opinion, it requires quite as much courage as it does to go and fight."

"Ah! you are a brave man!" cried the *abbé*.

"I know that very well! Bring Monsieur d'Escorval! There is no one here but my wife and boys—no one will betray him!"

A half hour later the baron was lying in a small loft, where Jean Lacheneur was already installed.

From the window, Abbé Midon and Mme. d'Escorval watched the little *group* organized for the purpose of deceiving the Duc de Sairmesuse's spies, as it moved rapidly away.

Corporal Bavois, with his head bound up with blood-stained linen, had taken the baron's place upon the litter.

This was one of the troubled epochs in history that try men's souls. There is no chance for hypocrisy; each man stands revealed in his grandeur, or in his pettiness of soul.

Certainly much cowardice was displayed during the early days of the second Restoration; but many deeds of sublime courage and devotion were performed.

These officers who befriended Mme. d'Escorval and Maurice—who lent their aid to the *abbé*—knew the baron only by name and reputation.

It was sufficient for them to know that he was the friend of their former ruler—the man whom they had made their idol, and they rejoiced with all their hearts when they saw M. d'Escorval reposing under Father Poignot's roof in comparative security.

After this, their task, which consisted in misleading the government emissaries, seemed to them mere child's play.

But all these precautions were unnecessary. Public sentiment had declared itself in an unmistakable manner, and it was evident that Lacheneur's hopes had not been without some foundation.

The police discovered nothing, not so much as a single detail of the escape. They did not even hear of the little party that had travelled nearly three leagues in the full light of day, bearing a wounded man upon a litter.

Among the two thousand peasants who believed that this wounded man was Baron d'Escorval, there was not one who turned informer or let drop an indiscreet word.

But on approaching the frontier, which they knew to be strictly guarded, the fugitives became even more cautious.

They waited until nightfall before presenting themselves at a lonely inn, where they hoped to procure a guide to lead them through the defiles of the mountains.

Portentous news awaited them there. The innkeeper informed them of the bloody massacre at Montaignac.

With tears rolling down his cheeks, he related the details of the execution, which he had heard from an eye-witness.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, he knew nothing of M. d'Escorval's flight or of M. Lacheneur's arrest.

But he was well acquainted with Chanlouineau, and he was inconsolable over the death of that "handsome young fellow, the best farmer in the country."

The officers, who had left the litter a short distance from the inn, decided that they could confide at least a part of their secret to this man.

"We are carrying one of our wounded comrades," they said to him. "Can you guide us across the frontier to-night?"

The innkeeper replied that he would do so very willingly, that he would promise to take them safely past the military posts; but that he would not think of going upon the mountain before the moon rose.

By midnight the fugitives were *en route;* by daybreak they set foot on Piedmont territory.

They had dismissed their guide some time before. They now proceeded to break the litter in pieces; and handful by handful they cast the wool of the mattress to the wind.

"Our task is accomplished," the officer said to Maurice. "We will not return to France. May God protect you! Farewell!"

It was with tears in his eyes that Maurice saw these brave men, who had just saved his father's life, depart. Now he was the sole protector of Marie-Anne, who, pale and overcome with fatigue and emotion, trembled on his arm.

But no—Corporal Bavois still lingered by his side.

"And you, my friend," he asked, sadly, "what are you going to do?"

"Follow you," replied the old soldier. "I have a right to a home with you; that was agreed between your father and myself! So do not hurry, the young lady does not seem well, and I see the village only a short distance away."

CHAPTER XXXVI

ESSENTIALLY a woman in grace and beauty, as well as in devotion and tenderness, Marie-Anne was capable of a virile bravery. Her energy and her coolness during those trying days had been the admiration and the astonishment of all around her.

But human endurance has its limits. Always after excessive efforts comes a moment when the shrinking flesh fails the firmest will.

When Marie-Anne tried to begin her journey anew, she found that her strength was exhausted; her swollen feet would no longer sustain her, her limbs sank under her, her head whirled, and an intense freezing coldness crept over her heart.

Maurice and the old soldier were obliged to support her, almost carry her. Fortunately they were not far from the village, whose church-tower they had discerned through the gray mists of morning.

Soon the fugitives could distinguish the houses on the outskirts of the town. The corporal suddenly stopped short with an oath.

"*Mille tonnerres!*" he exclaimed; "and my uniform! To enter the village in this rig would excite suspicion at once; before we had a chance to sit down, the Piedmontese *gendarmes* would arrest us."

He reflected for a moment, twirling his mustache furiously; then, in a tone that would have made a passerby tremble, he said:

"All things are fair in love and war. The next peasant who passes——"

"But I have money," interrupted Maurice, unbuckling a belt filled with gold, which he had put on under his clothing on the night of the revolt.

"Eh! we are fortunate!" cried Bavois. "Give me some, and I will soon find some shop in the suburbs where I can purchase a change of clothing."

He departed; but it was not long before he reappeared, transformed by a peasant's costume, which fitted him perfectly. His small, thin face was almost hidden beneath an immense broad-brimmed hat.

"Now, steady; forward, march!" he said to Maurice and Marie-Anne, who scarcely recognized him in this disguise.

The town, which they soon reached, was called Saliente. They read the name upon a guide-post.

The fourth house after entering the place was a hostelry, the Traveller's Rest. They entered it, and ordered the hostess to take the young lady to a room and to assist her in disrobing.

The order was obeyed, and Maurice and the corporal went into the dining-room and ordered something to eat.

The desired refreshments were served, but the glances cast upon the guests were by no means friendly. It was evident that they were regarded with suspicion.

A large man, who was apparently the proprietor of the house, hovered around them, and at last embraced a favourable opportunity to ask their names.

"My name is Dubois," replied Maurice, without the slightest hesitation. "I am travelling on business, and this man here is my farmer."

These replies seemed to reassure the host a little.

"And what is your business?" he inquired.

"I came into this land of inquisitive people to buy mules," laughed Maurice, striking his belt of money.

On hearing the jingle of the coin the man lifted his cap deferentially. Raising mules was the chief industry of the country. This bourgeois was very young, but he had a well-filled purse, and that was enough.

"You will excuse me," resumed the host, in quite a different tone. "You see, we are obliged to be very careful. There has been some trouble in Montaignac."

The imminence of the peril and the responsibility devolving upon him, gave Maurice an assurance unusual to him; and it was in the most careless, off-handed manner possible that he concocted a quite plausible story to explain his early arrival on foot accompanied by a sick wife. He congratulated himself upon his address, but the old corporal was far from satisfied.

"We are too near the frontier to bivouac here," he grumbled. "As soon as the young lady is on her feet again we must hurry on."

He believed, and Maurice hoped, that twenty-four hours of rest would restore Marie-Anne.

They were mistaken. The very springs of life in her existence seemed to have been drained dry. She did not appear to suffer, but she remained in a death-like torpor, from which nothing could arouse her. They spoke to her, but she made no response. Did

she hear? did she comprehend? It was extremely doubtful.

By rare good fortune the mother of the proprietor proved to be a good, kind-hearted old woman, who would not leave the bedside of Marie-Anne—of Mme. Dubois, as she was called at the Traveller's Rest.

It was not until the evening of the third day that they heard Marie-Anne utter a word.

"Poor girl!" she sighed; "poor, wretched girl!"

It was of herself that she spoke.

By a phenomenon not very unusual after a crisis in which reason has been temporarily obscured, it seemed to her that it was someone else who had been the victim of all the misfortunes, whose recollections gradually returned to her like the memory of a painful dream.

What strange and terrible events had taken place since that August Sabbath, when, on leaving the church with her father, she heard of the arrival of the Duc de Sairmeuse!

And that was only eight months ago.

What a difference between those days when she lived happy and envied in that beautiful Château de Sairmeuse, of which she believed herself the mistress, and at the present time, when she found herself lying in the comfortless room of a miserable country inn, attended by an old woman whom she did not know, and with no other protection than that of an old soldier—a deserter, whose life was in constant danger —and that of her proscribed lover.

From this total wreck of her cherished ambitions, of her hopes, of her fortune, of her happiness, and of her future, she had not even saved her honour.

But was she alone responsible? Who had imposed upon her the odious *rôle* which she played with Maurice, Martial, and Chanlounieau?

As this last name darted through her mind, the scene in the prison-cell rose suddenly and vividly before her.

Chanlouineau had given her a letter, saying as he did so:

"You will read this when I am no more."

She might read it now, that he had fallen beneath the bullets of the soldiery. But what had become of it? From the moment that he gave it to her until now she had not once thought of it.

She raised herself in bed, and in an imperious voice:

"My dress," she said to the old nurse, seated beside her; "give me my dress."

The woman obeyed; with an eager hand Marie-Anne examined the pocket.

She uttered an exclamation of joy on finding the letter there.

She opened it, read it slowly twice, then, sinking back on her pillows, she burst into tears.

Maurice anxiously approached her.

"What is the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

She handed him the letter, saying: "Read."

Chanlouineau was only a poor peasant. His entire education had been derived from an old country pedagogue, whose school he attended for three winters, and who troubled himself much less about the progress of his students than about the size of the books which they carried to and from the school.

This letter, which was written upon the commonest kind of paper, was sealed with a huge wafer, as large as a two-sou piece, which he had purchased from a grocer in Sairmeuse.

The chirography was laboured, heavy and trembling; it betrayed the stiff hand of a man more accustomed to guiding the plough than the pen.

The lines zigzagged toward the top or toward the bottom of the page, and faults of orthography were everywhere apparent.

But if the writing was that of a vulgar peasant, the thoughts it expressed were worthy of the noblest, the proudest in the land.

This was the letter which Chanlouineau had written, probably on the eve of the insurrection:

"MARIE-ANNE—The outbreak is at hand. Whether it succeeds, or whether it fails, I shall die. That was decided on the day when I learned that you could marry none other than Maurice d'Escorval.

"But the conspiracy will not succeed; and I understand your father well enough to know that he will not survive its defeat. And if Maurice and your brother should both be killed, what would become of you? Oh, my God, would you not be reduced to beggary?

"The thought has haunted me continually. I have reflected, and this is my last will:

"I give and bequeath to you all my property, all that I possess:

"My house, the Borderie, with the gardens and vineyards pertaining thereto, the woodland and the pastures of Bérarde, and five lots of land at Valrollier.

"You will find an inventory of this property, and of my other possessions which I devise to you, deposited with the lawyer at Sairmeuse.

"You can accept this bequest without fear; for, having no parents, my control over my property is absolute.

"If you do not wish to remain in France, this property will sell for at least forty thousand francs.

"But it would, it seems to me, be better for you to remain in your own country. The house on the Borderie is comfortable and convenient, since I have had it divided into three rooms and thoroughly repaired.

"Upstairs is a room that has been fitted up by the best upholsterer in Montaignac. I intended it for you. Beneath the hearthstone in this room you will find a box containing three hundred and twenty-seven louis d'or and one hundred and forty-six livres.

"If you refuse this gift, it will be because you scorn me even after I am dead. Accept it, if not for your own sake, for the sake of—I dare not write it; but you will understand my meaning only too well.

"If Maurice is not killed, (and I shall try my best to stand between him and danger) he will marry you. Then you will, perhaps, be obliged to ask his consent in order to accept my gift. I hope that he will not refuse it. One is not jealous of the dead!

"Besides, he knows well that you have scarcely vouchsafed a glance to the poor peasant who has loved you so much.

"Do not be offended at anything I have said; I am in such agony that I cannot weigh my words.

"Adieu, adieu, Marie-Anne.

"CHANLOUINEAU."

Maurice also read twice, before handing it back, this letter whose every word palpitated with sublime passion.

He was silent for a moment, then, in a husky voice, he said:

"You cannot refuse; it would be wrong."

His emotion was so great that he could not conceal it, and he left the room.

He was overwhelmed by the grandeur of soul exhibited by this peasant, who, after saving the life of his successful rival at the Croix d'Arcy, had wrested Baron d'Escorval from the hands of his executioners, and who had never allowed a complaint nor a reproach to escape his lips, and whose protection over the woman he adored extended even from beyond the grave.

In comparison with this obscure hero, Maurice felt himself insignificant, mediocre, unworthy.

Good God! what if this comparison should arise in Marie-Anne's mind as well? How could he compete with the memory of such nobility of soul and heroic self-sacrifice?

Chanlouineau was mistaken; one may, perhaps, be jealous of the dead!

But Maurice took good care to conceal this poignant anxiety and these sorrowful thoughts, and during the days that followed he presented himself in Marie-Anne's room with a calm, even cheerful face.

For she, unfortunately, was not restored to health. She had recovered the full possession of her mental faculties, but her strength had not yet returned. She was still unable to sit up; and Maurice was forced to relinquish all thought of quitting Saliente, though he felt the earth burn beneath his feet.

This persistent weakness began to astonish the old nurse. Her faith in herbs, gathered by the light of the moon, was considerably shaken.

Honest Bavois was the first to suggest the idea of consulting a physician whom he had found in this land of savages.

Yes; he had found a really skilful physician in the neighbourhood, a man of superior ability. Attached at one time to the beautiful court of Prince Eugene, he had been obliged to flee from Milan, and had taken refuge in this secluded spot.

This physician was summoned, and promptly made his appearance. He was one of those men whose age it is impossible to determine. His past, whatever it might have been had wrought deep furrows on his brow, and his glance was as keen and piercing as his lancet.

After visiting the sick-room, he drew Maurice aside.

"Is this young lady really your wife, Monsieur—Dubois?"

He hesitated so strangely over this name, Dubois, that Maurice felt his face crimson to the roots of his hair.

"I do not understand your question," he retorted, angrily.

"I beg your pardon, of course, but you seem very young for a married man, and your hands are too soft to belong to a farmer. And when I spoke to this young lady of her husband, she blushed scarlet. The man who accompanies you has terrible mustaches for a farmer. Besides, you must remember that there have been troubles across the frontier at Montaignac."

From crimson Maurice had turned white. He felt that he was discovered—that he was in this man's power.

What should he do?

What good would denial do?

He reflected that confession is sometimes the height of prudence, and that extreme confidence often meets with sympathy and protection; so, in a voice trembling with anxiety, he said:

"You are not mistaken, Monsieur. My friend and myself both are fugitives, undoubtedly condemned to death in France at this moment."

And without giving the doctor time to respond, he narrated the catastrophic events that had happened at Sairmeuse, and the history of his unfortunate love affair.

He omitted nothing. He neither concealed his own name nor that of Marie-Anne.

When his recital was completed, the physician pressed his hand.

"It is just as I supposed," said he. "Believe me, Monsieur—Dubois, you must not tarry here. What I have discovered others will discover. And above all, do not warn the hotel-keeper of your departure. He has not been deceived by your explanation. Self-interest alone has kept his mouth closed. He has seen your money, and so long as you spend it at his house he will hold his tongue; but if he discovers that you are going away, he will probably betray you."

"Ah! sir, but how is it possible for us to leave this place?"

"In two days the young lady will be on ner feet again." interrupted the physician. "And take my advice. At the next village, stop and give your name to Mademoiselle Lacheneur."

"Ah! sir," Maurice exclaimed; "have you considered the advice you offer me? How can I, a proscribed man—a man condemned to death perhaps—how can I obtain the necessary papers?"

The physician shook his head.

"Excuse me, you are no longer in France, Monsieur d'Escorval, you are in Piedmont."

"Another difficulty!"

"No, because in this country, people marry, or at least they can marry, without all the formalities that cause you so much anxiety."

"Is it possible?" Maurice exclaimed.

"Yes, if you can find a priest who will consent to your union, inscribe your name upon his parish register and give you a certificate, you will be so indissolubly united, Mademoiselle Lacheneur and you, that the court of Rome would never grant you a divorce."

To suspect the truth of these affirmations was difficult, and yet Maurice doubted still.

"So, sir," he said, hesitatingly, "in case I was able to find a priest——"

The physician was silent. One might have supposed he was blaming himself for meddling with matters that did not concern him.

Then, almost brusquely, he said:

"Listen to me attentively, Monsieur d'Escorval. I am about to take my leave, but before I go, I shall take occasion to recommend a good deal of exercise for the sick lady—I will do this before your host. Consequently, day after to-morrow, Wednesday, you will hire mules, and you, Mademoiselle Lacheneur and your old friend, the soldier, will leave the hotel as if going on a pleasure excursion. You will push on to Vigano, three leagues from here, where I live. I will take you to a priest, one of my friends; and he, upon my recommendation, will perform the marriage ceremony. Now reflect, shall I expect you on Wednesday?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Monsieur. How can I ever thank you?"

"By not thanking me at all. See, here is the inn-keeper; you are Monsieur Dubois again."

Maurice was intoxicated with joy. He understood the irregularity of such a marriage, but he knew it would reassure Marie-Anne's troubled conscience. Poor girl! she was suffering an agony of remorse. It was that which was killing her.

He did not speak to her on the subject, however, fearing something might occur to interfere with the project.

But the old physician had not given his word lightly, and everything took place as he had promised.

The priest at Vigano blessed the marriage of Maurice d'Escorval and of Marie-Anne Lacheneur, and after inscribing their names upon the church register, he gave them a certificate, upon which the physician and Corporal Bavois figured as witnesses.

That same evening the mules were sent back to Saliente, and the fugitives resumed their journey.

Abbé Midon had counselled them to reach Turin as quickly as possible.

"It is a large city," he said; "you will be lost in the crowd. I have more than one friend there, whose name and address are upon this paper. Go to them, and in that way I will try to send you news of your father."

So it was toward Turin that Maurice, Marie-Anne, and Corporal Bavois directed their steps.

But their progress was very slow, for they were obliged to avoid frequented roads, and renounce the ordinary modes of transportation.

The fatigue of travel, instead of exhausting Marie-Anne, seemed to revive her. After five or six days the colour came back to her cheek and her strength returned.

"Fate seems to have relaxed her rigour," said Maurice, one day. "Who knows what compensations the future may have in store for us!"

No, fate had not taken pity upon them; it was only a short respite granted by destiny. One lovely April morning the fugitives stopped for breakfast at an inn on the outskirts of a large city.

Maurice having finished his repast was

just leaving the table to settle with the hostess, when a despairing cry arrested him.

Marie-Anne, deadly pale, and with eyes staring wildly at a paper which she held in her hand, exclaimed in frenzied tones:

"Here! Maurice! Look!"

It was a French journal about a fortnight old, which had probably been left there by some traveller.

Maurice seized it and read:

"Yesterday, Lacheneur, the leader of the revolt in Montaignac, was executed. The miserable mischief-maker exhibited upon the scaffold the audacity for which he has always been famous."

"My father has been put to death!" cried Marie-Anne, "and I—his daughter—was not there to receive his last farewell!"

She rose, and in an imperious voice:

"I will go no farther," she said; "we must turn back now without losing an instant. I wish to return to France."

To return to France was to expose themselves to extreme peril. What good would it do? Was not the misfortune irreparable?

So Corporal Bavois suggested, very timidly. The old soldier trembled at the thought that they might suspect him of being afraid.

But Maurice would not listen.

He shuddered. It seemed to him that Baron d'Escorval must have been discovered and arrested at the same time that Lacheneur was captured.

"Yes, let us start at once on our return!" he exclaimed.

They immediately procured a carriage to convey them to the frontier. One important question, however, remained to be decided. Should Maurice and Marie-Anne make their marriage public? She wished to do so, but Maurice entreated her, with tears in his eyes, to conceal it.

"Our marriage certificate will not silence the evil disposed," said he. "Let us keep our secret for the present. We shall doubtless remain in France only a few days."

Unfortunately, Marie-Anne yielded.

"Since you wish it," said she, "I will obey you. No one shall know it."

The next day, which was the 17th of April, the fugitives at nightfall reached Father Poignot's house.

Maurice and Corporal Bavois were disguised as peasants.

The old soldier had made one sacrifice, however, that drew tears from his eyes; he had shaved off his mustache!

(*To be continued*)

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By JOHN B. TABB

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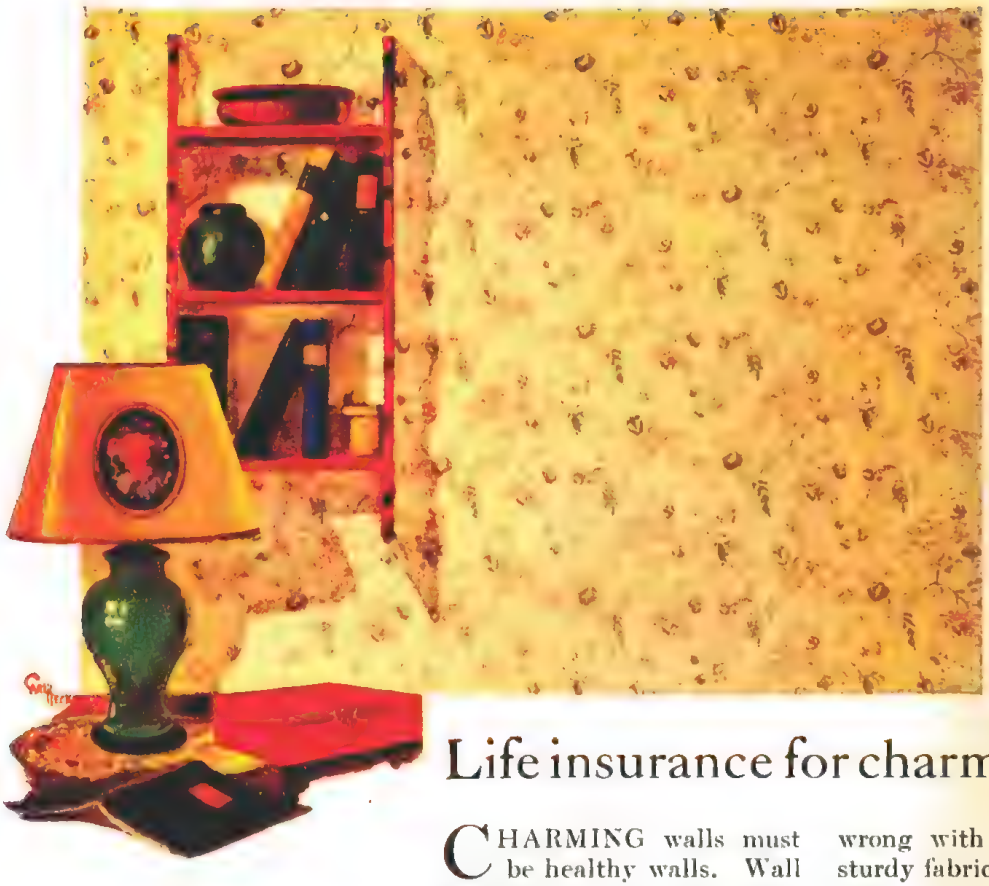

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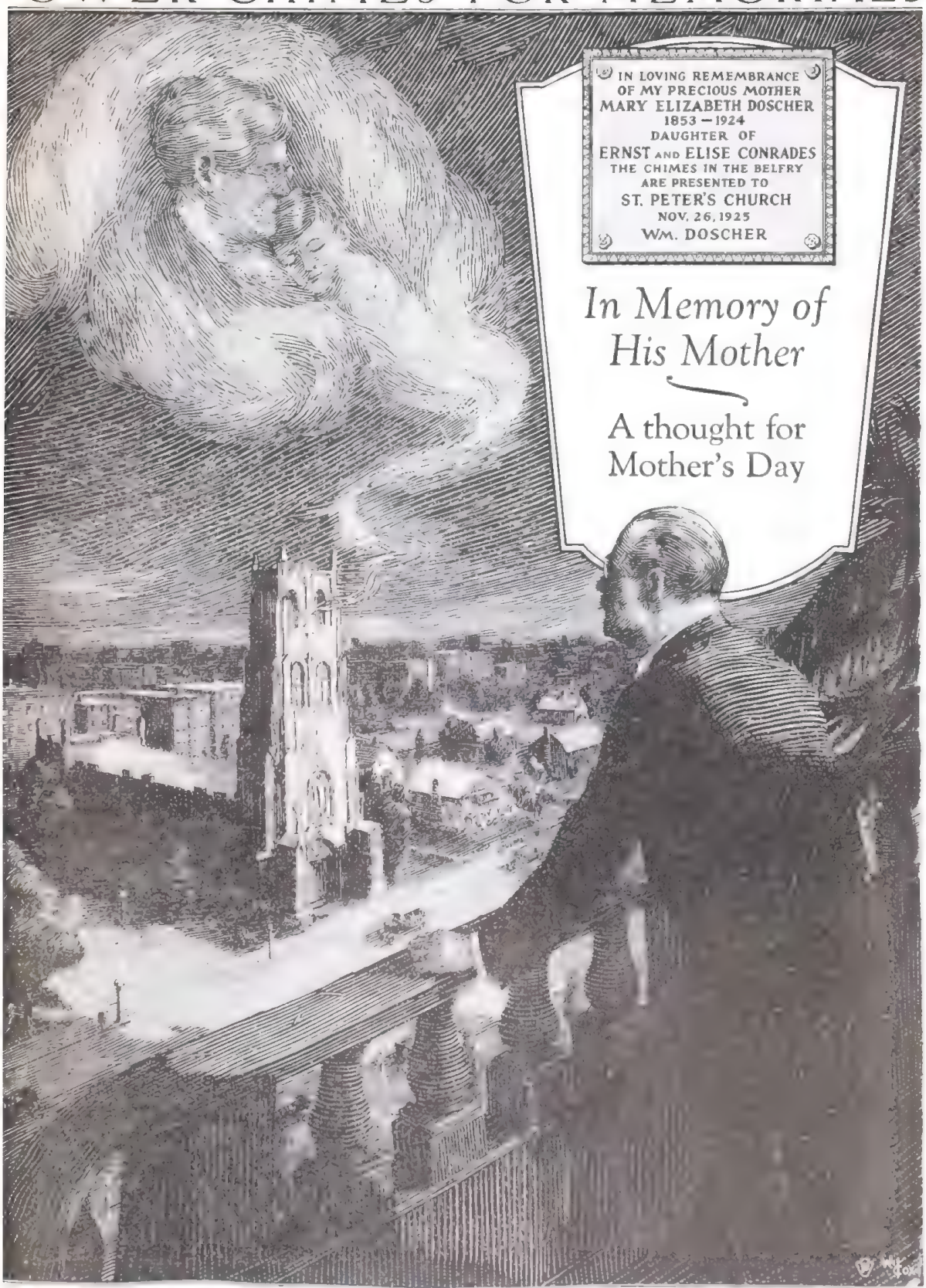

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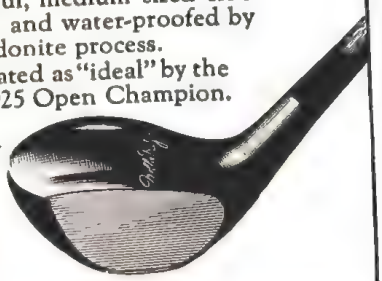

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NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND MONTREAL

First to be seen are the windows

OF ALL elements that go to make an interior scheme, most conspicuous are the windows. It is through them that daylight comes, the brightest light that ever enters your home.

In *your* windows, what does daylight reveal? Does it show a smooth expanse of beautifully tinted window shade, or ugly cracks and pinholes glaring in harsh relief?

If you are planning new windows, plan beauty that will last.

Lasting beauty for a few cents more

Cracks and pinholes appear quickly in window shades which are made with a brittle filling of chalk or clay that soon breaks and falls out, leaving streaks against the light.

Brenlin has no filling. It is much like tightly-woven linen, strong and flexible, with weight and body enough to keep it always straight and smooth. It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it. And its beautiful tints, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun. Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade, yet it costs only a few cents more. The name Brenlin is embossed or perforated on the edge of every Brenlin shade. *Be sure it's Brenlin when you buy.*

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN COMPANY
"The oldest window shade house in America"
2083 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
6th St. at Chelton Ave., Camden, N. J.

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN *has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades*

Dealers may also be supplied by

Breneman-Horan Co., Inc., New York City; Rasch & Gainor, Baltimore, Md.; Breneman-Paschall Co., Inc., Dallas, Texas; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc., Kansas City, Mo.; Renard Linoleum & Rug Co., St. Louis, Mo.; The Rainier Shade Co., Seattle, Wash.; The Florida Brenlin Co., Jacksonville, Fla.; The Breneman-Sommers Co., Inc., Portland, Ore.; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.; Brenlin Window Shade Co., Los Angeles, Calif.; D. N. & E. Walter & Co., San Francisco, Calif.

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

Prepared in collaboration with interior decorators, the subject matter of this book is authoritative and correct. It is generously illustrated and contains many valuable suggestions on the subject of window decoration. Use the coupon at right to secure this valuable booklet for only 10c (less than half the cost of printing alone)

The Chas. W. Breneman Company, 2083 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio
Enclosed find ten cents (stamps or coin). Please send me your booklet, Making the Windows Beautify Your Home, together with free samples of Brenlin.

Name.....

Street..... *City*.....

THE GOLDEN BOOK FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

Looking for Speculative Profits

I have $5,000 to invest and I am willing to take as low as 4 per cent. on my money on those stocks which might have an advance. Of course I understand you can make no prediction about rises but there must be some of the stocks listed below which would be good from an investment standpoint.

Baldwin
Woolworth
Beechnut
Hudson Motors
General Motors
Pierce-Arrow, common
American Smelters
International Combustion
U. S. Rubber
Schulte

We cannot tell you which if any of the stocks that you listed in your letter "might have an advance," as you say. These stocks are all speculative and therefore it is almost impossible to consider them from the investment standpoint, as you also say in your letter. We would say, however, that in view of the fact that the market has been moving upward for almost two and a half years it would seem to us that the present is not a good time to undertake operations in such securities. Many authorities believe that the market is likely to turn downward very soon.

Speculative Advice

It has been stated on this page in months past that the Investment Bureau does not give advice on speculative matters. Possibly what should have been said was that it does not give advice as to what particular speculative securities are likely to do in the market. It has been found by reviewing answers to inquiries which shortly antedated the severe break in the stock market in March that views were expressed regarding the general speculative situation that might, and we hope did, prove valuable to GOLDEN BOOK readers. Some of these answers appeared on this page before the break in prices. Two others that preceded the break by less than a week are printed this month. The ten stocks referred to in the first inquiry to the left are at this writing (three weeks after the answer was sent) down from 1 to 16 points in market price, the average loss for the ten being more than 5 points. Woolworth, which is referred to in detail in the second answer, has declined 16 points.

An Analysis of Woolworth Stock

As a subscriber I am going to ask you about Woolworth stock as an investment. It sells on the N. Y. Stock Exchange, and I understand many people consider it should advance. Most of my funds are in guaranteed real estate mortgages, most of them having also an insurance guarantee. But of course while they are stable and a sound investment there is no chance of their appreciating in market value. Perhaps you could give me a brief history of Woolworth, how much it pays on every dollar.

We regret to say we cannot tell whether Woolworth's stock is likely to advance farther in the market or not. It is paying dividends of $1.00 a share quarterly and has declared a $1.00 extra dividend payable March 1st. If it is considered a $5.00 stock its return at its present price of more than $200 a share is less than 2½ per cent. on the investment. If it should pay $1.00 a share extra dividend each quarter the yield would still be less than 4 per cent. You can see that the price of the stock is discounting future dividend possibilities.

There is $65,000,000 of stock outstanding having a par value of $25 a share and net income in 1923 and 1924 was slightly more than $20,500,000. This is at the rate of nearly 32 per cent. on the par value of the stock or about 8 per cent. on its present selling price.

The company at the end of October, 1925, had 1,420 five and ten cent stores in operation. Its gross sales rose from less than $100,000,000 in 1917 to $215,500,000 in 1924, and each year showed an increase over the previous one. In that same seven-year period net income rose from approximately $9,250,000 to $20,669,000. Net profits for 1925 have been officially estimated at $9.00 a share or 36 per cent. on the stock. The company is in excellent financial condition, has written down an item of good will on its balance sheet, which was placed at $50,000,000 at the time of its organization, to the nominal sum of $1.00. It therefore seems in a position to pay out a larger percentage of its earnings than it has in the past, but it does not seem likely that it will pay more than $8.00 a share very soon and the writer is therefore inclined to believe that the stock is high at its present price and that it is very likely to suffer along with the rest of the market if stock prices start downward, as they seem likely to do before very long. If we can be of further service at any time in the matter of your investment problems we should be pleased to hear from you.

An "Absolutely Safe" Investment

I accumulated $6,000 by teaching, but am now an invalid and have only that to depend on for an income. Through my local bank I can get only 4 per cent. What do you advise me to invest in that will be absolutely safe and yield a better interest?

For the investment of $6,000, which you have saved, we suggest a widely diversified investment, in which there is always greater safety, in such securities as the following:

2 Guaranteed Real Estate Mortgage Bonds
1 Argentine Republic, 6 per cent. bond, due 1957-58-59
1 Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, ref. 4s, due 1934
1 U. S. Rubber 5s, due 1947
1 N. Y. Edison 6½s, due 1941

(*Continued on page 46*)

Judge bonds—like food—by the taste, not the menu

THE bonds you offered me were sound," an investor told a Compton representative, "and they pay 6½ per cent, but I needed marketability. So I bought some 5½ per cent bonds from another salesman because they are listed."

He sacrificed 1 per cent a year for something he wanted but did *not* get. The bonds he bought were listed, but were seldom traded in, and there was a spread of four points between the bid and asked price.

The mere listing of a bond does not automatically create a market for it. Ready marketability depends more upon the size and wide distribution of the issue.

Whether you buy listed or unlisted securities through William R. Compton Company, you know that eight Compton offices maintain a wide market. The national reputation of this house has been built up in thirty-nine years of helping investors find the securities best suited to their own individual needs. The service behind that reputation can help you.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY

Investment Bonds

NEW YORK 14 Wall Street · ST. LOUIS Compton Bldg.

CHICAGO 105 So. La Salle St. · DETROIT Ford Bldg. · NEW ORLEANS Hibernia Bank Bldg. · CINCINNATI Dixie Terminal Bldg. · KANSAS CITY Commerce Bldg. · BOSTON 73 Water St.

(*Continued from page 44*)

Guaranteed Real Estate Bonds

I have savings to an amount between nine hundred and a thousand dollars, five hundred of which I should like to invest profitably. As I am dependent, and there is no prospect of a drain on my savings for some years to come, I am ideally situated to build on this amount. I shall appreciate greatly any advice you may give me in this matter.

In view of the fact that you do not need a readily marketable investment, we are of the opinion that guaranteed real estate mortgage bonds, paying from 5½ to 6½ per cent., such as you will find advertised in the investment advertising section of THE GOLDEN BOOK, will prove more suitable for starting your investment estate at this time than most anything else you could buy, and we are glad to recommend such an investment for the $500 that you say you now have available for such use.

A Good Short Term Investment

I have some Argentine bonds, 7 per cent., payable in 1927, which cost 103. Will these be paid at 100 when due, and if so why are they now worth 102½? Would it be better to sell them now while at this higher rate than to wait a year and get but 100?

Your Argentine Government 7s, due 1927, are likely to decline more or less steadily toward par, or $100, as their maturity date approaches. At their present price of 101¼, however, they yield about 5.20 per cent. on the investment and we do not know where you can get any higher return than that with as good a degree of safety on a short term investment. The writer is inclined to believe that in February, 1927, when these bonds mature, there may be much more advantageous opportunities to invest money than there are today, for it looks as though the stock market has passed its top and we may see more attractive prices a year from now.

FORMAN BONDS
Insurance Company GUARANTEED

Guaranteed Bonds

will take your future out of the hands of chance

To build—out of your surplus today—a solid bulwark of good, sound bonds for tomorrow—secure the guaranteed safety, plus attractive income, offered by Forman First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

Yielding 6½ and 6 per cent., and secured by valuable, income-producing, city real estate, they represent safety so outstanding that the prompt payment of both principal and interest will be unconditionally guaranteed by one of America's foremost Insurance Companies.

A Criterion of Character

An investment house may be judged by the character of its clientele. For more than two-score years American, Scotch, Dutch and British Banking Houses have found, in Forman First Mortgage Investments, the unqualified safety they must have for the placing of their institutional funds.

"The Significance of Guaranteed Safety"

This attractive and authoritative booklet tells how forty-one years of sound financing by George M. Forman & Company has made possible this new measure of investment protection—*guaranteed safety*. Send for it. Learn how you can secure sure protection for your funds, plus an attractive income. Mail the coupon for your free copy.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Investment Bonds since 1885

105 W. Monroe Street, CHICAGO
100 E. 42nd Street, NEW YORK

Pittsburgh Minneapolis Des Moines Springfield Peoria, Ill.

MAIL NOW

GEORGE M. FORMAN & CO., Department 1355
105 West Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me without obligation your new booklet "The Significance of Guaranteed Safety" together with list of current offerings yielding 6½ and 6 per cent.

Name .....

Address .....

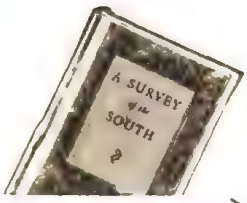
Please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE to our advertisers.

Shrewd Investors *Buy High Grade* Southern Bonds

THE steadily gaining momentum of substantial progress in the Southern States during the past fifteen years is well reflected in the following figures:

	Southern Growth 1910-1924
Value of Farm Products	112%
Value of Manufactured Products	204%
Freight Tonnage Originated	73%

The demand for capital to finance this rapid normal development has created attractive opportunities for sound investment throughout the South.



We will take pleasure in sending you a complimentary copy of a newly printed little book on Southern investment conditions. "A Survey of the South."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Caldwell & Company, with a background of many years of Southern financial experience, and with an organization extending into every part of the South, as well as into the great northern and eastern centers of accumulated wealth, has utilized its experience and resources in helping to supply this capital for Southern development. It has surrounded its underwritings with the conservative safeguards characteristic of sound investment banking throughout the country.

Our facilities are at the service of individual and institutional investors wherever situated to supply authoritative information regarding Southern Municipal, Corporation and First Mortgage Bonds.

Caldwell & Company

INVESTMENT BANKERS

Southern Municipal, Corporation and First Mortgage Bonds

837 Union Street Nashville, Tenn.

Chicago Detroit Pittsburgh Cincinnati Kansas City St. Louis
Louisville Washington Chattanooga Memphis Knoxville Greensboro
New Orleans Birmingham Jackson St. Petersburg Jacksonville Dallas

Rogers Caldwell & Company, Inc., New York

Arnold Certificates

Provide Steady Income

You can invest your savings or surplus income in Arnold Certificates with perfect assurance of 6½% steady income and the return of the principal at maturity.

6½%

Arnold Certificates are secured by a number of choice First Mortgages held by the Merchants Bank & Trust Co. of Washington, D. C., which acts as Trustee. Also they are guaranteed as to principal and interest by Arnold and Company with capital and surplus of $1,250,000.

Denominations $100, $500 and $1,000; maturities 2 to 10 years. Monthly payments can be arranged.

First Mortgage Collateral 6% Gold Bonds Guaranteed by the National Surety Co. Empire Trust Co., Trustee

These Bonds are issued by the Federal Home Mortgage Company. They are secured by high-class First Mortgages and guaranteed as to the payment of interest and principal by the *National Surety Co.*, the world's largest Surety Company. Coupon form; denominations $100, $500 and $1,000, or multiples thereof; maturities 5 to 15 years. Price $100 to yield 6%.

Write for Booklet No. 24

Arnold and Company

1416 Eye St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Miami, The Concrete City, is a *seasoned* investment field where sound development *steadily* increases the worth of the *income-paying business property* securing our $100 to $1,000 First Mortgage Bonds. Appraisals are independently, conservatively made at approximately *twice* amount of mortgage loan. Bonds underwritten and protected by safeguards that make them a particularly attractive investment where safety is of *first importance.* Write or use coupon for "8% *AND SAFETY*" booklet, giving complete details. Investigate *now* while 8% remains the prevailing legal interest rate. References: *All* Miami Banks.

THE FILER-CLEVELAND COMPANY

3405 Bedford Building, Miami, Florida.

Name.....

Address.....

United Bonds

Substantial Factors of Safety

The United States Mortgage Bond Co. Ltd. is one of the oldest and strongest companies of its kind organized under the laws of the State of Michigan, and operates under the supervision of the Michigan State Banking Department.

Behind every "United Bond" stands this company's resources totaling over twelve million dollars.

United First Mortgage Bonds are issued on high grade Detroit homes, apartments and office buildings.

The unusual prosperity of Detroit with its world known industries and ever increasing population is further assurance of the safety of these Bonds.

Let us send you detailed information about investment opportunities in United Bonds.

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND CO. LTD.
Howard C. Wade, President
334 U. S. Mortgage Bond Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

In Canada
Capital $1,000,000 — United Bond Co. Ltd. Toronto and Windsor, Ont. — Resources more than $12,000,000

6½% UNITED BONDS

Or you can buy "United Bonds" doubly safe-guarded—guaranteed as to principal and interest. Ask us about United guaranteed bonds.

Your Golden *Opportunity* *with* The Golden Book

A NEW idea in magazines, it has taken instant hold—Golden Book has already reached over 220,000 copies a month in a little more than a year. Here is a wonderful chance for you to get in line and turn this remarkable interest to your own profit, for either your spare- or full-time. Let me tell you all about our plan and help you to get started right after your share.

SEND THIS COUPON RIGHT BACK

Special Representatives, Desk 1.
THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
Dear Sirs: Please tell me, without obligation to me, all about your earnings plan.

Name.....

Address.....

The 750 Ponce de Leon Apartment, Atlanta, is perhaps the finest apartment building in the entire South. The property, conservatively valued at $1,407,500, is security for a $950,000 issue of Adair First Mortgage Guaranteed Bonds. The building was over 93% rented before completion. Naturally the bonds were very quickly absorbed.

Security plus –

an unconditional Guarantee—plus the option of insuring your investment—plus

The Carlton Apartments, Peachtree Street, Atlanta, is another typical security for an Adair issue of $500,000. No bonds of this issue are available, of course, but information on other equally attractive issues will be gladly furnished.

THE investor seeking the most desirable first mortgage bond investment will be impressed with the **Security Plus** of Adair Guaranteed Bonds.

First, there is the property taken as security. (Two typical issues are pictured here). Always there is an adequate margin of safety over and above the total bond issue. Next, the earnings from the property are always subject to the mortgage. In addition, there is the financial responsibility of the Borrowing Corporation, which is required to make monthly payments to the Trustee to meet interest payments and annual reduction of the loan.

6% Added to this already ample security is the unconditional guarantee of Adair Realty & Trust Company with capital, surplus and profits of $2,500,000. Back of this is the 60 year record of this company in making only safe first mortgage investments.

And as final proof of the fundamental **safety** of Adair Guaranteed Bonds, one of the strongest surety companies in the country will insure these bonds against loss. This privilege is optional with the investor.

Investors will find it to their advantage to compare Adair Guaranteed Bonds with other forms of investments, and particularly with other real estate bond offerings. Detailed information will be gladly furnished to those interested. The coupon is for your convenience.

Denominations, $1000, $500 and $100 *Serial Maturities* *Attractive Tax Refunds*

PHILADELPHIA
Packard Building

Offices and Correspondents in principal cities

ADAIR REALTY & TRUST CO. *Founded 1863*
Capital, Surplus and Profits $2,500,000
Healey Building, ATLANTA Dept. GB-14

NEW YORK
Adair Realty & Mortgage Co., Inc.
270 Madison Avenue
Ownership Identical

Please send me full information and current offerings of Adair Guaranteed Bonds.

Name..... *Address*.....

SIXTY YEARS CONTINUOUS SERVICE TO ADAIR INVESTORS WITHOUT LOSS

Securities of the

National Electric Power Company

controlling public utility properties serving 1,125,000 people in 12 States, afford unusual investment opportunities.

Inquiries gladly answered

Ask for Letter 16-603

A.C.ALLYN AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

67 West Monroe Street, Chicago

New York Boston Philadelphia San Francisco Milwaukee Minneapolis

TWO CENTS

For Perfect Investment Insurance

THE tragedy of unwise investments shadows every man's door, whether he has a hundred dollars or a million.

The light of hundreds of years of investment wisdom shines clearly in a booklet that you can read in five minutes. Read and follow it and safeguard both your income and your estate.

No obligation and no insistent follow up if you write for Fidelity booklet No. 40.

Fidelity Safety is Real Safety

THE Fidelity MORTGAGE COMPANY

FIDELITY MORTGAGE BLDG.
1940 EAST SIXTH STREET
CLEVELAND

Investment Information That Keeps You Up-to-Date

How to Make Use of the Investment Service of the GOLDEN BOOK *Without Cost or Obligation to You*

Submit any individual investment question to our Investment Editor, who will promptly reply. In addition to this individual investment service there is a supplementary service by which our readers may secure information of vital interest in the matter of investment. Below you will see booklets issued by financial houses. Choose by number those that you wish to see, write us, and we will send you, without cost or obligation on your part, the literature that you desire. Unless otherwise stated the literature will be sent you direct from the financial houses publishing the same. If the literature of more than one company is desired, kindly enclose ten cents for postage.

Investment Literature for Your Information

1. What You Should Know About Real Estate Mortgage Bonds—Adair Realty & Trust Co.
2. Buying Bonds by Mail—A. C. Allyn and Company.
3. Arnold 6½% Certificates—Arnold & Co.
4. Building and Estate—Caldwell & Co.
5. The Way to Wealth—William R. Compton Company.
6. Fidelity First Mortgage Participation Certificates—Fidelity Mortgage Co.
7. 8% and Safety—Filer-Cleveland Co.
8. How to Select Safe Bonds—George M. Forman & Co.
9. Investors' Guide—Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
10. Security Bonds—J. A. W. Iglehart & Co.
11. Miller First Mortgage Bonds—G. L. Miller & Co.
12. Safety Supreme—Shannon & Luchs.
13. Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety—F. H. Smith Co.
14. Two to Four Per Cent. Extra—Trust Company of Florida.
15. 7% First Mortgage Bonds—United States Mortgage Bond Co.

---- PRINT YOUR NAME—CUT THE COUPON ----

INVESTMENT BUREAU, GOLDEN BOOK May, 1926
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send to the undersigned literature numbered...

.....

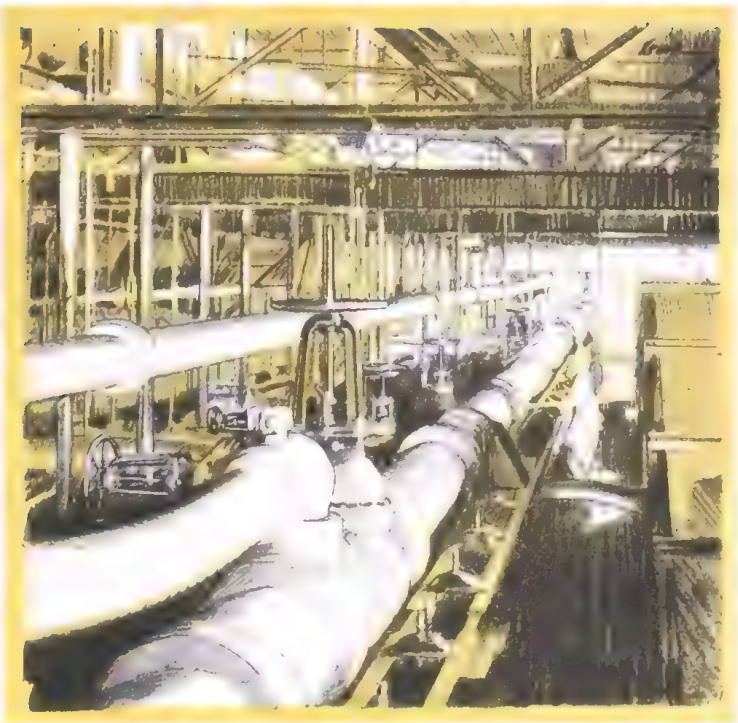
Name .....

Address .....

If agreeable kindly state business .....

I do / I do not { object to my name being given to the financial houses selected. Strike out "do" or "do not."

A Crane double faucet with swinging spout, with convenience as great as its quality.



Johns-Manville Waukegan plant was designed by Johns-Manville engineers and erected under their supervision. Piping installed by W. A. Pope, Chicago. The illustration above shows the sixteen-inch main steam header in the 10,000 h.p. power plant. In each boiler lead, there is a gate valve, a non-return valve, an angle valve, and a long-radius pipe bend. All Crane quality.

When engineers build for themselves

SOME forty miles north of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, is the Waukegan plant of Johns-Manville, Inc. Its thirty-one acres of floor space for the manufacture of asbestos products are served by five miles of railroad sidings, a private ship canal, and a 10,000 h.p. power plant.

When so vast an institution selects Crane valves, fittings, and piping for its entire installation, the tribute to Crane quality is impressive. In this instance the commendation of Crane is doubly notable because Crane piping materials were specified by Johns-Manville power engineers, whose experience "covers the continent."

In line of duty, they are constantly studying piping equipment in the leading power plants from coast to coast. From actual observation of Crane materials in use, they knew the value of the 71-year Crane reputation. They had checked Crane safety, dependability, and economy; not in books of blue-prints and figures, but in the pages of actual experience.

In place of a large factory, you may direct a city water works, or just a small home. You may need a giant gate valve or only a faucet for a kitchen sink. In either case, to insure the service that engineers approve, always specify Crane.

CRANE

PIPING MATERIALS TO CONVEY AND CONTROL STEAM, LIQUID, OIL, GAS

WRITE CRANE CO., GENERAL OFFICES, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Fifty-five Cities

National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal

Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton, Montreal and St. Johns, Que.

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, MEXICO CITY
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Good housekeeping eliminates this costly fire hazard

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Accumulations of paper and rubbish in cellars and yards, in homes, offices and factories, cause a loss of property worth millions of dollars a year. A costly rubbish pile!

Clean-Up Week, as it is observed in orderly communities throughout the country, is an important step in the right direction. But every week should be a Clean-Up Week. The smallest accumulation of rubbish is a menace to life and property.

Don't allow rubbish and litter to collect anywhere about your property. Only good housekeeping can eliminate this fire hazard. The North America Agent in your community can help you eliminate other causes of preventable fire. Ask him about Fire Prevention in its relation to complete fire protection.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

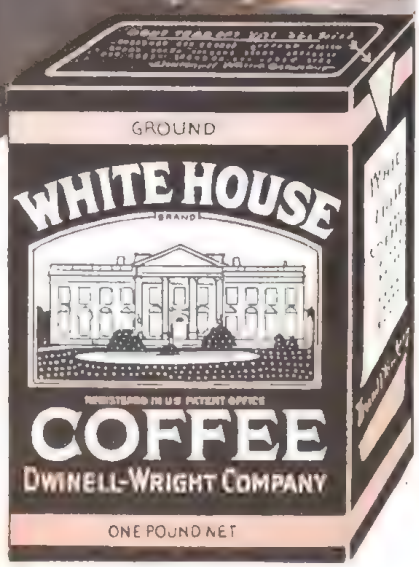
write practically every form of insurance except life

"That's What I Call Coffee!"

HAVE you ever passed a coffee roaster's and caught the tempting coffee aroma that floated out on the air? Have you longed for coffee that would *taste* as good as that roasting coffee smelled?

Now you can have it! White House Coffee fulfills with its flavor the promise it makes with its fragrance. This is because *the flavor is roasted in* by the special White House roasting process. ¶ Insist on White House Coffee always. Then you'll be sure to have *in your cup* all of Nature's rich coffee goodness—steaming, fragrant, delicious. Then you'll completely satisfy the most exacting coffee critic you serve.

"The Flavor is Roasted In!"



White House COFFEE

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DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY *Boston, Mass. • Chicago, Ill. • Portsmouth, Va.*

DIRECTLY BEFORE THE EYES OF EIGHT MILLION DRIVERS

8,000,000

Standard Model—Ten Dollars

WHEN nearly half of all the drivers in America have already selected the Boyce Moto Meter as their insurance against damage from overheating there must be good reason. There is.

• • •

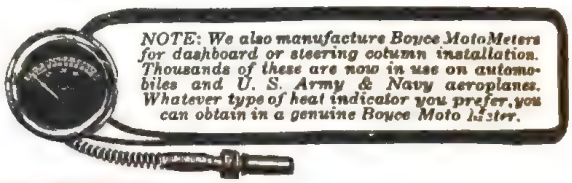
These eight million know, as the makers of Boyce Moto Meters knew 12 years ago, that the logical place for a motor heat indicator is on the radiator cap, always in the direct line of driving vision, where it is not necessary to shift the eyes from the road to the crowded dashboard.

• • •

They realize too that in the Boyce Moto Meter they have a constant safeguard for their motor — an instrument which never requires adjustment and outlives any car. Its noticeable rise will always enable you to detect motor trouble. Its unique combination of beauty and downright utility makes it not merely a radiator ornament of the moment, but the permanent mark of the driver who is kind to his motor.

• • •

Dealers everywhere have the Boyce Moto Meter on sale in various designs, models and prices—$3.50 to $15.00. Three minutes after you buy it, the Boyce Moto Meter starts to guard your motor.



NOTE: We also manufacture Boyce MotoMeters for dashboard or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U. S. Army & Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter.

BOYCE MOTOMETER

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
THE MOTO METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ontario

The name "Moto Meter" is the registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of this Company

The Safety Chassis of the NEW STUTZ

BENEATH the distinctive grace and beauty of this remarkably advanced automobile is the unique protection of The NEW STUTZ Safety Chassis.

The safety of The NEW STUTZ is notable because it goes further than mere protective equipment; it is designed-and-built into the car.

The NEW STUTZ Safety Chassis has the strongest and most rigid frame to be found on any private passenger automobile. There are seven cross-members to resist strain and shock, twist and tear. The running-boards are of pressed steel, built integral with the deep frame, and are actually "side-bumpers".

Through the adoption of a worm-drive rear axle, the frame has been given a deep drop, so that the entire weight of the body and mechanical parts is brought down five inches nearer the ground than conventional chassis design permits, and with full road clearance maintained.

This effects a remarkable lowering of the car's center of gravity and, of course, confers a greatly increased stability under all conditions. It gives The NEW STUTZ a greater degree of road adhesiveness than is to be found in any other car and practically eliminates the possibility of overturning.

As there are circumstances in which safety demands quick acceleration, an unusually alert responsiveness has been included in the car as a safety factor.

With this notable accelerating power of The NEW STUTZ goes an ease of control which gives every driver of the car a justifiably increased confidence in his ability to "get through" when a difficult situation is encountered.

To control its great power, it was necessary to provide The NEW STUTZ with an entirely new type of brakes. These are four-wheel brakes, hydrostatically operated on a newly adopted but thoroughly proven principle. Their construction so perfectly equalizes the braking energy that each wheel is halted with exactly the same retardation as the three others.

The NEW STUTZ worm-drive rear axle and The NEW STUTZ hermetically-sealed hydrostatic brakes are designed and constructed by Timken. The worm and gear, properly lubricated, are guaranteed by us for two years.

Safety glass in the windshield and narrow, clear-vision front corner posts are important engineering factors which show how the safety element has been kept always in mind throughout the designing and building of the car.

And so, The NEW STUTZ has been planned primarily to provide maximum safety to its passengers and protection to the car itself, while presenting an aristocratic smartness of appearance that distinguishes it wherever seen.

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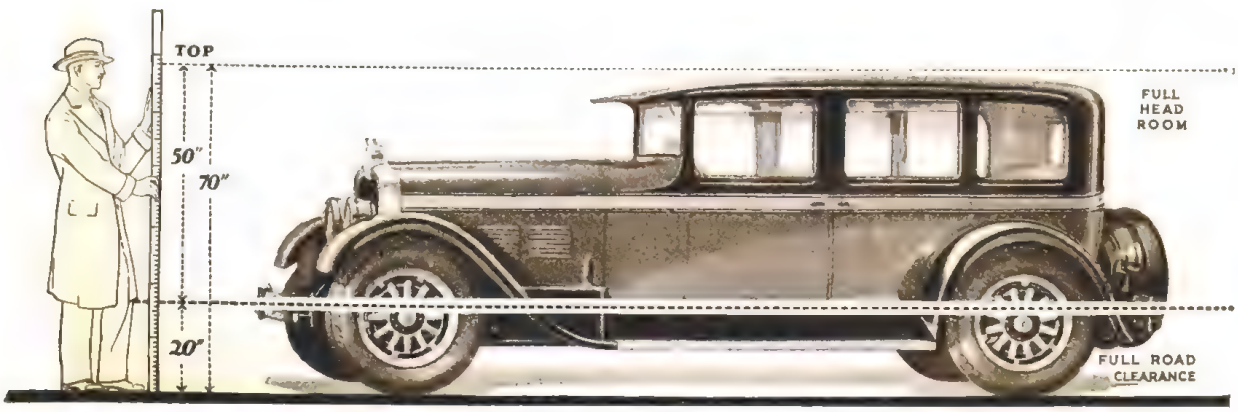

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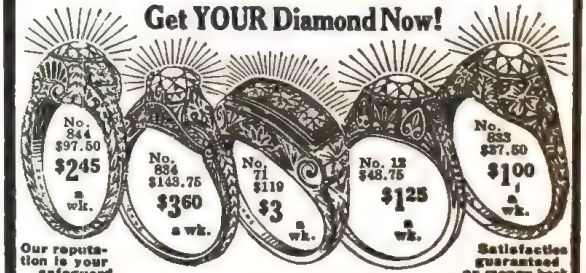

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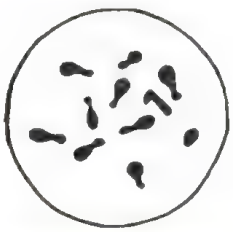

Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check. Read below about the best way to combat it.

Do something about it!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

Using Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose — women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine this way. Used systematically, the results are almost miraculous! — *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

Golden Ways *To* Golden Places

Germany Once More Becomes Tourist Country

THE "spirit of Locarno" has not only been political in its effect, but also a stimulant to travel into Germany. Germanic legend, music and story, even during the war, had lovers and friends, and the land of Brunhilde, of Tristan and Isolde, of the Black Forest, of Goethe the model of international vision, and the land of German toys, castles and ancient cities—these have not been erased from memory and have their fascination still for the traveler.

"Providence," said Carlyle, with remarkably accurate prophecy, "has given to the French the empire of the land, to the English that of the sea, and to the Germans that of the air." The great balloon ships of Germany have been one of her noteworthy superiorities and wonders. But German cities, German art, German industrial fairs and German houses are things of beauty worth going to see. The Leipsic Fair is one of the international events of importance—with a long history and a high rank. Way back in 1708 thousands of foreign merchants visited this fair, and tumults, wars and depressions have not killed it in all the years since. The young poet Goethe was thrilled at the motley of Greeks, Russians, Turks, Hindus whom he saw at the fair in his day. It is held spring and autumn of each year.

Germany is rich in the picturesque. The historic Rhine, haunted with the legends to which our Metropolitan Opera House frequently resounds, and which one of our great American poets—Whitman—has called the "most beautiful river in the world," flows through great slate rocks, with ancient castles on high bluffs, past old, old towns, filled with art treasures and bordered by vineyards. Luxurious steamers take tourists up and down this river from Cologne to Mayence.

Nearby are also the world famous "spas" or natural baths—Wiesbaden, for instance. There is also Worms, a city famous in medieval history as the place where Luther appeared before his Emperor to defend Protestantism.

The Black Forest is really as romantic as it seems from legend; a chain of forest clad hills. There are splendid winter sports, as well as summer resorts. Mountain railways and branch lines take the tourist to vantage points and the "air cures." Supplemental state-owned motor-car services take tourists to the highest peaks. Baden-Baden is a beautiful city in the Black Forest district, with a world-renowned spa and remarkable waters, having 80,000 visitors annually.

The most beautiful castle ruins, as well as the oldest German University, are at Heidelberg, where there are excellent tourist facilities. Constance is another of Germany's tourist gems, being situated both on Lake Constance and on the Rhine. Trips by steamer and many tourist diversions are available here.

Of course the larger cities—Berlin, the capital of Germany, Munich, the seat of the Bavarian Government, Bremen, Cologne, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Düsseldorf, Hamburg—each is rich with the atmosphere of an ancient nation and a spirit of art, culture, and industry combined.

"Mail Motor-Car Service" is available over much of Germany, with a great many possible points of interest en route and all under the operation of the German Centralized Post Office. These are comfortable, well-equipped observation motor cars.

Germany has a remarkable variety of scenery—from snow-covered Alps to industrial cities not unlike our own, and from peaceful river valley to old medieval castles and cities. Some of the most beautiful medieval towns in Europe are in Germany; and the homes and haunts of Hans Sachs and Albrecht Dürer are still to be seen.

The land of Goethe, Schiller, and Wagner is a land of peculiarly stimulating richness and variety; an old atmosphere modernized with up-to-date industrial alertness and modern art.

Germany is now notably cordial to American tourists and has been bending every effort to make them comfortable. As a result, Germany is distinctly "coming back" as a place to tour.

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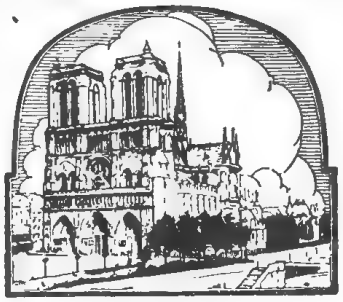

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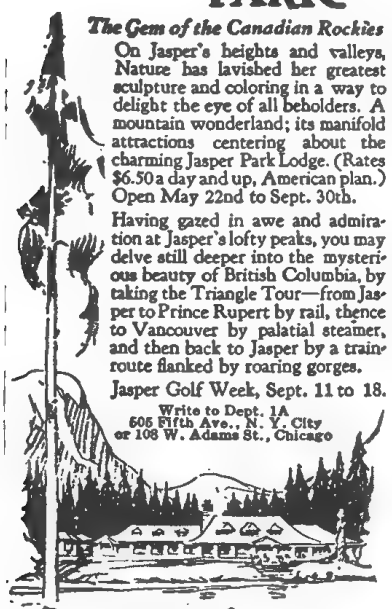

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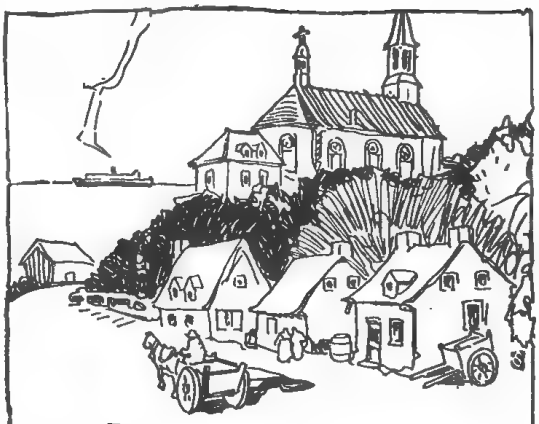

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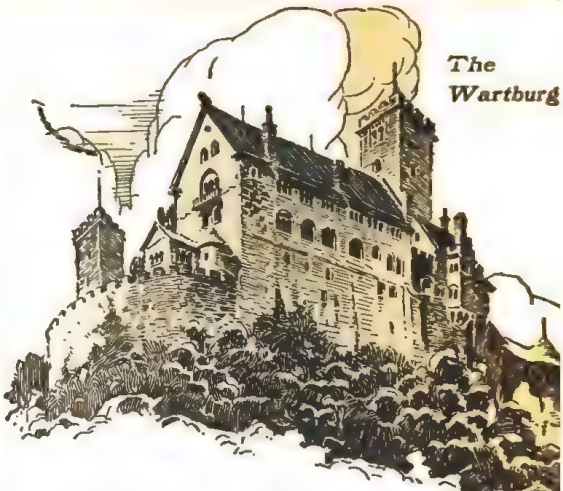

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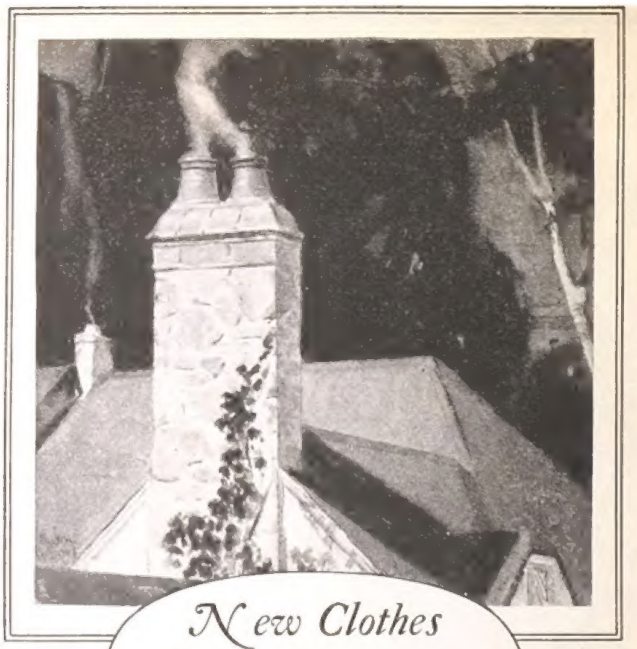

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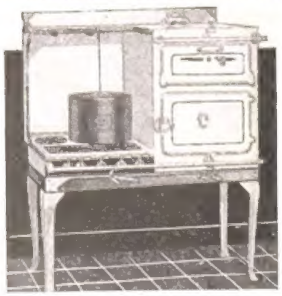

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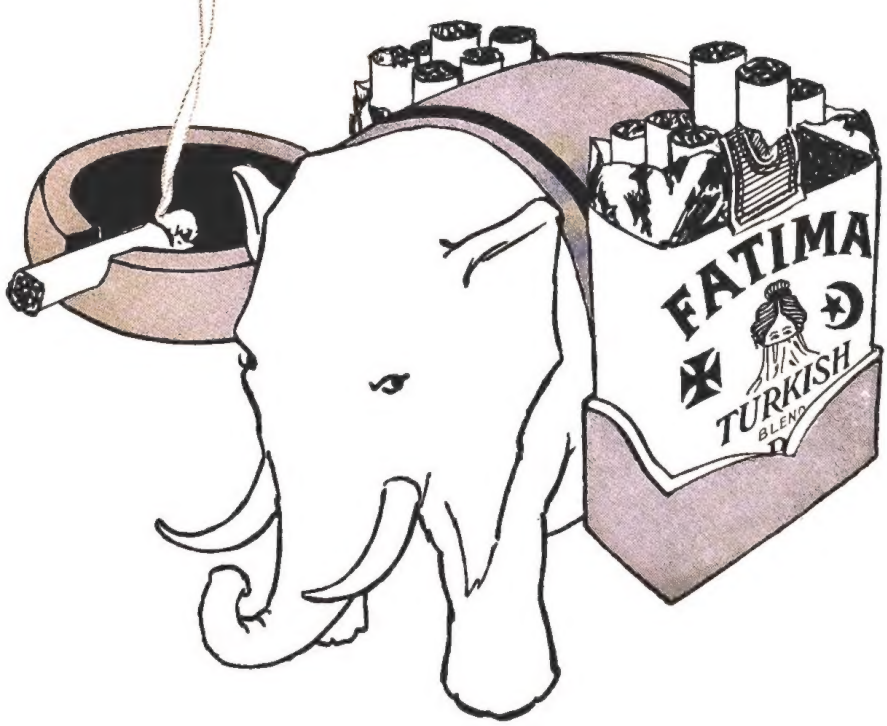

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